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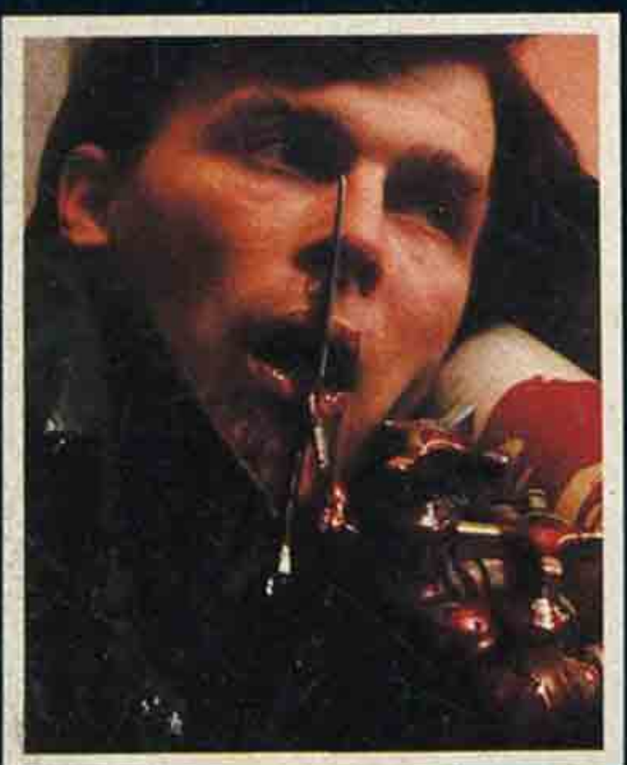

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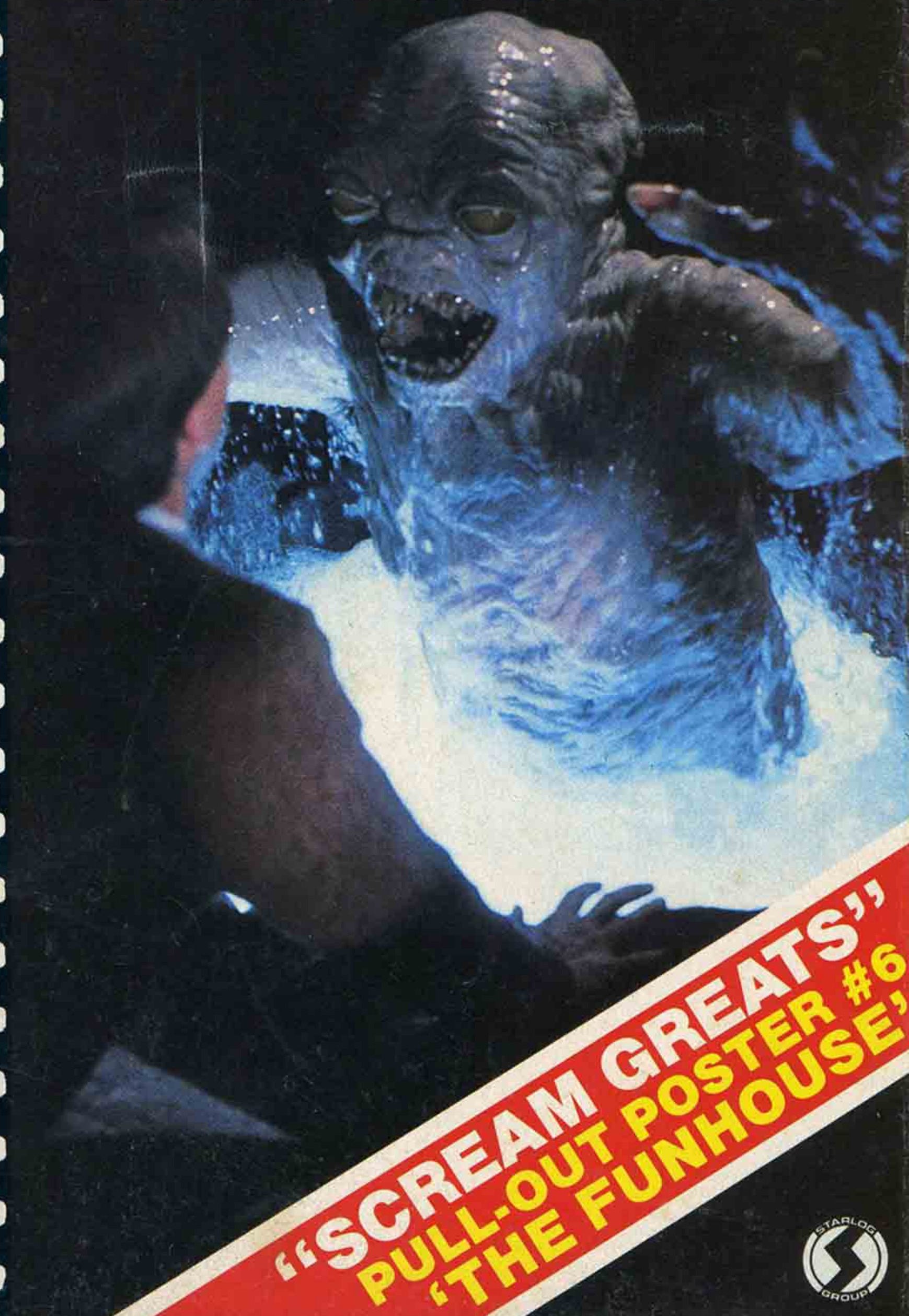

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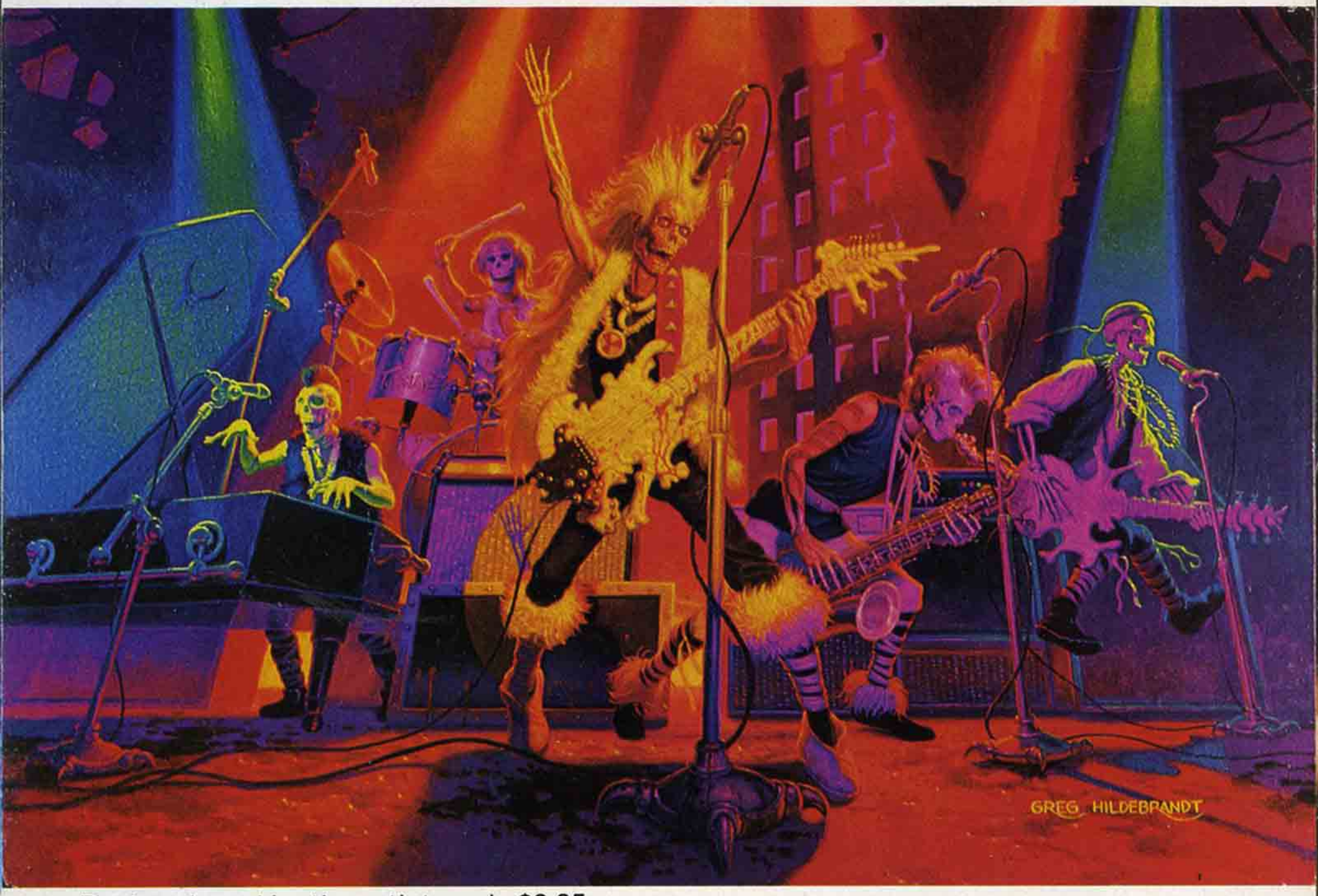


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FANGORIA

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Dedicated to our fighting chums in Chad.

Production Assistants: Eddie Berganza, Eileen Dempsey, Chris Kwiath, Andrea Passes, and Norma Garcia.

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# Imagination Inc.

## A Time to Remember

These are strange times we live in. Events whiz past us so quickly that we have little opportunity to reflect upon those experiences that are dear to us. Take, for instance, the sudden and tragic disappearance of Uncle Bob. This sad episode touched us all, somehow, but before too long, or even before our next issue, my co-editor's memory may be banished by the cruel, speeding winds of time to that forgotten zone of lost men and shattered dreams, never to be spoken of again. I believe the time has come to put down on paper the Uncle Bob that only I knew, before it is too late. Some might have tried to cash in on this tragedy as soon as Uncle Bob's mysterious absence was announced. But that's not the kind of egg I am. Which is why I waited two months to tell you about my new book *I Remember Uncle Bob* ($5.95, 211 pages, illustrated). I am happy to let you, faithful reader, be the first to know about this sensational, stupendous, colossal, and not to mention, extremely poignant reminiscence of your one and only horror/gore/exploitation uncle.

Admittedly, there are still a few obstacles left to hurdle, such as getting someone to publish the book, but not to worry. Who else is going to give you the real thing when it comes to Uncle Bob memorabilia? Norman Mailer? Irving Wallace? Rosmary Rogers? Let's face it, this is the genuine article. And the publishers are going to know this. How, I hear you ask, *are* they going to know this? Well, that's where you come in, true-blue reader. I want you to demonstrate your love, devotion and finer sensibilities apropos Uncle Bob by filling out the form below and letting us know that you want to get a copy of *I Remember Uncle Bob* by David Everitt. You need send no money (though, I must say, that it certainly would be viewed as an inspiring, if incredibly foolish, act of faith if you do). Just send in the form below so that I can prove to the publishing world that America needs this book. In return (this is the pay-off, guys) I will send you the address of the publisher of my last book (*The Manly Handbook*, $3.95, Berkley Books) so that you can order your copy directly from the source. Think of all the time you'll save by not having to run around to book stores. And that's only the beginning! (What the rest of it is I don't know yet, but I'll keep in touch.)

Just think of it: a world of memories of Uncle Bob packed inside two covers.

READ ABOUT: Uncle Bob haggling for credit with Abdul the coffee-cart man!

READ ABOUT: Uncle Bob's social exploits in the company of several people you may have heard of!

READ ABOUT: Uncle Bob learning everything he knew about magazine publishing from his co-editor who never asked for any thanks or recognition or anything!

READ ABOUT: Other stuff too scary to mention!!

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David Everitt

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New York, N.Y. 10016

☐ YES!

I want a copy of
*I Remember Uncle Bob*
by David Everitt more than I have
wanted anything in my whole life.
So publish it already.

PHOTO BY JOHN CLAYTON

**Everitt gets poignant.**

# The Postal Zone

## INTELLIGENT LETTERS!

As of next issue, we will be establishing a revolutionary new letter column policy—intelligent letters! That's right, no more dumb letters in this column from here on in. In order to help make this policy work, we'd appreciate it if our more intelligent readers (you know who you are) would try to think of something to say of some interest. Send your very smartest letter to:

FANGORIA Magazine
O'Quinn Studios
475 Park Avenue South, 8th Fl.
New York, NY 10016

## Dumb Letter

Dear FANGORIA,

I was more than a little disturbed by the letter headlined "Attention, George Romero!" in your issue #28. What, pray tell, makes Charles E. Rambeau so gosh-darned sure that Romero wants another shopping mall in the next *Living Dead* movie? He's done that one already! Don't you think he'd like to move on to something else?

And I have the perfect suggestion. Right here in Wantagh, at the Bide-A-Wee Pet Cemetery on Beltagh Ave., is the final resting place of Checkers Nixon. Checkers, your readers will probably not recall (I was young once myself), was the cute little puppy that once saved its owner's political life when he (the owner, not the dog) was accused of receiving gifts in exchange for political favors (visit your local library for full details). If this ingenuous little dog had lived, who knows? His owner might have been serving his fourth term as Chief Executive this very day.

Anyway, the idea is this:

*Night. A wooded grove.*

TITLE: Laurel Entertainment Presents

*The camera dollies through the overhanging branches. In the gloom, rows of headstones appear. We are in a graveyard, but something is not quite right about this particular graveyard. Either the surrounding trees are giants, or the headstones are strangely tiny, and unreasonably various in size!*

TITLE: A George Romero Film

*In the silence, the camera moves slowly, ominously closer to the stones. The inscriptions are readable now:*

"FIBBER MCGEE EBERHAUS 1962-1975 Beloved Cockatoo"; "DUKE GRODDEK 1954-1971 At Play in the Fields of the Lord"; "BUBBA WELMAN 1960-1968 If People Were Cats, What Would Music Be?"

*The camera slows to a stop before a single stone, plainer than the rest:*

"CHECKERS NIXON 1952-1964"

MUSIC: SOFT, BUT OMINOUSLY BUILDING

*as the ground begins to buckle before the stone. Gravel begins to fly upward from the cracked earth; there is a flash of bone white; several flashes. It becomes apparent that a skeletal dog is digging its way out of the earth, in a bizarre inversion of the manner in which a "normal" dog might dig at a gopher hole. As satan's own parody of a living cocker spaniel shakes itself out of the opened grave, it can at last be clearly seen as*

THE MUSIC RISES TO A CRESCENDO;

*Rotted earth and bits of dogflesh still cling to the hellish skeleton; its eyes are blood-red, lined with yellow scum, and seem to shine with an alien intelligence. This dog is obviously teed off. Cut to Black.*

TITLE: DAY OF THE DOGS

What do ya think? Imagine the sell line; "Every Dog Will Have Its Day. . ."! George Romero doesn't even have to pay me for this—I declare the above copyright-free. And if Romero doesn't have the GUTS to tackle it, I offer it to the first interested filmmaker, gratis.

Glad to be able to help out!

Nathan Groddek
Wantagh, Long Island

**Romero to let loose the dogs of death?**

PHOTO: © 1979 LAUREL ENTERTAINMENT

**Rumors of video zombies.**

## *Dawn* on Video?

Dear F.,

Though I'd better check with you guys before I went crazy. I recently saw an ad in *Starburst* offering *Zombies: Dawn of the Dead* for sale. Can this be what we are waiting for?

Bret Arnold
Harbor City, CA

P.S.—I have been with Fang for four years; the least you can do is print one of my letters before I die.

*Didn't you see your letter in the last issue? Wake up! Now you owe us four more years, in advance.*

*As for the British issue of* Dawn, *it is indeed the Romero zombie epic—but it's made for the European television system, which is totally incompatible with American VTR's and TV sets, so don't go wasting your money. However, there have been murmurs from Laurel about a U.S. release, possibly very soon, in a special version, about a half-hour longer than the released film!*

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### The Plot Thickens!

To Mr. David Everitt,

On the matter of Uncle Bob missing, all I have to say is . . . if you want him back it will cost you $5,000 and a carton of Marlboros. If not, he will be exterminated. You and your staff of incestuous wackos have three, count them, THREE weeks to get the money up or *scrrrchh!* No more Uncle Bob. Meet me at the Forbidden Planet store at Broadway and 12th Street at 12 noon on August the 13th.

Until then, Uncle Bob is in my safe keeping. Where? My basement. He's doing fine and is fed two cans of Bright Eyes a day. He loves that stuff! It also keeps his eyes glowing, his fangs white, and his coat shiny. The only problems are that: 1) he won't stop drooling, and 2) he has to be brushed twice a day.

Dreadfully Yours,
M. . . . . R. . . . . .

P.S.—Here is a picture of my makeup work. Print it or Uncle Bob dies.

*Editor Everitt replies: "Let me just say right from the start that your despicable request for publication of your makeup photo has fallen on deaf ears. As long as I'm on this magazine's masthead, FANGORIA will never, I repeat, never give in to terrorists and their illegal demands. So just stew over that, pal. Secondly, I want to assure all you readers that I did not even consider meeting M. . . . . R. . . . . at the place and time of his choosing because I don't make deals and I don't meet with nobody at no place at no time. Ya get me? And just as a warning to you, Mr. R. . . . . , don't bother making any more ransom demands and don't be surprised if one day a paramilitary Fango commando unit batters down your door and takes care of matters in approved manly fashion. Think of it, Mr. R. . . . . : you keep up this kind of immoral, illegal activity and one of these mornings you'll wake up and you'll be dead. What do you think of that? So, you're making sure Uncle Bob's coat stays nice and shiny, huh? Well, don't think for a minute that that's going to save your hide, boy. You're running up a mighty big bill, hoss, and me and Sherman and America are going to make sure you and your kind pay in full."*

### Everitt Implicated?

Mr. Everitt,

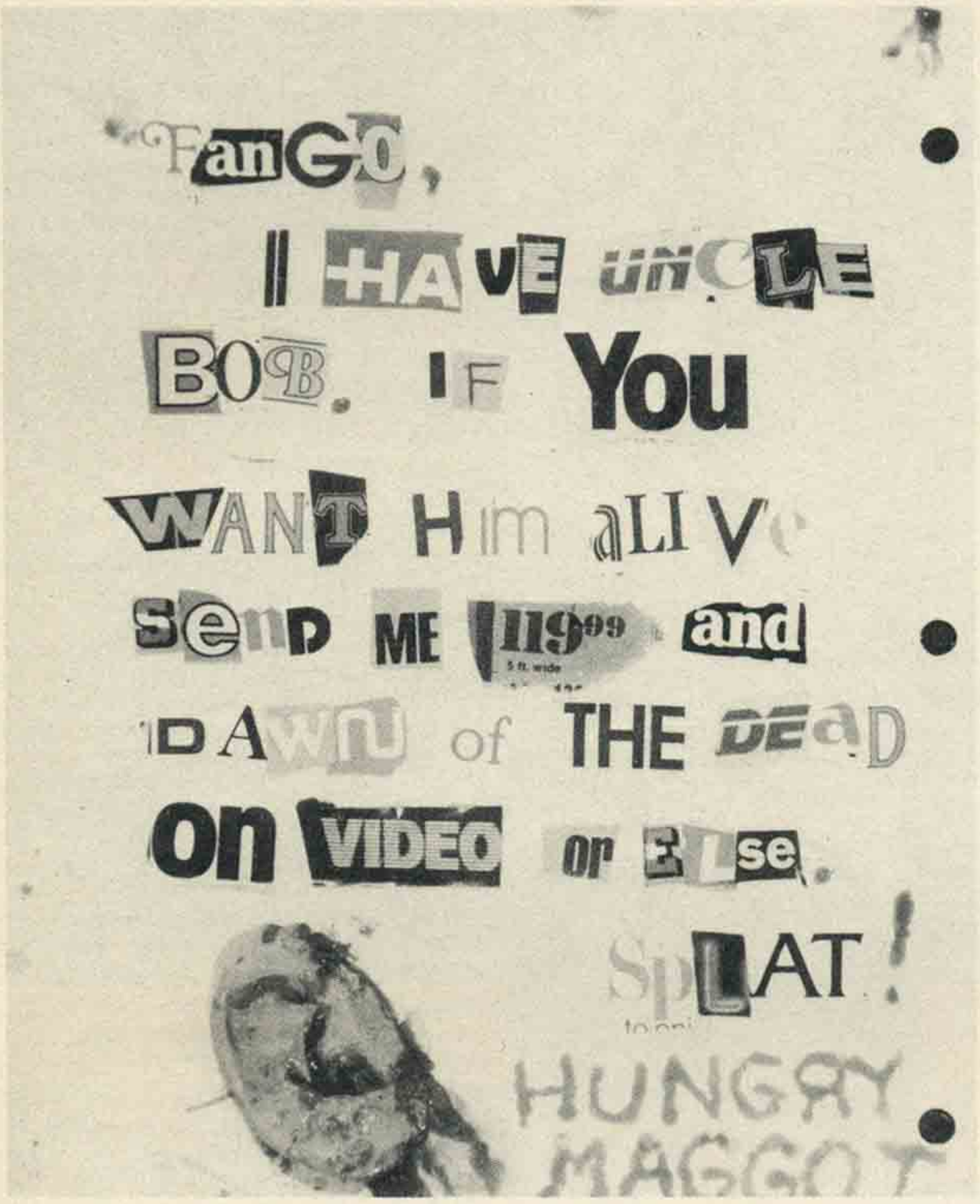
I quote from the small type at the bottom of the contents page of Fango #29: "Everitt knows more than he lets on. God help me if he sees this but . . . someone's coming—can't talk now."

What exactly does this mean? Is it from Uncle Bob? Is he a prisoner? Where *is* Uncle Bob? Ahhh . . . suspense.

Will Mr. Martin be coming back or is he gone for eternity?

A Fangorian,
Colin Maguire
509 Covered Wagon Circle
S. Sioux City, Ne. 68776

*Editor Everitt: "Well, Colin, I must admit that I was as surprised to discover this message in the indicia of issue #29 as you were. As for the implication concerning my alleged knowledge or participation in Uncle Bob's disappearance, all I can say is that my associates and I are in the process of uncovering certain information that shows that this hidden message was placed by someone within the Fangoria circle of influence*




*Oh, a conspiracy, huh? Sure, fine. That's okay by me. The more the merrier. You don't scare me.*

*for reasons that we, at this point, can only guess at. It would be irresponsible for me to mention any names at this early stage in the investigation, or leave any hints, such as he wears a mask, so let me just say keep your eyes peeled for any further developments.*

Fango,

I haven't got much time. They're onto me and I don't know how long I can stay hidden! But I have got to let all of Fango's readers know one thing: Uncle Bob's disappearance a is hoax! It's all a plot by Everitt! In fact, I know this letter will never get through and be printed but I had to try; it was the least I could do for the Unk, after all the favors he's done for me. Oh no! I think I hear Everitt's death squad outside. They're looking in the window! They see me! No! NO! AIEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE. . . .

## Good Riddance

Dear Mr. Everitt (and Postal Zone),

Uncle Bob gone? My reaction is probably typical: dismay at his suspicious-but-understandable kissoff in your editorial (why didn't you just say that jaded editors get canned?); and relief, for all the obvious reasons. And yes, that includes wrestling movies.

Welcome, David, to this position of grave (ho) responsibility; may you rule wisely. May you also give us more articles on horror producers (nuts & bolts about financing), and less hype on 3rd-rate projects that never get off the ground. Just remember—you're not Forry Ackerman! (And that's good!)

Robert DuPree
Square Zero Productions
9604 SE 5th Street
Vancouver, WA 98664

## It's a Brutal World

Dear Fang,

Lucio Fulci claims that he loves dogs. It would seem safe to assume, then, that he at least *likes* all animals. If so, where does he get off with killing a sheep and shoving the entrails down the throat of some actress, for her, in turn, to vomit back up? This doesn't sound too humane to me.

What is the story with *Famous Monsters*? I have had a subscription for many years now, but since Forry was "let go" at the beginning of the year, I have failed to receive any issues. I've written many times, with neither a reply nor any form of action on the matter.

Larry Heffner
8101 Kerby Pkwy. Ct.
Fort Washington, MD 29744

*We understand that Fulci is a strong believer in the American Indian tradition of eating whatever you kill. Requesting an actress to swallow the offal may not have been the American way of doing things; however, he didn't 'shove them down her throat,' and he never claimed he liked people. Warren Publications filed backruptcy proceedings earlier this year. There is, we hear, a long line of major creditors to receive settlement, which means little chance of refunds for subscribers.*

## Never in America!

Dear FANGORIA,

Living here in Toronto does have some disadvantages. Did you know, for instance, that *Maniac*, *Snuff* and *I Spit On Your Grave* were pulled off the shelf at every video store in sight? And in Hamilton, private homes were raided which were known to be showing such films. There's no point in getting into politics here, but I'd like to know—are we the only ones?

Dave Long
59 Wendell Ave.
Toronto, Ontario M9N 3K8

*You're not alone, Dave. We understand that the U.S.S.R. does not allow showings of the films you mention, not to mention that they've never played in Red China nor Iran. Nor Socialist France. Nor Communist Angola. And not, we might add, Nicaragua. Even as we write, Libyan-backed insurgents are seizing videotapes from the peasants in Chad, so we are told.*

**A movie not seen in Canada.**

# Amityville 3-D Effects

*Everyone's favorite haunted house is back—and John Caglione's got the corpses, demons and fly sex hormones to prove it.*

**By David Everitt**

You can't keep a bad house down. In 1979 *The Amityville Horror* was a huge success for Filmways, and last year that scourge of Long Island real estate returned complete with demons in the closets for *Amityville 2: The Possession*. If you had any doubts about the box-office success of this sequel, those doubts should be dispelled by the current release of *Amityville 3-D*..

The most spectacular aspect of these Amityville movies has been the special effects that have brought the supernatural occurences to life. Makeup effects fans got a treat in *Amityville 2* when Dick Smith protege John Caglione supervised an assortment of uncanny phenomena that culminated in the transformation of a young man into a ghastly demon. Caglione and his crew now bring you a new collection of monstrous makeup effects that will, hopefully, appear to spring out of the screen in *Amityville 3-D*.

The synopsis for this third excursion into the famed haunted house, distributed in advance of the release of the picture, gives the impression that the story is specially geared toward supplying a host of weird effects, in the area of mechanical and optical effects as well as special makeup. The picture opens with a seance held in the notorious Amityville house. A man named Baxter (Tony Roberts) and a woman named Melanie (Candy Clark) come to the house, for the purpose, they say, of contacting a dead child through the aid of a husband-wife team of spiritualists. It turns out that Baxter and Melanie are a reporter and a photographer respectively, and they quickly expose the spiritualists as quacks as soon as phony spectral images are projected. Working with the journalists is a psychic researcher by the name of Elliott West (Robert Joy).

Following this incident, Baxter decides to buy the house (after all, you can't beat the price of a world-famous haunted house that no one is willing to live in); a huge fly, windows that close themselves, and a mysterious gaping hole discovered under the basement floorboards fail to deter him. As you might expect, these odd occurences are only a hint of what lies ahead. Melanie develops a picture she took of Baxter and the real estate broker who sold the house and finds that the broker's face is blurred by an inexplicable cloudy blotch. The broker himself stumbles upon an even bigger surprise. When he visits the house, he is attacked by a swarm of flies that covers his body and leaves him dead. Melanie then has her hands full: a supernatural force in the house covers her in frost; she later enlarges the mystery photograph to see the real estate broker's blurred features replaced by a grotesque face, following which she is engulfed by unnatural flames while driving her car. The further Amityville exploits include a ghastly apparition from beyond the grave, a weird ghostly light that registers on the psychic's TV monitors, exploding mirrors, and a hideous demon that emerges from the basement well.

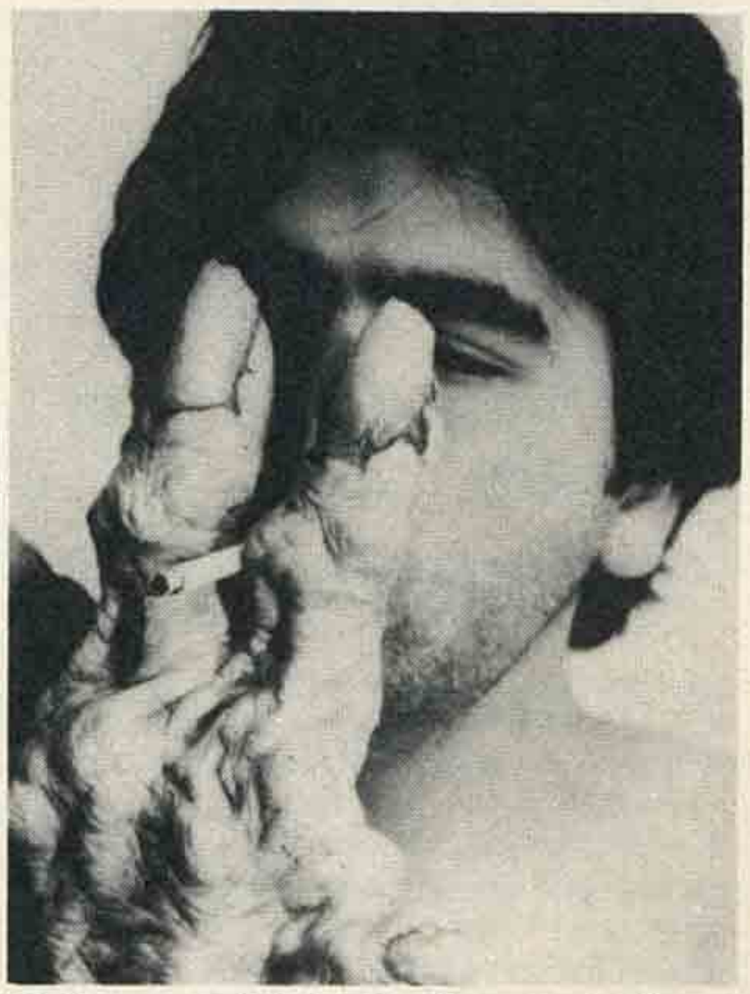


PHOTO: COURTESY OF JOHN CAGLIONE

**Makeup artist John Caglione tests his demon-hand creation by conducting some rigorous smoking exercises.**

John Caglione's role in this paranormal adventure was the creation of two dummies to substitute for Candy Clark when her character is burned alive in her car, an apparition of a decomposed corpse, and a full bodysuit for the demon that appears in the climax of the picture—as well as some highly unusual work during the film's big fly-attack sequence. Caglione was pleased to take on his second Amityville project partly because he had had such an agreeable experience working with Dino DeLaurentiis' organization on *Amityville 2*. Another positive factor for Caglione was *Amityville 3-D*'s director, Richard Fleischer, who has helmed such classic effects pictures of the past as *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea* and *Fantastic Voyage*. "I was on pins and needles to be working with him," says long-standing horror/science fiction fan Caglione.

When speaking to Caglione about his work, it is sometimes necessary to purposely steer the conversation to Caglione's own contributions because this talented and modest young man often seems more concerned with giving credit to his crew than himself. Early on in our conversation, he graciously makes the point of stressing the sizeable assistance he received on *Amityville 3-D*. "We had Kevin Haney, who created and built the fully mechanical dummy-corpse of the girl Susan who springs out of the well in Tony Roberts' nightmare—that looks terrific; we had David Smith [Dick Smith's son] who built the mechanics inside the demon's head and did a beautiful job, wait till you see it; and we had Doug Drexler and he's fantastic, he helped us out in all the other areas in the lab."

For the scene of Candy Clark's demise, Caglione and company had to construct a duplicate of the actress that was to be consumed by flames, as well as a charred corpse to stand in for the remains of the character at the conclusion of the sequence. The first dummy required some close interaction with Michael Wood and his mechanical effects crew, who have previously worked on the ghostly illusions of *Poltergeist*. Caglione says, "We built the head of the actress in an expression of extreme pain, painted it, made the wig and everything else makeup is normally responsible for. Mike Wood and his crew then built a mechanical device so that the arms of the dummy could pound on the windshield of the car and the head could pivot from side to side. Mike also did some work on the corpse that's used at the end of the scene. The body is supposed to slump forward. His crew built a wire system so that it

PHOTOS: © 1983 WARNER BROS.

**The hole in the basement of the Amityville house is a gateway to hell and a spawning ground for great special makeup. Above: Tony Roberts is confronted by an apparition of his dead daughter. Below: John Caglione, inside his demon-suit, makes quick work of Robert Joy the psychic researcher.**

The charred remains of Candy Clark's character after she has been burned alive by supernaturally sparked flames.

PHOTOS: COURTESY OF JOHN CAGLIONE

A closer view of the apparition of Tony Robert's daughter, sculpted and constructed by Kevin Haney.

could slide right into the camera for a 3-D effect." The corpse itself was built by Doug Drexler, with assistance from David Smith, using a variety of materials in an improvised approach that made use of polyurethane foam, liquid latex, scraps of foam latex, tissues and acrylic paint.

After Baxter's daughter drowns in a boating accident, the girl appears, partially decomposed, in one of the reporter's nightmares. The fully mechanical dummy of the girl constructed for this scene was the special province of Kevin Haney. Reports Caglione: "Kevin did the whole thing. He sculpted the entire body, did the moldmaking, ran the foam latex, and then, under the foam skin, he built a mechanical armature so that the arms could move, the face could move, the eyes could open and close, and so forth." Since the figure had to rise up out of the well in the basement, the operation of the dummy required some unusual maneuvering by Haney. "It was all operated by cable control," says Caglione. "Kevin was inside the well, below the figure, with a mask and a scuba tank on. He had a panel down there with which he could control the whole thing by himself."

Perhaps Caglione's most unique task on this film was his involvement in the fly-attack against the real estate broker. Director Fleischer had problems creating an effect in the scene that was to his liking and had to try several methods of shooting the sequence. For one method, Caglione and his crew made a foam rubber mask to fit over the actor's face like a second skin, to which Caglione glued some fake flies. He says, "They felt that, with all the flies buzzing around and the fake flies on his face, maybe they'd all blend together. They used billions of flies, man! They had sheeting around the whole room. There were truck-loads of boxes of flies and they just let them all go. It was incredible." Despite the volume of flies, Fleisher didn't feel that the shot looked like a convincing attack of insects. Caglione says, "Then we tried—I can't believe I did this—I actually glued living and dead flies to the foam rubber mask. It looked like Rice

**No, Candy Clark is not grimacing because her hair hurts. This is a dummy getting a coiffure in preparation for its appearance in the burning sequence.**

Krispies, living Rice Krispies. Richard Fleischer didn't think that was too good either." The next attempt was even stranger: Caglione was asked to apply female fly sex hormones to the actor's face in the hope that they would attract the flies. "Oh boy, did we use that," Caglione recalls. "That stuff is terrible. It smells like sh*t. And I had to put it on the guy. It didn't work too well. Maybe they used it later and it worked, but when I was there it didn't attract the multitude of flies that Richard Fleischer wanted."

A fourth method entailed the construction of a fake head for the beseiged actor. "The back of the dummy head was cut out," Caglione says, "so that Mike Wood could put a vacuum in there. If my memory is correct, I think they might have shot it in reverse: they blew the flies out through the mouth and they filmed it in reverse so that it looked like the flies were going down the guy's throat."

The makeup highlight of the movie is, of course, the appearance of the demon out of the basement well, dubbed the "gateway to hell." Fleischer worked quite closely with Caglione on the conception of this ghastly creature. "He woud come out here to the lab," says Caglione, "and we would talk and he would make suggestions. He was terrific. He liked the demon from *Amityville 2* and he wanted us to base our designs on that creature, only he wanted this one to be full-sized. He wanted this thing to really come to life, he wanted more facial movements and so on. He also wanted it to look really enormous."

Working from the basic *Amityville 2* demon design, Caglione was able to elaborate and refine his previous conception. The fact that he was working on a full-body suit rather than limiting himself to a puppet, as was done in *Amityville 2*, played a crucial part in the improvements he could make. "I had so much area to sculpt, it was so big, that I was able to put more detail into it than I did on the first creature in *Amityville 2*. I was able to put in a lot of wrinkles and bone structure, a lot of little nuances. I think the demon in *Amityville 3-D* looks more like the first demon's grandfather; it looks older and more jelly-like."

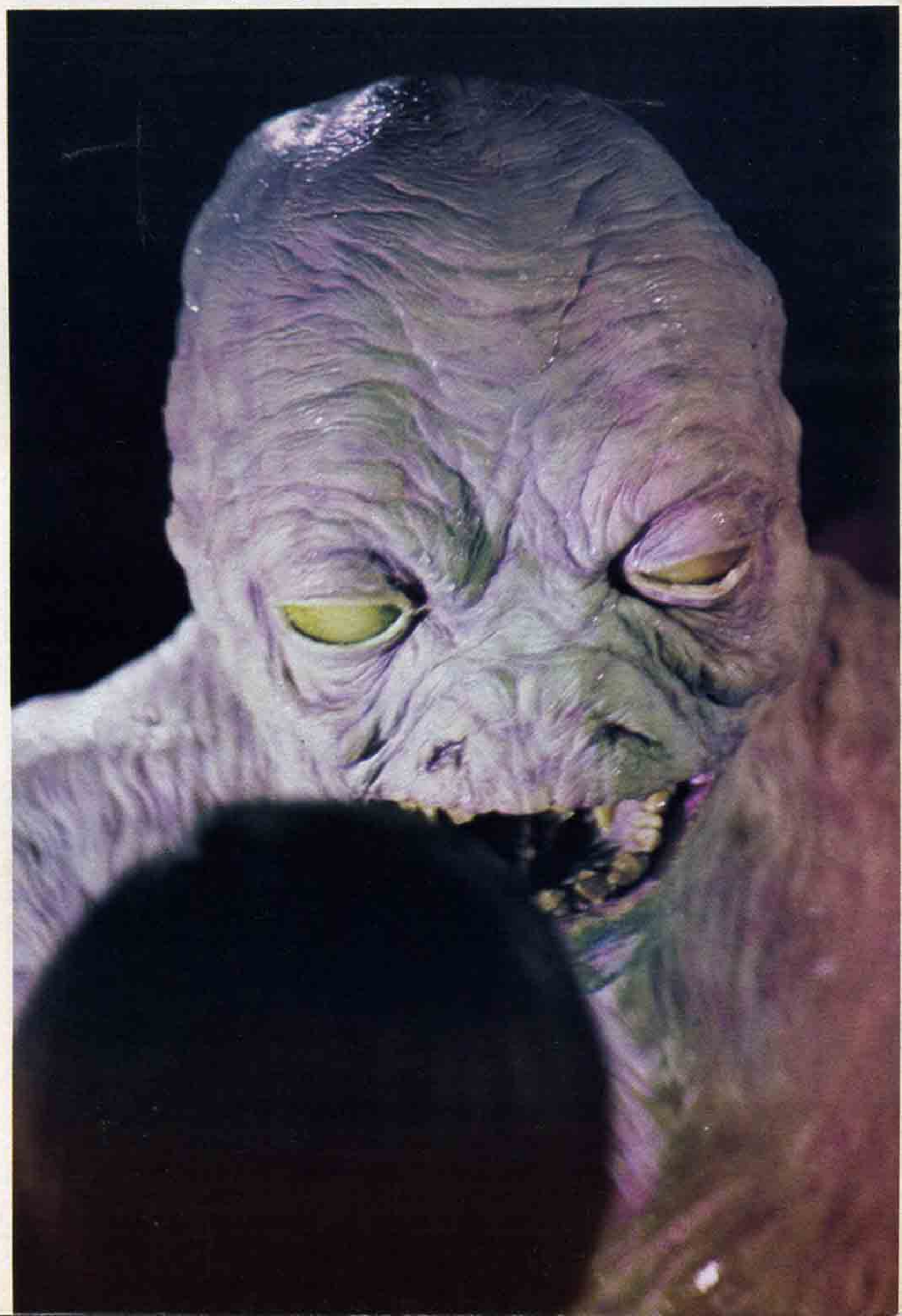
A special thrill for Caglione in this picture was the opportunity to play the part of the demon inside of his full-body monster suit. He says, "I did it because I wanted to know for the future what an actor goes through inside a foam-latex costume. It's not very pleasant. It can be claustrophobic and a little scary, but once you get used to it, it's all right." Despite these reservations, Caglione found other aspects of the job of playing a monster to be very pleasing. "It was like going back to when I was a kid when I used to make myself up all the time. I haven't done that in a long time and now I was able to do it in a film and feel the same things I felt back then. It was really exciting."

Michael Wood and his crew once more lent a hand in Caglione's scene by devising a means for the demon to rush up out of the water. They built a transparent, plastic cylinder to hold the water and rigged an air-pressured piston that was able to propel Caglione upward to the water's surface as well as drop him back down. They were able to move him up or down at any desired speed. Futher effects work was provided by Caglione's own crew. The mechanics built by David Smith inside the demon's head to control the creature's facial movements were hooked up to 10 cables running down Caglione's back and over the lip of the well (out of camera view) to a control panel built by Doug Drexler.

Caglione regards *Amityville 3-D* as an important stage in his development as a makeup effects artist that has prepared him well for future projects. "I learned so much about everything on this picture," he says. "The learning process was tremendous as far as doing things fast and doing them better. It's helped me a lot on the picture I'm doing now."

This latest project is a New York picture tentatively titled *C.H.U.D.* All that can be said about the story at this point is that it is about cannibalistic creatures who live secretly beneath the city. Caglione's work includes dozens of foam-latex masks, a great deal of mechanics and some transformation effects. In case you're wondering whether FANGORIA will be covering this movie, Caglione says that the creatures in the film are "ugly and *mean*." Stay tuned for further reports.

**Caglione's professional acting debut: "It was like going back to when I was a kid when I used to make myself up all the time."**



# SHARP TURNS

*Director Don Sharp and his career, encompassing Hammer horror, fantasy, exploitation and mainstream film.*

**By The Midnight Writer**

KISS OF THE VAMPIRE
IN EASTMAN
COLOR
starring
CLIFFORD EVANS / NOEL WILLMAN / EDWARD DE SOUZA / JENNIFER DANIEL / BARRY WARREN
Screenplay by JOHN ELDER · Directed by DON SHARP
Produced by ANTHONY HINDS · A Hammer Film Production
Universal Release

Don Sharp's several pictures for Hammer Films and his four features starring Christopher Lee (including two entries in the Harry Alan Towers-produced Fu Manchu series) placed him high on our list of directors-we'd-like-to-meet quite awhile ago. So, when we learned that Sharp was in Huntsville, Alabama, supervising preproduction on Sandy Howard's adventure-fantasy *The Secrets of Phantom Caverns*, we swung into action, and it wasn't long before we had the 62-years-young director in front of our tape recorder, recalling the start of his career some 45 years ago.

Sharp began his career as an actor, a career decision prompted largely, he says, "by a desire not to study to become an accountant, which is what my parents wanted for me.

"Hobart, Tasmania, where I was born and where I grew up, was an Australian community of about 64,000; they had one playhouse, an amateur theater. Several people who had been professionals in the past had settled in the area, and they put on about six plays a year."

Hobart had four movie theaters, and young Sharp attended at least two a week, finding a particular thrill in Warner Brothers' crime melodramas of that period. But the Australian film industry was virtually nonexistent at that time, and as a teenager Sharp began, under parental duress, evening studies in accountancy. Then he was offered a two-week stint as a call-boy—the fellow who knocks on the dressing room door, saying "five minutes, Mr. Barrymoore"—for the amateur playhouse.

Sharp's involvement in the theater quickly grew, as the accountant's ledgers grew moldy; he graduated to acting, and directed his first play shortly before volunteering his service to the Royal Australian Air Force in 1940. "The acting bug had definitely gotten hold of me," says Sharp, "and I did a bit of it while I was in the RAAF as well, in the odd moment. I served in the Far East, and when I was invalided out in 1944, I decided that I would not go back to Hobart." In Melbourne, Sharp read for and won an understudy's position in the Australian company of the Broadway comedy *Kiss and Tell;* a bout of laryngitis that felled one of the leads two weeks later placed Sharp in the role, and his performance brought him a contract with Australia's largest theatrical management agency, and a successful career on stage and in radio.

"I could have gone on with a theatrical career in Australia," says Sharp, "but what I really wanted was movies. So I went to England, and was able, very quickly, to get a job in theater—but I couldn't even get an appointment to see a casting director! I was sharing a flat with a chap who had been a naval cameraman during the war, and was now working as an assistant director in films. We decided that the only thing to do was to make our own movie, which would launch

me on an acting career. We wrote the script, co-produced it, he directed it, while I did the accounts and played the lead. We had no money for it; it was quite a battle, and, by the time we'd finally raised the money, we'd sold all we'd had. Then a recurrence of my wartime injuires came back, and I was in the hospital when the film, *Ha'Penny Breeze,* was released, to very, very good notices. Shortly after, a number of influential film people made contact with me, but none of them offered me a job as an actor—they all asked if I would write for them!

Thanks to his parent's insistence that he study accounting, and to his experience in handling the finances for his first picture, Sharp was able to work as a producer's assistant on each of the films that he subsequently wrote. These include *Child's Play,* a 1957 comedy concerning a group of child geniuses run amuck at an atomic plant, and *Robbery Under Arms,* released the same year, which concerned cattle rustlers on the Australian frontier. The latter film represented Sharp's first cinematic foray into period adventure, a genre that he would later be closely identified with as a director. "I don't know how that came to be," says Sharp. "It wasn't a particular fascination of mine, but I have been asked to do a lot of period films, and there's been a good deal of comment by critics that I seem able to get the feel of a period, and not simply by making it look period with props. I think that, having been an actor, one is able to research in a different way, into social attitudes, and behavior attitudes of different classes that are meeting one another in a given situation."

Around the same time, Sharp's first directorial assignment, and his first brush with the fantastic, came via Britains's Children's Film Foundation, for whom he directed *The Adventures of Hal Five,* which anticipated Disney's *The Love Bug* by several years in its story of a car with a mind of its own.

Subsequent featues for Sharp included *The Professionals,* "caper" drama in the *Rififi* style, and *It's All Happening,* a celebration of British pop music starring Tommy Steele and featuring such pre-Beatles pop phenomena as Shane Fenton and the Fentones and The Clyde Valley Stompers.

Though Sharp would later work with larger budgets, with more "respectable" material, most Hammer fans would agree that *Kiss of the Vampire* (shown on TV as *Kiss of Evil,* with the best scenes cut, and dull American scenes added!) was his finest. Hammer's first non-Dracula vampire tale (Lee wouldn't play him, at the time, and no one else satisfied the audiences in that role), the plot pitted a secretive vampire-type, Dr. Ravna (Noel Willman) against Professor Zimmer (Clifford Evans), a vampire hunter who believes in fighting fire with fire; at the film's climactic moments, Zimmer commands an army of bats in a siege on the stronghold of a vampire cult! The script, which offered Sharp several opportunities to show what he could do with a spooky scene, including a pre-credit graveyard sequence and an eerily unsettling masked ball, was one of the best by Hammer producer Anthony Hinds, written under his usual pen-name, John Elder.

"At the time that came about," recalls Sharp, "I had only done a couple of small, low-budget thrillers, and some second unit things; in fact, I'd just come back from India, where I'd shot the tiger-hunting scenes for *Harry Black and the Tiger.* There really wasn't much doing at the time, when my agent told me that Hammer, who'd done quite a bit with Terry Fisher and John Gilling, were seeking out some new blood to direct horror. And I had no idea what a horror movie was! I had actually never gone to a horror movie. They sent me a script, and it was good. I said, 'That's fine, but I must know what it's about, and how these things are treated', and they decided to show me three or four of their best. So I was stepping into a totally new world.

"What I found I liked about it was that, in order to make most of these horror elements work, you had to get away from the everyday surround, away from the normal life of the cinema audience. Therefore, you had to go to period. And I felt that this particular sort of horror would lend itself to a sort of treatment that had a lot of style, and a certain theatricality about it. They'd got into the pattern of making each film a bit bloodier than the one before it; I felt it might work better if, instead, we suggested it. I went and discussed my ideas with Tony Hinds, and I must say he was a bit aghast, because I wanted to take a lot of the horror elements out.

"We talked and talked, and eventually he came around. So, in the finished film, the audience is hit with a big scare in the beginning, then suggestion and more suggestion, another small scare in the middle—and the rest is reserved for the climax."

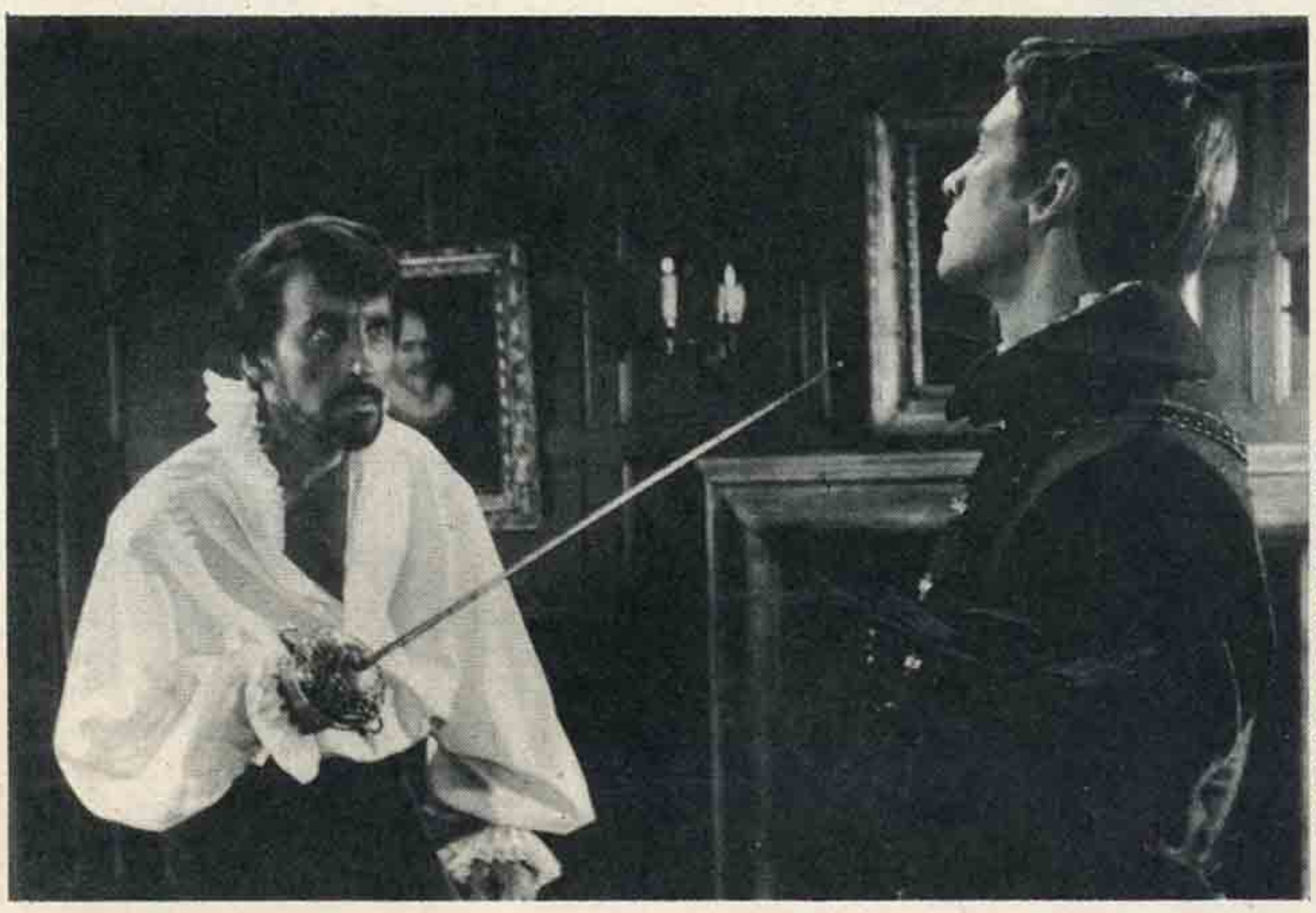


PHOTO: © 1964 COLUMBIA PICTURES

**Chris Lee cuts a dashing figure in the Hammer-styled swashbucker *Devil Ship Pirates.***

PHOTO: © 1963 UNIVERSAL

**The aristocratic leader of a vampire cult is fanged to death in *Kiss of the Vampire*'s climactic bat attack.**

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*Kiss of the Vampire* was the first of Hammer's films to receive notice in the staid *London Times,* and one critic compared Sharp's approach to that of Val Lewton—whose films Sharp had never seen.

Sharp's second film for Hammer was *Devil-Ship Pirates,* one of several pirate adventures that Hammer put together for the younger crowd in the mid 60's. "The idea was to release these bloody-but-not-too-bloody adventure films during school holidays, and they made a fortune on them. That was my first feature with Chris Lee, and we got on famously, most likely because of my background as an actor.

"The script (by Jimmy Sangster) was built around a rather nice idea. At the time of the Spanish Armada, free pardons were offered to pirate ships if they chose to fight alongside the Armada. Christopher Lee was one such pirate captain, who had accepted the pardon not in order to fight, but in order to gain a cover for further plundering activities. His ship got knocked out quite early in the battle, and, in the fog, puts into land at the other side of England, near Cornwall. He boldly goes ashore to proclaim that the Spanish Armada has won its victory, and to claim the spoils of war from the villagers—who, not having received any word, go along with it. Then there's a bit of rape and flogging, the usual pirate activity, until one of the juvenile leads sees through his ploy, and leads the villagers to burn down his ship."

Following *Devil Ship Pirates,* Sharp accepted a non-Hammer horror project, *Witchcraft,* a low-keyed tale of the eerie doings following the disinterment of a witch 300 years dead, featuring Lon Chaney, Jr. "It was a little four-week movie, very quickly done," says Sharp. "But it received some lovely notices; even now, it's frequently included in retrospectives of British Horror at the National Film Theater, places like that."

Sharp's next assignment was the first of four pictures he made for Harry Alan Towers—a rather colorful figure in British exploitation—*The Face of Fu Manchu*. This, and the second in the series, *Brides of Fu Manchu*. (also directed by Sharp), are the only worthwhile entries in the five-film series (the other three are *Vengeance of Fu Manchu,* directed by Jeremy Summers, and two shot back-to-back by the notorious Jess Franco in 1968, *Castle of Fu Manchu* and *Blood of Fu Manchu). Face of Fu Manchu* particularly achieves a good blend of 1920's atmosphere and pulp adventure; remarkable qualities for a Towers film, since the producer is well-known for his quick and cheap approach.

"I like Harry, a great deal," Sharp says, "Even today, he'll occasionally ring me up for something, and I'll go over, have a meal, and talk business with him. I like him and find him terribly entertaining. But allow me to say this, and I don't know whether you should quote it, but Harry will get more kick out of making $5 in a slightly crooked and fast way, than he would making $100 legitimately; he's a dealer rather than a movie maker, and he enjoys getting the best part of a deal. But he does have a certain enthusiasm, and a sense of showmanship.

"In order to make a good film while working with Harry, you have to be insistent; you have to be very firm. For instance, 36 hours before we were to go to Ireland to begin shooting, we were in Berman's costume shop in England, selecting wardrobe. Right there in the shop, I was telling him, 'Harry, you can't put them in that, and if you do, you can cancel my air ticket. I won't be doing it unless it's done properly.' 'But, I already made a deal . . .' 'Well, that's your problem, Harry . . .' He immediately gave in.

"After that film, I was offered something I was rather hesitant about taking; I was asked to direct all the flying and stunt sequences for *Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines.* I had to think very hard about going back to second unit after directing a half-dozen features—but it was so tempting, especially after my air force days. So I did it; and it was tremendously exciting, and a marvelous movie to work on. But, second unit on this type of picture, with old airplanes doing stunts, you're fortunate if you can get two set-ups in a day; so when it was over I said to my agent, 'I want to work—get me something, anything!' He rang back and said, 'Bob Lippert has a sequel to *The Fly.*' 'I'll do it! I'll do it!'

"It was the third in the series, actually, and I'm afraid they'd pretty much run out of ideas. Harry Spalding, who had done some previous work for Lippert and for 20th Century-Fox, came up with the storyline; I made some suggestions, strengthening it a little. But we both had the feeling, 'Oh dear, what a pity they're making another one.' All the movies had been based on a single idea, which runs a bit thin when the thing's been done, 100 minutes three times over."

Though Sharp does not count *The Curse of the Fly* as his finest moment, Michael Weldon (noted authority; author of the *Psychotronic Encyclopedia of Film)* says, "A lot of people don't like that film, but I thought it was great. Unlike the scientists in the previous films, Brian Donleavy would stop at nothing to continue his research, even if it meant turning everyone in his family into a blob of jelly."

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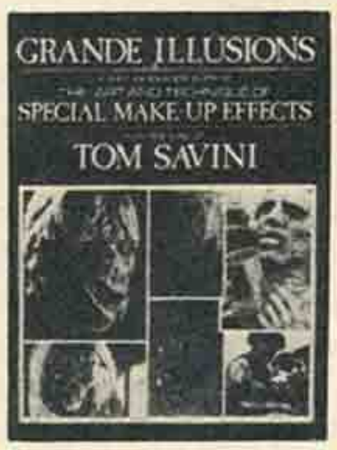


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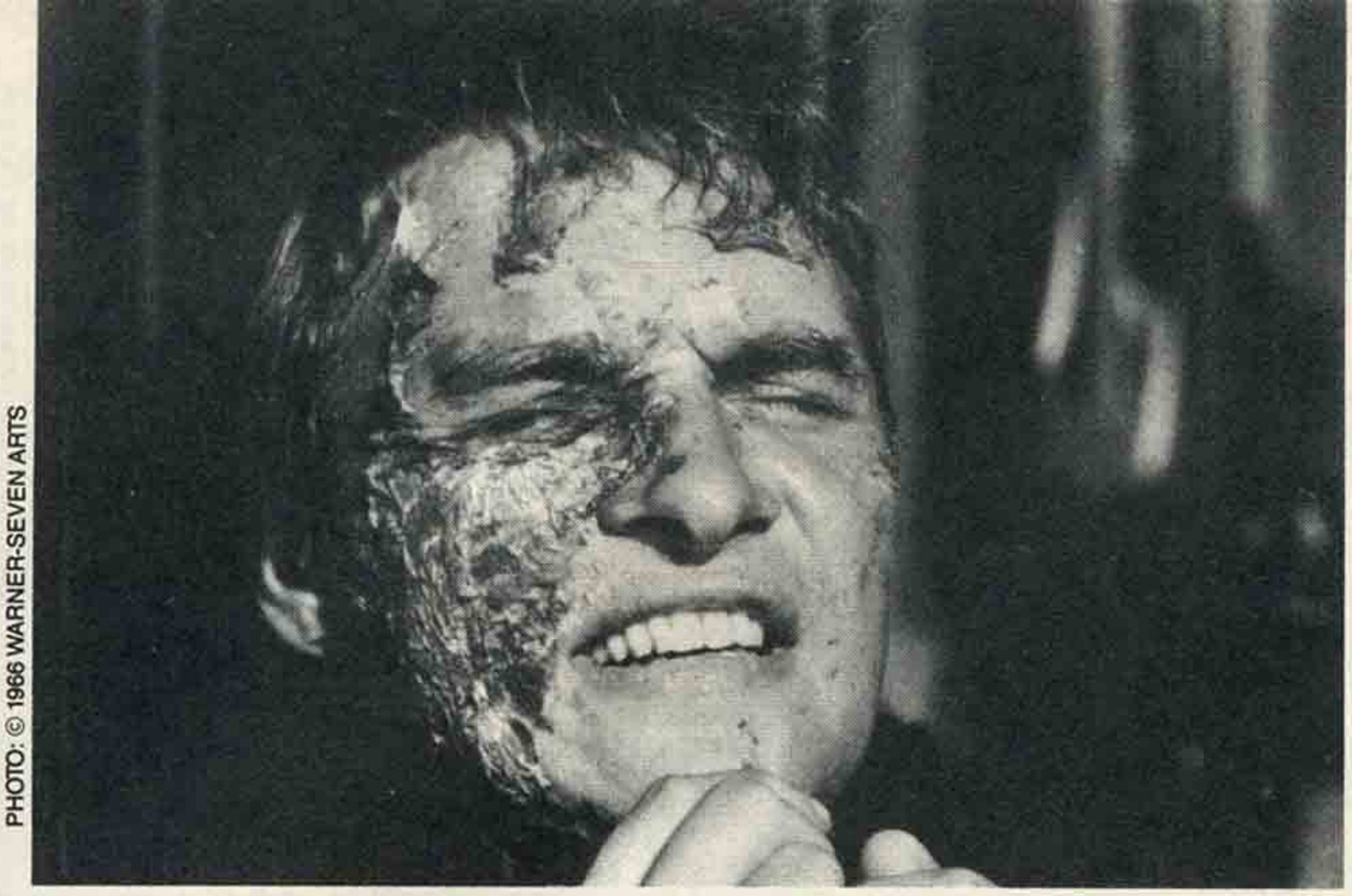


PHOTO: © 1966 WARNER-SEVEN ARTS

**Rasputin's habitual acid-flinging tends to tick off members of the Romanov court.**

**Fu Manchu's idea of a good time, from *Brides of Fu Manchu*.**

Sharp then undertook another Lee vehicle for Hammer, *Rasputin The Mad Monk*. Though it was not, strictly speaking, a horror film, the tale of Rasputin, the manipulative mystic who seemingly controlled the lives of Russian monarchs in the years before the revolution, provided Lee an opportunity to create a character as likeably malevolent, and as broadly theatrical, as his Dracula. Sharp was similiarly allowed a chance to display his remarkable flair for creating a period feel. Unfortunately, the film's script did not capture the real drama of Rasputin's murder by Count Felix Youssoupov, which some say was in retribution for the rape of his wife.

It was Rasputin who established the tradition of the unkillable psycho—after the Count had fed the unholy cleric wine and cookies laced with sufficient cyanide to fell six men, Rasputin still lived. After being riddled with bullets, Rasputin lived on. It is generally believed that, when the Count dumped the satanic sage into a nearby river, Rasputin finally met his hellish master; some contend that he escaped this doom as well, later to reappear in Paris under the name G.I. Gurdjieff and establish a school of the occult.

Little of this history appears in the film, however. "It was more historically accurate in the beginning, with the first draft of the script," says Sharp. "But Count Youssoupov was still alive; there was the threat of a lawsuit, so we had to change the method of the murder and everying." There was certainly no doubt that the Count would have made good on this threat; he had previously sued MGM for libel after the 1932 release of *Rasputin and the Empress* (Lionel Barrymore played the monk, and his brother John played the Count), and was awarded 25,000 pounds in damages, and a near-equal sum in court costs.

There followed Sharp's second Fu Manchu film with Chris Lee, not quite as good as the first,but well worth a look. After *The Brides of Fu Manchu*, Sharp was able to escape the horror pigeon-hole that so many directors have spoken of in these pages; two low-keyed thrillers centered about the conflicts of the British and the Irish Republican Army, *The Violent Enemy* and *Hennessey*, served to establish his reputation as a mainstream director, leading to such major assignments as the telefilm remake of *The Four Feathers*, and the 1978 remake of *The Thirty-Nine Steps*.

But Sharp did not stay away from horror entirely; lovers of truly strange cinema will never forget his film *Psychomania* (a.k.a. *The Death Wheelers*), a bizarre hybrid of motor-bike exploitation and zombie terror. The story concerns a mourning mom whose pact with the devil brings her only son, a bike-gang leader, back to unkillable life. The son, who enjoys being undead, convinces his fellow gang members to do away with themselves as well, to join his biker-zombie gang. In the words of Leonard (Mr. *TV Movie Guide*) Maltin, the gang commences to "blaze a kamikaze trail of destruction across pre-punk England."

Sharp is a little surprised to hear that *Psychomania*. thanks to frequent showing on New York's channel 9, has become a cult item in the tri-state area. "I don't know quite what to say, except that it was great fun to do, especially after doing several films in a row like *The Violent Enemy*. It was a great change, geared for a younger audience as it was."

The subject matter, of course, called for scenes of a more violent nature than most of Sharp's other films, and *Psychomania* was severely criticized for this sort of "exploitative" approach. Despite his faith in the power of suggestion, however, Sharp feels certain material justifies the dramatization of graphic violence. "People who go to such films know what they are going to see," he says, "and feel disappointed if they don't. If you go to a farce and no one's trousers fall down, you feel cheated. With some material, like *Kiss of the Vampire*, you can do a lot with suggestion, but it does depend on the material. If one is squeamish about such things, one shouldn't take on the project.

"*Psychomania* was also criticized on the basis of the idea of people killing themselves in order to live forever, just as some criticized a film I made called *Hennesey*, a drama about the I.R.A. in which Rod Steiger planned to blow up Parliament. I can't teach the I.R.A. anything! Nor can I believe that anyone could be persuaded to suicide by a film. And how can you object to the idea of people killing themselves to live forever, and not object to a vampire film? It's the same fantasy, though one is more removed from the everyday."

Sharp's latest project is very much removed from the everyday. *Secrets of the Phantom Caverns* (that may not be the final title, as Sharp is not overly fond of it) will star Robert Powell, Timothy Bottoms, Richard Johnson, Lisa Blount and Anne Heywood, in a tale concerning a lost race (Lemurians designed by Bill Munns) encountered deep beneath the earth's crust. No more can be revealed at this time; "If I told you," quips Sharp, "then the Phantom Caverns wouldn't have a secret!"

# Richard Matheson on TWILIGHT ZONE and JAWS 3D

*The renowned horror/fantasy author on scripting the fifth dimension of Serling and the three dimensions of great whites.*

**By Lawrence French**

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** In FANGORIA #2 and #3, Richard Matheson discussed his outstanding career in horror and fantasy writing, from the *Twilight Zone* TV show and *The Incredible Shrinking Man* to Corman's Poe series and *The Martian Chronicles* TV adaptation. Still a leading figure in his field, Matheson now talks about the two major summer-movie releases that have brought his name to the fore once again in the minds of horror fans.

**Fangoria:** Most of the critics didn't like the first two episodes of *Twilight Zone*, but liked the last two.

**Richard Matheson:** Well, the only reason they're so hard on the Landis episode is because of the accident, I think. I don't know why they're criticizing the Spielberg episode, except that it's a softer piece. You know, I think the critics have it in their mind, and the people remember in their mind, *The Twilight Zone* as being different than it really was. There were a lot of frankly sentimental pieces on the show, and George [Clayton Johnson's] story was that way. Naturally I'm pleased that they like the last two episodes the most, but they're all extremely well done. However they do vary in interest.

**Fang:** In the original version of "Kick the Can", the old people actually stay young, while in the Spielberg remake they return to their real ages.

**Matheson:** Yes, that was George's suggestion, which if you think about it is, I think, a very good one. In the original these kids run off into the night with absolutely no place to go. They have no homes, so God knows where they went. In that context it was a very pertinent suggestion he had.

**Fang:** There are two screenwriters listed for "Kick the Can", besides yourself.

**Matheson:** George really has the credit on that one, because he did the original *Twilight Zone* script. Since it's basically the same, that weighs heavily, just as it did on the last one, because George Miller did some work on my script, but I still have a solo credit, because I wrote the original story, "Nightmare At 20,000 Feet" and the original *Twilight Zone* script.

**Fang:** Did Miller add more of the humor, which isn't as pronounced in the original episode?

**Matheson:** He just had a different approach. It was more of a total paranoia idea. He made the passengers much more grotesque in a way.

**Fang:** John Lithgow was excellent in the part William Shatner played in the original episode.

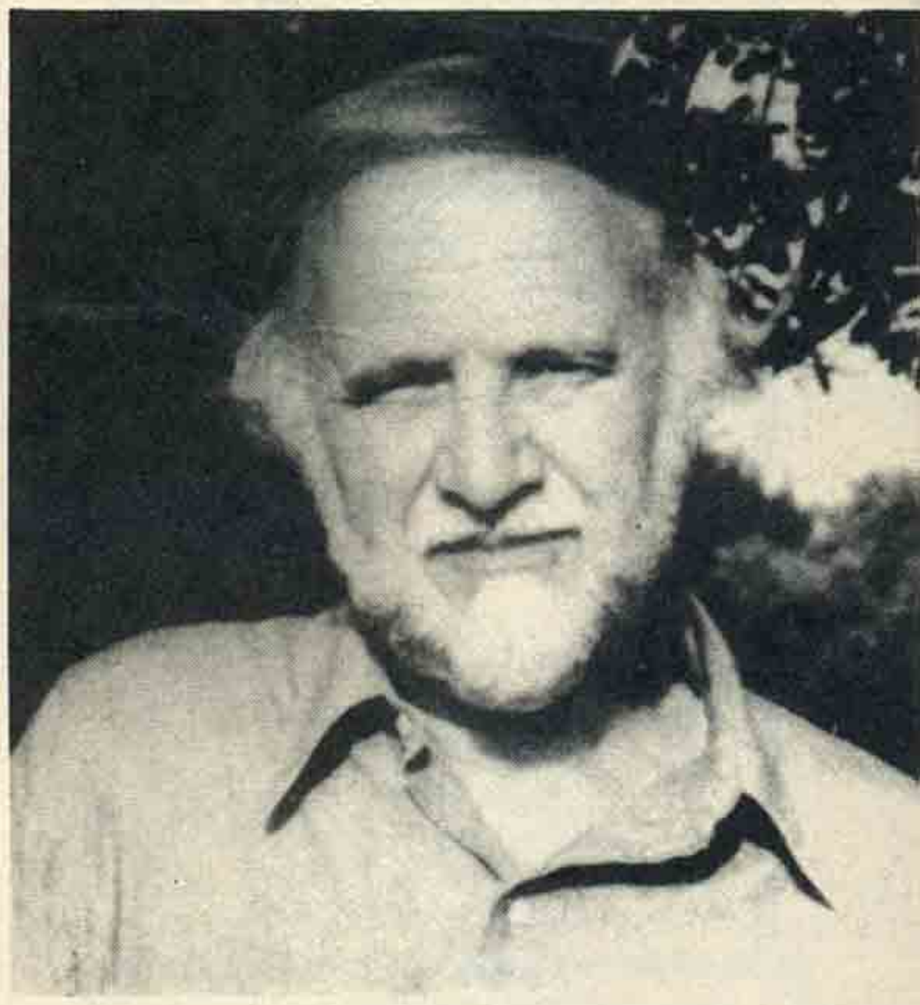
**Matheson:** Yes, it was remarkable for what he was expected to do. It started at an awfully high-key, but that's the approach Miller wanted.

**Fang:** Did you like the Gremlin they used for the new episode better than what they did in the original episode?

**Matheson:** Oh, infinitely. Infinitely better. The one they used for the first one was, I think, a morlock left over from *The Time Machine*. It looked like a panda bear. Actually the man inside the panda bear costume looked exactly the way I described him in my short story. It was Nick Cravat, Burt Lancaster's old associate. If they had just taken his appearance and made it as strange as possible, it would have been better. It would have been that way if Jacques Tourneur had directed it. He told me his idea was to just have him in a black suit, so he could barely be seen, and then have a little bit of silver dust on him.

**Fang:** Do you think George Miller showed too much of the Gremlin when it comes right up to John Lithgow and puts his hand on his face?

**Matheson:** Well at a certain point you had to. They had the creature, which was a lot more interesting to look at than the original one. It would have been better if they showed the other one less. Actually I don't think it's even apparent in the movie, I didn't catch it, but Miller had this idea that when he shot at it, the creature picked the bullets out of his skin and ate them. But it was so dark and windy out there you couldn't see anything, and I



thought that was very funny. Then, did he eat the gun? It seems like he took the gun out of his hand and ate the gun, which I thought was marvelous.

**Fang:** I liked when the creature waved his finger at him, like he was a bad boy.

**Matheson:** Yes, the creature was of a much more humorous bent in this one, than he was in the other.

**Fang:** Since three of the episodes are remakes, a lot of the audience will assumedly be familiar with the stories already. Did that mean you tried to bring in some new surprises?

**Matheson:** No, we were not told to do anything differently. I really don't know why they chose to do old episodes. If I had my way, I would rather have written originals in the *Twilight Zone* texture. At least two originals, and then maybe two classics revised. Two revisited and increased perhaps in technical quality.

**Fang:** Did you write the narration for each episode which is spoken by Burgess Meredith?

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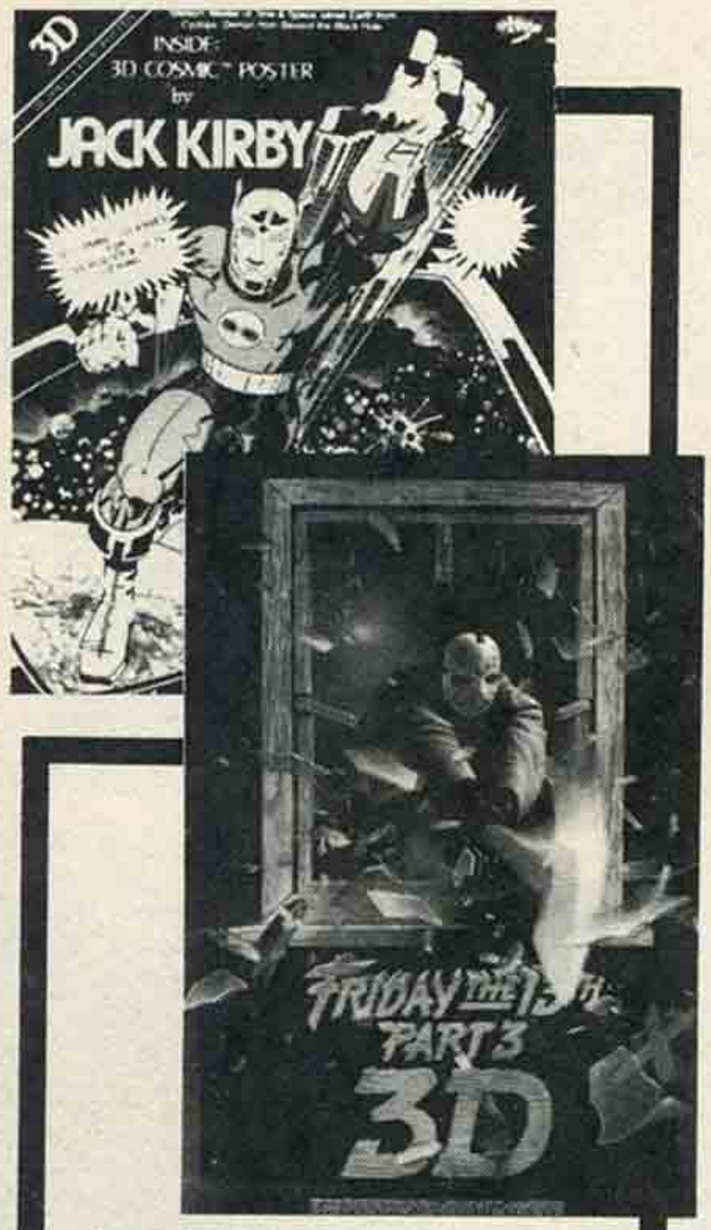


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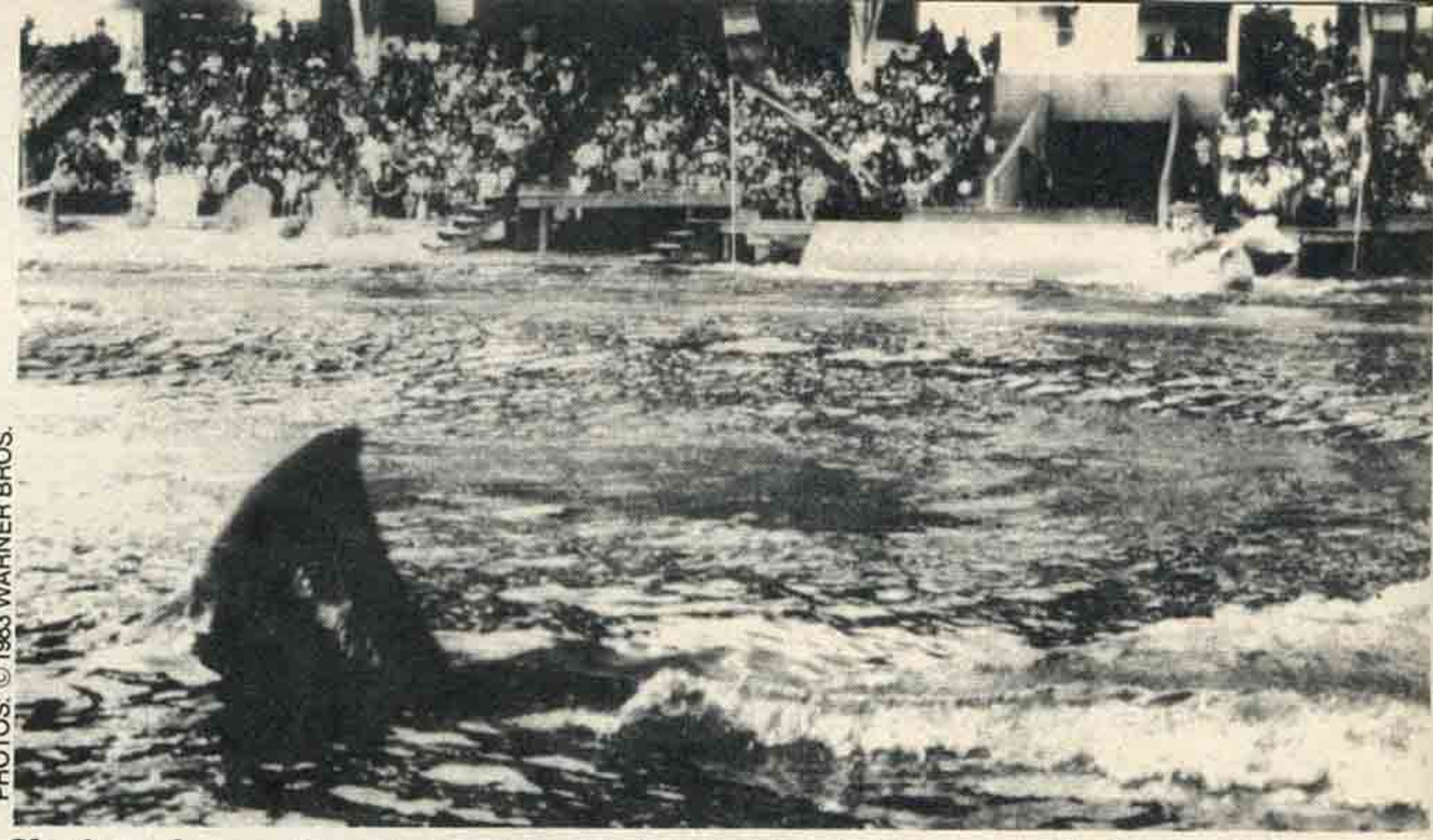


PHOTOS: ©1983 WARNER BROS.

**Shark on the prowl in *Jaws 3-D*. In this third picture in the series, Matheson tried to give the shark species a "good rap" for a change.**

**Matheson:** No. That wasn't even considered as part of the picture when I was working on the script. I asked at the beginning whether they were planning to use that and they said no. They were definitely not going to use the narration. There was a linking between stories of movement, and some overlap of characters, which I wrote, but not the narration. That they added themselves. I don't know who did that. The original approach to linking the stories, which we had on all of them, was like the end where Dan Aykroyd appears again. A character would pass by another character, who would be in the next story and he would be briefly involved and then we'd go on to the next story.

Originally they were in different order. The George Miller episode was second and we were going to end up with the Spielberg episode. So I had written some grantedly flimsy linkages between them, just something to carry one to the other. We had him [Vic Morrow] being carried away in the car and I had the camera panning up in the sky to an airplane. It was nothing very profound.

**Fang:** Actually, I think that would have been far better than the narration, which wasn't very good. It's much more surrealistic to connect scenes that really have no relationship to one another.

**Matheson:** Yes, that's what we had originally. At the end of the Miller episode as they're taking Lithgow on a stretcher through the terminal, we pass by Kathleen Quinlan's character from Joe Dante's segment, talking to her mother about how she's got to get out of town, she needs a change, and we went on from there. So there was some sensation of continuity. I don't know if it would have fooled people as much. Maybe a little bit.

**Fang:** So they decided to drop that when they switched the order of the stories.

**Matheson:** Yes, it was a pretty late decision to put Miller's episode last, so they added the narration. Originally it was Landis first, Miller's was second, Joe Dante's was third, and Spielberg's was last. You could always link them together somehow, regardless of what order they were in.

**Fang:** You made quite a few changes in Joe Dante's episode "It's A Good Life," making that one humorous as well.

**Matheson:** [Laughing] It was like a Franz Kafka sitcom really. But I thought, and Joe agreed with me, that the original story, as marvelous as it was, starts out at a very low point and never goes anywhere from there, because everything is hopeless. This kid is in total control, and there's nowhere you can go and nowhere you do go, except for down. So I thought it would be better to start at a more normal level and then reach that point of hopelessness, and then try and resolve it.

**Fang:** It's interesting that you brought in the new character of the school teacher, who wasn't in the original. Now, because the story is told from her point of view, there is much more suspense as to what's actually going on in that house.

**Matheson:** Yes, we changed it. . . I mean I can't believe that people want to see the exact same thing they've seen on television for 50 years. Did they get across the fact that she was a school teacher? Very vaguely I think. I had a lot more detail as to her character. John Landis said there was about 10 minutes cut out, and they were undoubtedly in the area of making her more clear as a character. There's a scene, after she breaks the boy's bike, in which she drives him home, and during the drive home they talk and you get to know her, and you get to know more of their relationship. There's very little of that left in the film now.

**Fang:** The ending seems very ambiguous.

**Matheson:** Yes, I also had more in the end in my script, which makes it a bit clearer why she is willing to take this kid after all these horrible things he's done. It seems a little unacceptable now, that she just goes off with him. It really had to be that way though. I mean what could you do? You could opt for the usual, you, know, let's just take it back to the way it was in the beginning, where she goes away and then he makes himself another house, and starts trapping more people. You could do that, the way things are usually done, but it's kind of old hat, to just go for the obvious.

**Fang:** I felt that nothing was really resolved though. Was that part of your original idea?

**Matheson:** The idea is that she is the first one who gave him any kind of static at all, and he responded to the fact that she was an adult and he was a child, despite his powers. So even though she was as terrified as she was . . . she wasn't forgetting anything he'd done, she realized this . . . she simply could not let him go, with the kind of power like that he could just do something god awful . . . to the world itself! She just felt it was essential to devote herself to this kid, and because of her earlier personality development you understood why she was willing to devote herself to him.

**Fang:** Well the narration says something like "Helen Foley doesn't know where she's going, but she will soon be in The Twilight Zone."

**Matheson:** I think it had to end that way, but that's not really enough in the narration to explain her character, and I think that's why the critics took exception to the ending, because there was nothing to indicate why she would even do that.

**Fang:** Did you work individually with each of the different directors?

**Matheson:** Yes, I met with Joe on his, I met with Steven on his, and Miller was a little more difficult because he was out of the country, so we had to work through the mail. I probably worked the longest and most carefully with Joe and his two producers. He's a very nice guy and he did a wonderful job on it.

**Fang:** I see Robert Bloch has written the novelization of *Twilight Zone*.

**Matheson:** Yeah, so I noticed. I haven't read it, but I'm glad he got to do it. He's a very talented man and a good friend. I didn't even know he was doing it, until late in the game.

**Fang:** At one point you were going to work on an adaptation of your *Twilight Zone* episode "Little Girl Lost" for Steven Spielberg, weren't you?

**Matheson:** Yes, he told me he was intersted in making a film out of it, so I sent him a cassette of the original episode. Nothing happened though.

**Fang:** Well *Poltergeist* happened which is quite similar to "Little Girl Lost" in many ways. Did that upset you at all?

**Matheson:** I don't know. I really don't want to get into that, because I hate that kind of thing. It really isn't worth it to me. People sue over a paragraph or a sentence now.

**Fang:** Didn't you originally write a new story for Spielberg's episode of *Twilight Zone*?

**Matheson:** Yes, I did one based on an idea of his. They told me it was too expensive to shoot, though. It's just a Halloween story, about a real nasty early teenage kid, who goes out and terrorizes the children on Halloween and then has the whole thing turn against him. If this film makes a lot of money, maybe they'll use it in the next one.

**Fang:** Is it set in a suburban milieu?

**Matheson:** Oh, always. Always. We'll never get Steven into Bel Air in his movies.

**Fang:** Of course many of your stories are set in suburbia as well.

**Matheson:** Well I was probably one of the earliest writers in the field to bring it down to the neighborhood level. That's what Stephen King has indicated, reading me. You didn't have to have vaults and curses from ancient days to scare people. I couldn't do it anyway. I don't like that kind of story and I wouldn't know how to do it. I think people identify with fantasy more if it springs from some recognizable situation.

**Fang:** You had to use vaults and so forth when you did the Poe movies for Corman though.

**Matheson:** Yes, but that was . . . I was going to say adaptation, but hardly. Outside of *House of Usher* and *Tales of Terror* the movies really had nothing to do with Poe.

**Fang:** I see that Universal is planning to give your TV-movie *Duel* a theatrical release.

**Matheson:** Yes, so I've been told. Spielberg sent me a copy of the poster they're going to use. It's very nice. It shows Dennis Weaver's eyes in the rear-view mirror, with the truck behind him.

**Fang:** When *Duel* was first on TV it was only 74 minutes and then they later added additional scenes, didn't they?

**Matheson:** Yes, it was so successful they called up Spielberg and gave him a week to add some more material to it, and shoot some extra scenes so they could release it theatrically overseas. They made a good deal of money overseas with it.

**Fang:** So they'll release the longer version here as well.

**Matheson:** Yes, they'll release the same film, I'm sure. It's the longer version that they show on TV as well now, because whenever it's on TV they show it in a two-hour time slot. I don't care for those sequences. They don't do anything for the story, but extend it. But it's pretty difficult, if not impossible, to take something that's as tight as a drum, and then say, "Okay we're going to add 14 minutes to it." I couldn't do it. What could you do? I wouldn't even try.

**Fang:** What were the scenes that you didn't write?

**Matheson:** Oh there's a long sequence with a bus, where he stops to help a bus full of school kids, which doesn't work. There's a scene in the early part where he stops to phone his wife. He's in a laundromat, and his wife is at home vacuuming while they talk about dinner. That's all added.

**Fang:** According to *TV Guide*, the film is based on an actual experience you had while driving. Is that true?

**Matheson:** Yes, it was the day President Kennedy was shot. I was out playing golf with Jerry Sohl, and when we heard the news we stopped and went home. As we were driving back this truck started tailgating us through a narrow pass. We were already upset by the news, and this truck driver infuriated us on top of that. So we finally stopped and let him pass us. A few years later I wrote the story [which was published in *Playboy*].

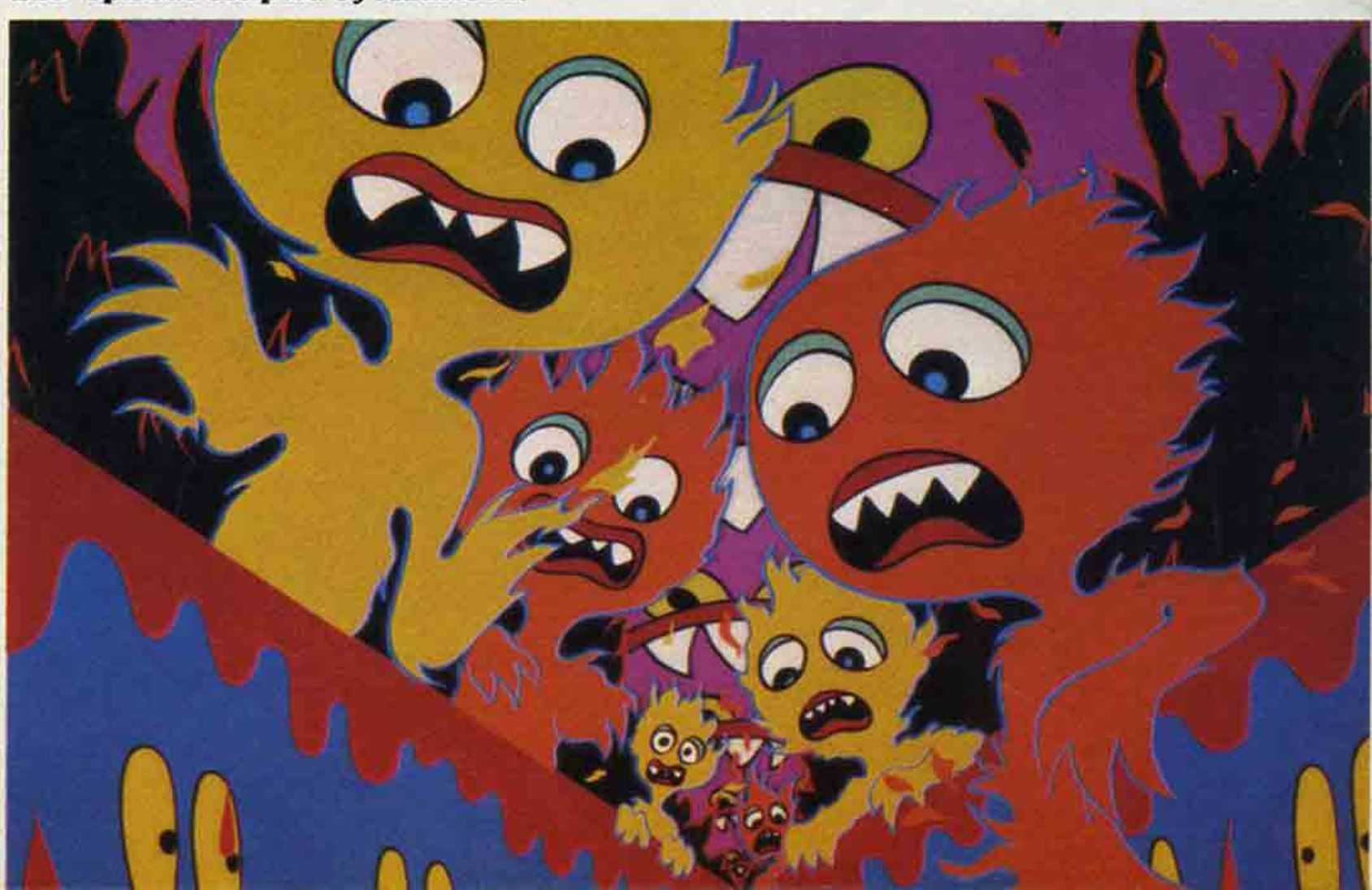
**Fang:** Both *The Twilight Zone* and *Duel* are being sold as director's films now. Does that upset you at all?

**Matheson:** Well it says on the *Duel* poster "Steven Spielberg's first film," but, to quote Akim Tamiroff in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, "I don't provoke." They'd have to do something pretty awful to me. I have no adversary position with directors. I've been openly critical of most of the films made of my work, so it's not as though I'm Pollyana, but I get along with the director. They have a hard job, and Steven did a really wonderful job in directing *Duel*, but he followed my script very closely. I wrote a very precise and detailed script and Steven added to it, which is what a director should do.

**Fang:** *The Twilight Zone* movie is a remake, your other film, *Jaws 3-D*, is a sequel and practically every other movie coming out of Hollywood these days is either sequel or a remake. Does that upset you at all?

**Matheson:** No, it's really just finances. If something makes money they're not going to take a chance on something new. If *The Twilight Zone* movie makes money, there'll be a *Twilight Zone* movie sequel, I'm sure. They figure it's safe and sound, so they repeat it. Now it doesn't have to make that much

**A devilish cartoon materialized by little monstrous Anthony in the "It's a Good Life" episode scripted by Matheson.**



money. Each one makes a little less than the one before, but as long as it makes a profit, that's the way they'll think. I presume, to that extent, it's good business.

**Fang:** Of course *Jaws 2* was really just a remake of *Jaws*, while in *Jaws 3-D* at least you've come up with some new ideas.

**Matheson:** This was actually better than doing number two in the series. I would much rather write the third in the series, than the second one. In the second one you're stuck. You're stuck with the same environment, with the same characters and you just have to do a sort of rehash. On the third one you can break away entirely, and I did in my original script. It was sort of forced on me to put Chief Brody's [Roy Scheider's] two sons in this one. I had no intention of doing that. At one point, they actually wanted to have the shark that imperils them down in Florida, to be the same one that got electrocuted at the end of *Jaws 2*, up in New England! Someone must have regained some sanity though, because that would have been so far-fetched, it would have been hooted out of the theatre.

**Fang:** Actually some of the characters seem to have similarities to the characters in *Jaws*. For instance, the Jacques Cousteau-like filmmaker played by Simon MacCorkindale, seems reminiscent of Robert Shaw.

**Matheson:** Not the way I wrote it. He's a high-toned guy, a wealthy man, who makes sensationalized documentaries on sea-life. Pretty different from a rough and tough fisherman who offers to go out and catch a shark. But how many characters can you have in a picture like that? If you're out to get a shark, who are you going to send for but somebody who knows how to catch a shark. You're not going to go out and get a Rhodes scholar [laughs].

**Fang:** When you wrote the script did you know it was going to be in 3-D?

**Matheson:** I suggested it. I don't know if anyone will agree with me, but I'm the one who suggested it. We went out scouting locations, which I think is a very clever thing to do, looking for a place to set it, before I actually wrote it. I'd never seen that done before. So when Joe Alves and I were at one of these places, Marineland I think, we saw a 3-D film *Sea Dreams* which was all set underwater, and it was so wonderful I said, "It would be great if we could do this film in 3-D." Then, later on, he made a drawing of the shark coming out of the water with the big mouth opening and the title *Jaws 3-D*, which he thought of, and was such an obvious title. I just hope it doesn't end up like *Spacehunter*, where they say it's like two hours of getting your eyes ripped out of your head. The 3-D process is still pretty rough, I guess. I hope that doesn't turn out to be the case, because underwater is really the ideal place for 3-D. It works so perfectly, the sight and the sound of 3-D underwater, which is why I felt it would be good for this film.

**Fang:** The 3-D effects in *Sea Dreams* are incredible. It's so deep it's like holograms projected into the audience, but it's much shorter than a feature film.

**Matheson:** Yes, but in twice the amount of time, there's probably no more 3-D effects in *Jaws 3-D* than there is in *Sea Dreams*. I mean the whole picture is in 3-D, but they only use it periodically. I indicated in the script where I thought the 3-D should come. I would write something like "suddenly the shark would rush right up at you out of the water."

**Fang:** The screenplay is based on a story by Guerdon Trueblood.

**Matheson:** Until the moment I got the notice of credits on the film, I didn't even know who he was! I didn't even know he had written an outline. I never read it. So I have no idea, none whatever, what he did. I presume the reason they did that is because they had been working on the idea of a Lagoon where the shark manages to get in. The producer, Alan Landsburg told me that, so I started from there. But there is no resemblance between the two. There couldn't be, unless we were psychic, because I never read it.

**Fang:** You share screenplay credit with Carl Gottlieb as well. Did he just revise the script?

**Matheson:** He really didn't do that much. I'm hard put to know what, because the basic story line is exactly what I had. There were some scenes in bars and stuff between Dennis Quaid's brother and his girlfriend that were added.

**Fang:** Well, the Screen Writers Guild determines the final credits somewhat mysteriously, don't they?

*(Continued on page 64)*

**Kathleen Quinlan and the captive family in "It's a Good Life" are confronted by another Anthony-created creature.**

# WATCHDOG of THE KEEP

## *Acclaimed actor Scott Glenn becomes a hero of horror in the upcoming World War II chiller.*

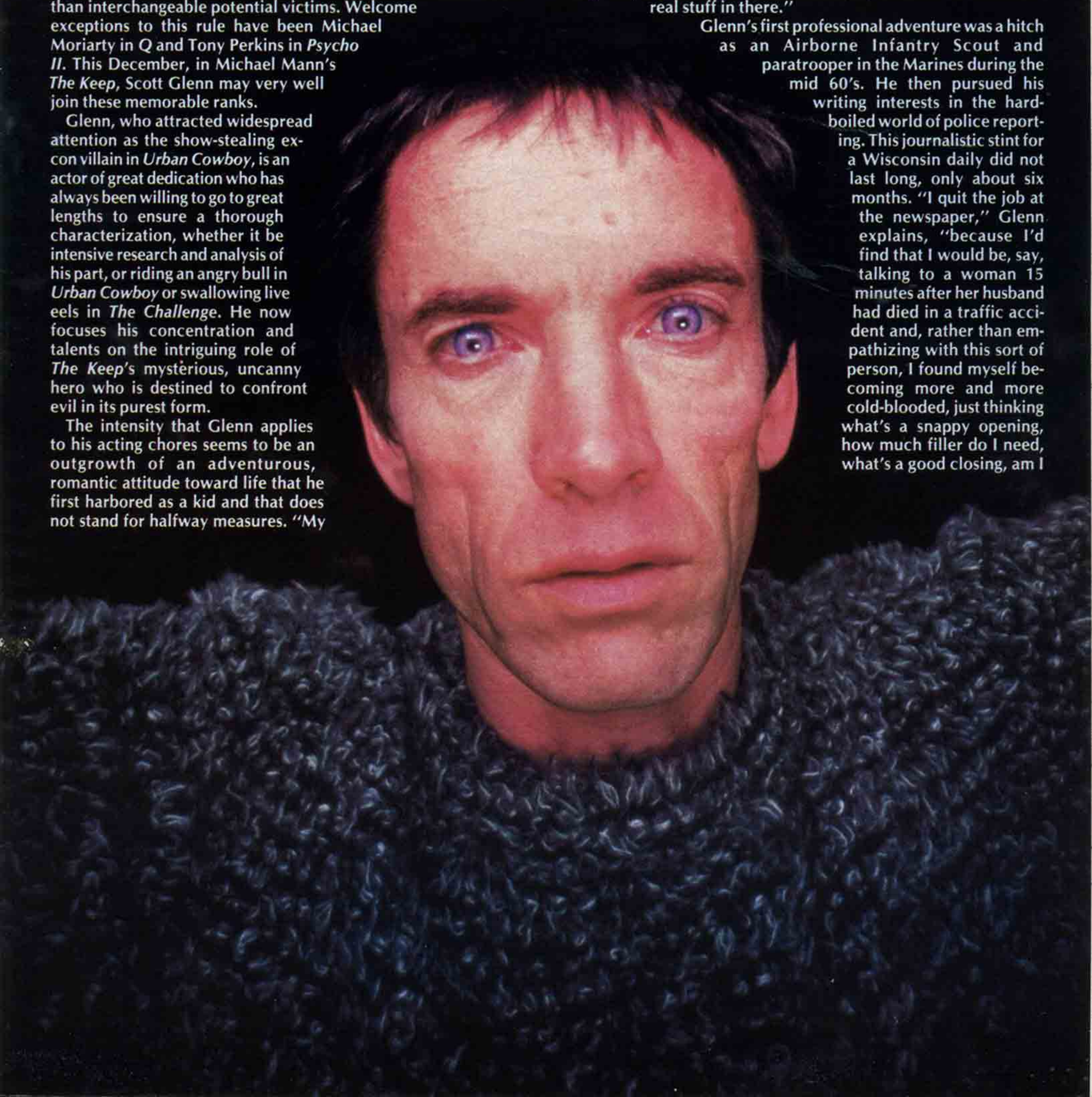
By David Everitt

The devout following inspired by star directors like George Romero and makeup masters like Rob Bottin tends to overshadow the contributions of actors to the success of current horror pictures. This oversight is understandable in many cases since, so often, the characters in recent fright films are barely characters at all, often little more than interchangeable potential victims. Welcome exceptions to this rule have been Michael Moriarty in *Q* and Tony Perkins in *Psycho II*. This December, in Michael Mann's *The Keep*, Scott Glenn may very well join these memorable ranks.

Glenn, who attracted widespread attention as the show-stealing ex-con villain in *Urban Cowboy*, is an actor of great dedication who has always been willing to go to great lengths to ensure a thorough characterization, whether it be intensive research and analysis of his part, or riding an angry bull in *Urban Cowboy* or swallowing live eels in *The Challenge*. He now focuses his concentration and talents on the intriguing role of *The Keep*'s mysterious, uncanny hero who is destined to confront evil in its purest form.

The intensity that Glenn applies to his acting chores seems to be an outgrowth of an adventurous, romantic attitude toward life that he first harbored as a kid and that does not stand for halfway measures. "My thrust in life," says Glenn, "up until becoming an actor was to be a soldier of fortune and a poet. I had a real Byronesque outlook," he adds with a wry laugh. "My heroes were Lord Byron and the French poet Francois Villon. When I was a kid I was always interested in collecting adventures. I didn't want my life to be an imaginary experience like Walter Mitty's, I wanted to have some real stuff in there."

Glenn's first professional adventure was a hitch as an Airborne Infantry Scout and paratrooper in the Marines during the mid 60's. He then pursued his writing interests in the hard-boiled world of police reporting. This journalistic stint for a Wisconsin daily did not last long, only about six months. "I quit the job at the newspaper," Glenn explains, "because I'd find that I would be, say, talking to a woman 15 minutes after her husband had died in a traffic accident and, rather than empathizing with this sort of person, I found myself becoming more and more cold-blooded, just thinking what's a snappy opening, how much filler do I need, what's a good closing, am I



going to get a byline, how many columns is this going to fill—I felt it was killing my sensitivity."

Glenn's next stop was the much more freely emotional world of New York theatre. At the time he had no idea that acting would be his ultimate calling. "It wasn't as if a light went on in my head," he says, "it was just another thing to do while I was collecting experiences that I would eventually write about. I was just going to go to New York and live in Greenwich Village and have a romantic taste of life and go on and do something else. What happened when I got to New York was that I ran into a group of people who, luckily, showed me what acting really was and all of a sudden the thing that I'd begun with a dilettante attitude turned into my whole life, turned into the only thing that made my life make sense to me."

While in New York, Glenn acted in Off Broadway, the *Edge of Night* soap opera and quite a bit of street theatre. One of the stage productions he did was a collection of one-act plays entitled *Collision Course* that played a part in his transition into the movie industry. The director of the play, Edward Parone, later moved out to Los Angeles and came to know the then-neophyte director James Bridges who was casting for a picture called *The Baby Maker*. Parone suggested Glenn for one of the lead roles, and, upon meeting Glenn, Bridges agreed that he was right for the part. *The Baby Maker* may not have made anyone's reputation, but it spawned a close friendship between Glenn and Bridges that would figure importantly when Bridges assembled his cast for *Urban Cowboy* 10 years later.

At the time, though, the professional benefits of this friendship were not too apparent. According to Glenn, "There was an American Film Institute feature that was never released, there was a 20th Century-Fox feature that was never released, a Roger Corman biker film called *Angels as Hard as They Come*, and television, I think two *Ironsides*, a *Barretta* episode, and so on. And a lot of it was just no work at all."

He eventually landed what seemed at first to be a significant part in Francis Ford Coppola's *Apocalypse Now* as a man named Colby who went up the river ahead of Martin Sheen and ended up as Colonel Kurtz's (Brando's) aide. Although a lot of Colby footage was shot, little appeared in the final cut of the film. Says Glenn, "I think there is one closeup when the guys in the boat stop at Kurtz's compound and they come walking in from the shore. Marty Sheen comes up and I'm standing there and he says, "Colby," and I sort of grunt. That's about it." In lieu of screen time, Glenn had the opportunity for some real-life adventure when he rescued three children from drowning in a 155-mile-an-hour typhoon.

Back in L.A., Glenn's career was still failing to take off, and, even worse, he had stopped believing in his work. One night when he was watching himself in a television series, Glenn says, "I realized that the acting I was doing was inferior to what I'd done years ago in New York. Somehow the dream I originally had had eroded." Rather than put up with the direction his life had taken, he decided to take his family away from the West Coast and made the radical move to a home in Idaho. "Somehow," he says, "I knew that acting, if you really love acting and you're not horribly concerned with where you do it and how much money you make, you can do it all over the country. My wife is a ceramic artist and a painter and Idaho proved to be a very good place for her to work. And the kids liked it here a lot, so my feeling was that I would get a job in town; hopefully, if I could get to be good enough, as a hunting and climbing guide, or as a bartender, or anything, and then there would be Shakespeare-in-the-Park in Boise in the summer. When I came up here, it wasn't as if I was consciously saying, 'Screw my career, it's all done.' But I definitely was walking away from the way I understood it in L.A."

Ironically, and quite unexpectedly, soon after moving away from it all, Glenn's career finally began to shift into gear. Three months after relocating in Idaho, he got a call from a producer-friend of his offering him a small part in the Western *Cattle Annie and Little Britches*. On his way back from this film's Mexican location, he stopped off to visit his friend James Bridges who now asked if Glenn would like to play a part in a movie called *Urban Cowboy*. "I didn't even know what the part was," Glenn recalls. "I just knew that Jim was my friend and he knew me very well; I

**Left for dead by SS troops who have gunned him down, Glaeken crawls up out of a pit while a strange, glowing substance repairs his wounds.**

PHOTO: © 1983 PARAMOUNT

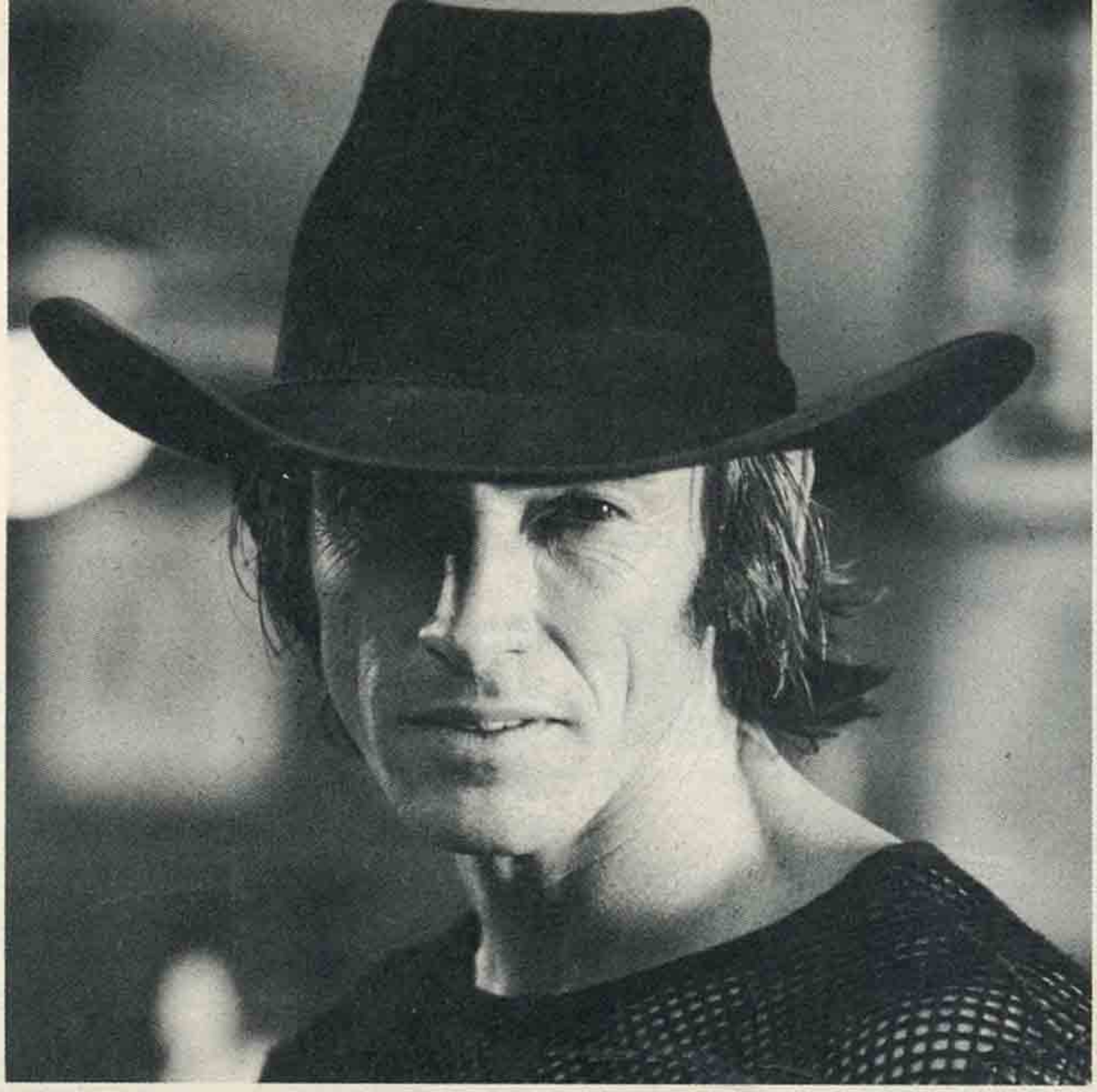
figured it would be right, whatever it was." The faith Glenn placed in Bridges' judgment has certainly been justified. Glenn's performance in *Urban Cowboy* as that film's reptilian heavy may be the most vivid portrayal of Western-style villainy since the appearance of Jack Palance as the deathly hired killer in *Shane*. Following the release of *Urban Cowboy*, Glenn finally became an actor in demand.

The spectacular results Glenn achieved in *Urban Cowboy* sprang from conscientious and whole-hearted preparation that is characteristic of Glenn's work. "When I drove down to Houston to shoot the picture," he says, "I stopped off at Huntsville Prison and spent a few days there in my sleeping bag, staying over in the prison and also talking to ex-prisoners. Then, when I got to Houston, I made some phone calls to people I knew down in South Texas from other times who knew about this kind of life. I got down to Houston five weeks early, so I was able to spend my time with boys who made their living less than legally and also with some rodeo cowboys that I had been introduced to by the stunt coordinator, a guy named Chris Howe."

To prepare himself for his scenes on the mechanical bull, Glenn worked with Howe on mechanical-bull-riding for three or four hours a day. Howe, an ex bull rider himself, also taught Glenn some of the fine points of rodeo work. Glenn says, "He taught me things like how a bull rider puts the glove on, how they take a leather cord and wrap it around by holding it in their teeth. I would practice that by doing it a thousand times every night before I went to bed. All the physical mannerisms I got down by sheer repetition, by doing it so much before the film that I didn't even have to think about it once the film started shooting."

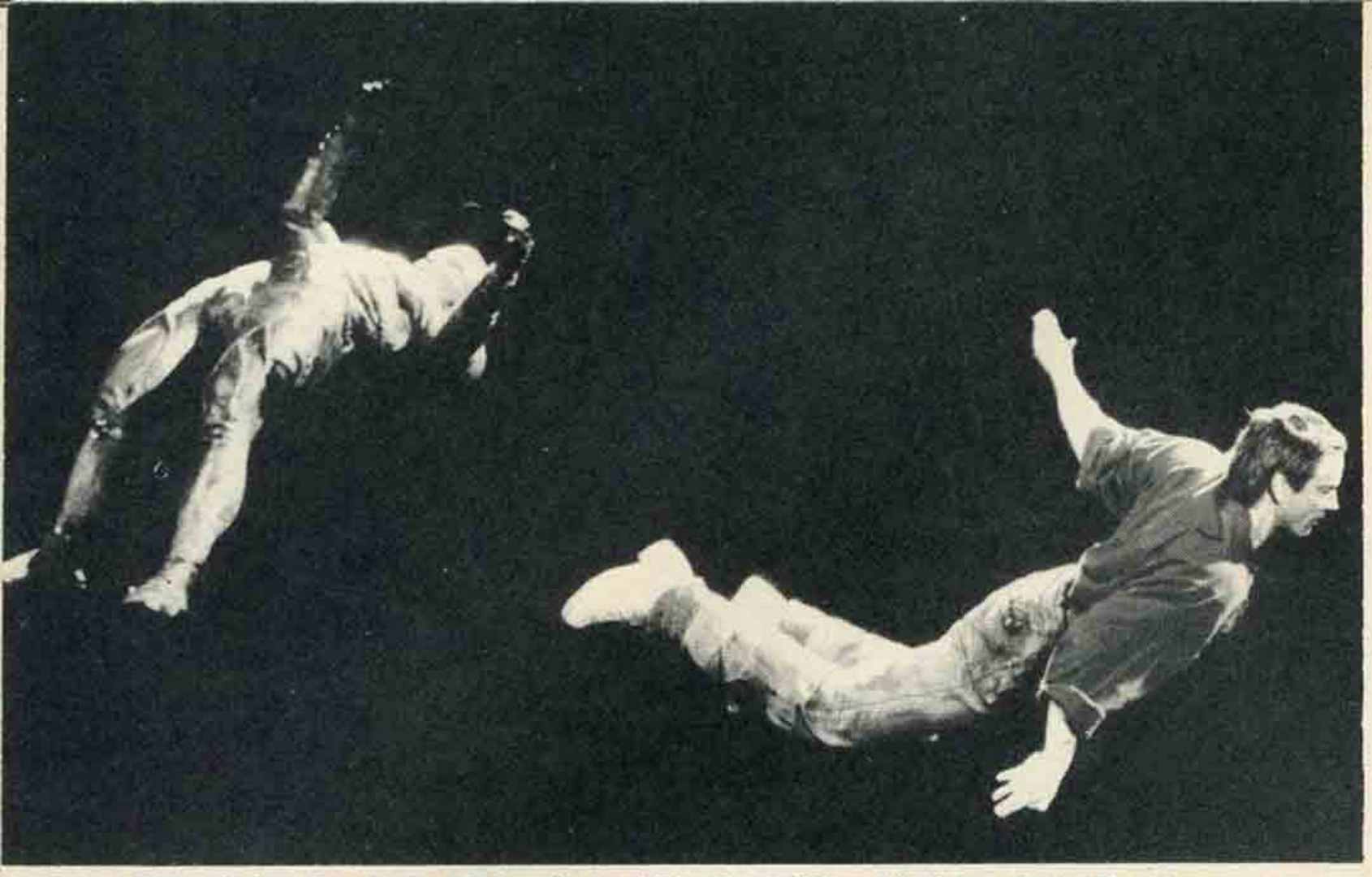
In addition to research and physical training, Glenn's approach also includes much inner preparation. "I went into myself," he explains in speaking about how he attained his character's consummate ruthlessness, "and tried to figure out metaphors for this guy. One of them was that he should be like a snake in the zoo. People come into the snakehouse and their flesh crawls and they say, 'Ooo, I hate it here,' but something keeps them in there, watching the python slither around in its cage—it's a sensual fascination with something that's scary and evil but lithe and graceful at the same time."

Glenn's commitment to this all-important part also included getting on a rodeo bull while it was inside the let-out gate, a stunt that resulted in the actor getting thrown and sustaining some minor injuries. A similar devotion to his craft can be found in all of Glenn's roles. In the martial arts picture *The Challenge*, in what must rank as one of the scariest dinner scenes of all time, he was even willing to go along with the old samurai dining tradition of swallowing live eels. I couldn't help but ask if there was ever any option of faking this scene in some way. "I never gave myself one," he replies. "It wasn't as if I started desperately groping around for some way of faking it. I just figured I'd do it. People have been doing it for thousands of years. It may look disgusting but it's not like drinking ethyl alcohol or something like that."



**Above: Glenn's *Urban Cowboy* villain: "something that's scary and evil but lithe and graceful at the same time." Below: Glenn as Mariel Hemingway's demanding yet concerned coach in *Personal Best*.**

In the current Warner Bros. release *The Right Stuff* Glenn's thorough method of acting was applied to the role of the flamboyant astronaut Alan Shepard. He schooled himself in some of the fundamentals of space flight, researched the physical effect of such things as sudden deceleration in space, spoke extensively with men who had gone into outer space, and spent several hours a day studying films and videotapes of Shepard in order to be able to reproduce the astronaut's mannerisms, posture and movement so that his scenes would match the actual news footage



**One of the physical tasks performed by Scott Glenn for his role in *The Keep* was this wire-suspension flying sequence.**

that director Philip Kaufman planned on using in the picture. He says that this part was about 70% resesarch and 30% invention. "In a way," he adds, "it was really refreshing to do *The Keep* after this picture because *The Keep* for me was just the opposite; it was probably 98% invention."

As was the case with *Urban Cowboy*, Glenn took the role of Glaeken in *The Keep* because of his faith in the movie's director. Before making *The Keep*, director Michael Mann had one theatrical film to his credit, the critically acclaimed *Thief*, as well as a well-received TV movie entitled *Jericho Mile*; he also happened to be a good friend of Glenn's. On Mann's recommendation, Glenn took the part in *The Keep*, and then once he became involved in the project he found that his part presented a fascinating challenge.

Based on F. Paul Wilson's novel, *The Keep* concerns a detachment of German soldiers ordered to occupy an isolated, ancient stronghold in the mountains of World War II Rumania. The soldiers are killed one by one by some mysterious force and an SS squad is soon summoned to the keep to "deal with" the unseen resistance fighters who are believed to be the cause of the deaths. Hitler's elite henchmen are dismayed to find that they are not pitted against ordinary partisans; in fact, they are confronted by something that is not ordinary at all. Since they are in the land of the legendary Dracula, rumors of a vampire start to circulate amongst the German troops, but their enemy is actually something that would make the deadliest vampire seem like an amateur. Arriving on the scene is an odd-looking stranger, a man named Glaeken. He is the only man who can vanquish the evil that resides in the keep.

"What Michael told me about Glaeken that was fascinating to me was that I was going to play a guy who had been on earth for over a thousand years," says Glenn. "He was a semi-human who had been a voyeur of human existence for all that time because he is a sort of cosmic watchdog, put on earth to guard against the time the Devil appears. In talking to Michael about it, I realized that I was going to play a guy whose point of view, number one, was as a voyeur, a person who was dying to participate in anything, which is an interesting kind of tension to have in a character, and, number two, the perspective this character would have, rather than that of one life, would be a cyclical perspective."

Since Glaeken is a supernatural character, Glenn obviously could not follow his usual research procedure of studying people who had similar experiences. "From scene to scene," Glenn says, "the way this guy reacted to life had to be invented. In terms of voice, Michael wanted Glaeken to talk in a way that was not naturalistic but, nevertheless, wouldn't be indecipherable or nonhuman. He wanted the lines to come out of a consciousness that was considering them from an experience of 2000 years. Well, how do you do that technically? It's great to sit around and talk about that, but what does that mean to an audience sitting in a theater when they see this dude with violet eyes and strange clothes. How do you go about it? Well, Michael asked me if I had ever heard Laurie Anderson, and I said, 'Yeah, I've heard a couple of her records.' He said, 'What about her performance pieces? Listen to them, there's something about Laurie Anderson's voice that makes you feel that this woman is talking from a very deep historical perspective, talking from a past that belies the fact that the voice is also that of a young woman.' It was the pauses she took in mid sentence, the cadences. To begin with, I just bald-facedly copied her pattern in rehearsals. Then, with Michael's help, I began to find my own cadence; there were pauses that I would take in the middle of sentences that would become a predictable rhythm for the character but totally unlike the way that anyone talks in real life, and yet you could believe that it was coming spontaneously out of his personality.

"I also had to wear contact lenses that cut down on my peripheral vision. At first they freaked me out, and then I figured, 'Well, I'll use that and I'll never turn loose my other senses and I'll let them always be talking to me throughout the film.' So, in any scene I'm in, more so than in any other part I've done, I'm constantly listening for any sound that I can hear, whether it is the wind or the hum of a generator or anything else, so that you get a sense of a character who is highly charged.

"The other factor involved in not having peripheral vision was that I had to look squarely at whoever I was talking to. I turned that into a character mannerism of this guy who, because of his perspective on life, never engaged in small talk, never bothered using curse words or expletives; not because he's nice or straight-laced, but because what does 'damn' or 'hell' or any of those words mean to someone who's been around for 2000 years? He has gone beyond that. He just talks about the way things are and the way things are going to be."

For the part of Glaeken, Glenn had to wear prosthetic makeup appliances (for reasons that would best be withheld until the film is released), and, as has become customary for the actor, Glenn was put to some physical tests in the course of realizing his role. In one scene he had to fall backwards off a small cliff and drop onto a set-up of air-bags, and in another sequence he had to climb up the sides of a quarry at a location in North Wales. He also had to perform a tricky action scene at the top of a high wall and was suspended by wires for some flying sequences. "Michael was incredibly cautious about me and my health," Glenn points out. "He would ask me whether I could do some stunt; very often he would suggest, 'Look, we can do this a lot of different ways, Scott.' And I would get him to explain that shot to me and it would always come down to my saying, 'Michael, what would look best for you of all possible ways?' He would tell me and usually, because of the way he wanted to shoot it, the scene would involve coming in tight on me. I would then assure him that I could do the scene."

Glenn is willing to take chances when he acts, but the chances he takes are well considered and, ultimately, just another illustration of the sense of professionalism that pervades all other areas of his work: "I'm more than happy to have stuntmen do stuff for me—they're athletes and they're much better at it. But sometimes there's something intrinsic in the impact of the film that a closeup or medium shot of the actor is going to achieve that a long shot of a stuntman's back is not going to deliver. If I've got the time to prepare and work it out—I'll give it a shot." This dedication enables Glenn to project himself completely into a wide variety of characters, from the snake-like heavy of *Urban Cowboy*, to the vulnerable hero of *The Challenge*, to, in future months, the Tennessee farmer (opposite Mel Gibson) in *The River*. This December he will be found in the dark world of *The Keep*, where unspeakable evil is pitted against a bizarre, charismatic hero, a world that Fangorians will want to investigate.

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# A Look Back At
# THE EXORCIST EFFECTS

## *Mechanical Effects Man Marcel Vercoutere Describes the Horrifying Illusions He Created for the Satanic Terror Classic.*

**By Scott Bosco**

ALL PHOTOS: COURTESY OF SCOTT BOSCO

**The immortal green-puke sequence for which mechanical effects man Marcel Vercoutere worked very closely with makeup master Dick Smith.**

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** If there is one film that should be credited with establishing the popularity of graphic movie terror, it would have to be *The Exorcist*. Before the picture came out in 1973, the question asked by horror fans who had read William Peter Blatty's bestselling novel was how the demonic atrocities described in the book could possibly be portrayed convincingly on screen. The *Exorcist* effects team then staggered audiences with horrific illusions such as had never been seen before. Since that time, amazing grisly effects have become a staple of horror pictures, but rarely has there been such a terrifying combination of a strong story *and* fright effects.

Two men were responsible for the astounding effects display seen in *The Exorcist*: Dick Smith, who was in charge of the harrowing special makeup, and Marcel Vercoutere, supervisor of mechanical effects. The satanic ravages that the 14-year-old Regan had to suffer required that these two men work very closely to complement their respective skills in makeup and physical effects. We intend to review Smith's enormous contributions to *The Exorcist* in a future issue. Right now, we'd like to examine the often overlooked work provided by Vercoutere.

**Fang:** What was your first reaction when reading the script? Did you say to yourself, "My God, how am I going to do these things?!"

**Vercoutere:** Well, when I first got the call the director's [William Friedkin's] main concern was to see if he could pull off this exorcism with all the different gags and everything; he felt they were very, very difficult. He got hold of a guy in New York, that was supposed to be a levitation expert; he was supposed to be the best in the world. So they told me I was going to work with him. My first reaction was wow! You know, I was going to get a chance to get in on all this magic stuff. And so I jumped on a plane; went out there [N.Y.] to

**Vercoutere and crew fit the effects harness onto Linda Blair for the violent bed-thrashing sequence.**

talk to him. I had come to find out that he wasn't really all that up to it. I came back here [L.A.] and started to put some stuff together in the prop shop. Then the director said he wouldn't start the film unless the exorcism sequence was up to his standards. Then I got a hold of Dick Smith in New York. I built up a bunch of stuff here, and went to New York and worked on 54th street, down in the old Pathe Studio. I went down in the basement and had a big workshop. Down there Dick and I started putting the stuff together, Dick with the makeup things, and I started gigging the beds and all the other things for the exorcism sequences. And then when I felt that I was ready and Dick felt he was ready, we set up Linda Blair's [Regan's] bedroom on stage and called in some actors. And we shot a test of the whole thing, the whole exorcism sequence, for about, oh, three days. And then Friedkin saw everything on film and he said, "I'm happy, lets go for it." I really made no changes. I was very lucky that everything worked out the way I thought it would. And that was the way it started.

**Fang:** What was the hardest effect to achieve during the exorcism?

**Vercoutere:** Well, the hardest one to achieve I think wasn't really the way the gags and the gimmicks and everything were set up. It was trying to achieve the realism with Linda not being an actress of course; I think that's one of the reasons he [Friedkin] picked her. You get up to a point with her—when does the acting start and realism begin? To say she is being possessed and thrown and picked up, jiggled and bumped, and to get that horror, and not going too far; not to hurt her, or bruise her. Up to a certain point, it's for fun, then it starts to get more violent. And she starts to say, "Okay I had enough . . ." Now that's when you start!

**Fang:** When did she start saying that?

**Vercoutere:** The bed thrashing. I had her strapped in there, and I was throwing her back and forth.

**Fang:** Could you talk more about that effect?

**Vercoutere:** Well, I had three beds. There were so many things involved with the bed that I couldn't involve all the gags and gimmicks in just one bed. So I would put in whatever that bed needed. Some with number two, some with three. And whatever the sequence would be for, that one day, I would bring in that. I had one bed for the levitating . . .

**Fang:** How was that done?

**Vercoutere:** Oh, the floating bed? That was done by weights and a beam that went from the back of the headboard, through the wall. It was all counter-weights on the other side. And of course the bed was reinforced. Then we had a piece of wallpaper that covered up the crack in the wall, like a roll-up shade.

**Fang:** How many other beds did you have?

**Vercoutere:** One for the bounce and tap-dance, one for thrashing, and one with a mattress that went back and forth. Everything was hooked up inside the bed itself. I'd just lace her [Blair] into it, tie her into it. She had no control of herself, whatsoever. If I wanted her to lay down, she'd lay down. She had no control of herself. I was the DEVIL!

**Fang:** Was this a harness that went underneath her nightgown?

**Vercoutere:** Yeah. We cast a mold of her body and then I shaped out of it a very thin body metal that actually fit all the ripples and muscles and her back; so when she was laying there, it couldn't be seen. It was so thin, it looked like it was part of her. Once we got her in there, she couldn't move. But she was a good gal, she enjoyed it. She accepted it as part of the bit.

**Fang:** What about her levitation?

**Vercoutere:** I did the same basic thing for that because the shots were underneath, sideways and everywhere. So the thing I made was actually like an eggshell. I kept going down to a thinner piano wire, till I used, oh I think it was number 8 piano wire. Three threads almost. Then I rigged the bed so that when she came down into it, the bed recessed, so it looked like all of her weight was coming down into it. I could take her up and pull her around. It was done with counterweights; I had her same weight, off stage, so I could work it with one hand. The object was to do it as smoothly as possible.

**Fang:** Did they air-brush any of those wires out?

**Vercoutere:** No. I just kept experimenting with how fine a wire I could fly her on.

**Fang:** Another nice touch, was the freezing room.

**Vercoutere:** Oh yeah! I brought in two 15-ton compressors and put 'em up on the stage roof. And I made a cocoon, that fit around her bedroom. That was 40-feet square and 20-feet high. Then we refrigerated it. In the morning we would go in there to shoot it; it would be about 10° below zero. We shot at 0°.

**Fang:** Was the room balanced on top of a bowling ball?

**Vercoutere:** That was the orignal concept. But I didn't like that, because we just got a rocking motion, like you were on a ship. And being from California, I know what an earthquake feels like. So we put the entire thing on pneumatic wheels. We could put the whole crew, camera dollys and everything, on there and the room wouldn't move. If you put it on the bowling ball and shock-loaded the corners, you would have a weight problem. And

**Top: Wires and counter-weights "levitate" the possessed Regan. Middle: Vercoutere supplied the mechanics for the Dick Smith dummy of Linda Blair used in the horrifying 360-degree-head-spin. Bottom: One of the three beds rigged by Vercoutere for the devil's furniture-shaking handiwork.**

switched to pneumatic wheels. It went sideways, like an earthquake; I could start slowly, or knock everybody down. Just with a violent pull.

**Fang:** Was the moving room used all the time? Or was there a regular room as well?

**Vercoutere:** We had one stage with her bedroom, on a complete set. And then we had the stairway coming up, and the hallway, and then that led into the cocoon. So we could do all the cold and the exorcism on that one set.

**Fang:** What was the cocoon made of?

**Vercoutere:** I used eight inches of fiberglass insulation.

**Fang:** I guess you and Dick Smith had to work pretty close on a lot of things.

**Vercoutere:** Oh, Dick and I, yeah, we worked together all through it. Like with the dummy, and that turned out fine.

**Fang:** Were there any problems with the dummy, in the cold?

**Vercoutere:** Not really. A lot of problems with her throwing up. I had to keep it at a warm temperature, so it would steam.

**Fang:** Was it pea soup?

**Vercoutere:** I started out with pea soup. Then I added a little bit of this and a little bit of that. I put in things so it looked like there was stuff in there.

**Fang:** When she comes down the stairs and urninates on the rug was that a simple effect to do?

**Vercoutere:** I did that using an airplane remote-control system. I used a thin tank, that went on her back, since all the shots were straight on. She had to come straight down the stairs, then through a little alcove and walk into the living room, where they were playing the piano and singing. So all she had to do was to do her number. And when I wanted, I just kicked on the switch and started it.

**Fang:** And the water fell, right?

**Vercoutere:** No, I used beer. Warm beer.

**Fang:** Why beer?!

**Vercoutere:** Well, beer has a nice brownish color. And it also foams when it hits.

**Fang:** The tubing went underneath her nightgown.

**Vercoutere:** Yeah, it went down her nightgown and strapped right between her legs. And I used a thin piece of copper tubing. Then I flattened it out little, so it would give a swirl.

**Fang:** I know that when I first saw the film, a simple, but effective scene that made me jump was when the candle flares up.

**Vercoutere:** I used the same thing for Ellen Burstyn with the candle. It went on her back and used butane. And when I wanted it to go up. I turned it on high. It hit the ceiling.

**Fang:** Were there any other sequences you worked on?

**Vercoutere:** The only other sequence I remember working on was that big "fall" sequence [with Father Karras], in Georgetown. We had to get permits to fog in three city blocks. Then with all the arc lights, I remember even though we had permits and every-

one was alerted on our side, on the other side of the Markee bridge, which is Virginia, lo and behold, they thought Georgetown was on fire! So they came from another state, across the bridge, with their hook and ladders and fire trucks. We lit up so bright, they could see us for miles.

**Fang:** This was when you were filming at the college?

**Vercoutere:** Well no. This as when Max [Von Sydow] drives up, and everything is in a fog. That was a big job, to fog in that much.

**Fang:** When I went to Georgetown, to see the house, I was surprised to see that it was smaller than it appears on screen.

**Vercoutere:** In the first place, the lady that owned the house didn't want us inside. Which we had to be. Because we had to put the lights behind the windows and all that sort of thing. Also the side of house was not close enough to the top of the outside stairway, to logically have him, [Father Karras] jump out the window, and end up going down the steps. So we added on to the house, made an exact duplica of the house, but extended it. So photographically, the exterior looked just like the house itself, but behind it was our stuff. Our fake stuff. We built a fake bedroom, and rigged it so he had a good place to get out the window. And it logically looked like he leaped out the window, on to the stairway.

**Fang:** Was the fall done on a mock-up stairway?

**Vercoutere:** No that was the real one. Ninety-four stone steps! I lined everyone of those steps with black foam rubber. Then we built ramps for him, so he could take off and leap up through the air and hit the stairs. In three different cuts, he actually went all the way down to the bottom. That was a long ways down.

**Fang:** Then, I guess, Dick Smith was responsible for the remains.

**Vecoutere:** No, Dick didn't have to touch him. I put a heavy duty plastic bag and taped it to his back with the top open. He had on a wool turtle-neck jersey and I put in almost a gallon of blood. So when he started to tumble down the stairs, every time he started to turn upside-down, blood would come out the top of the bag, and run down his hair, and puddled down onto the cement.

**Fang:** Could you tell us about other effects, like the moving furniture?

**Vercoutere:** Did that with piano wire. All underneath the carpet, it was pre-rigged. One chair would fly across the room and, at the last minute it would tip and lock underneath the door handle. Then they couldn't get in there.

**Fang:** In the scene with the crucifix, the mother comes running into the room and sees everything flying all over.

**Vercoutere:** I built two troughs, about 18 inches wide, about six inches high, and they were about four feet long. I put tempered masonite on them to make them very slick. Then I brought in compressed air tanks. They were about 22 to 24 hundred pounds per square inch. I piped indirectly, with quick action valves, to the back of these slides that I built. Then I aimed them both at the window. Now we could take anything we wanted to—books, records, dolls—and put them on the chutes. I had prop men standing by on both sides. Just before she [Ellen Burstyn] opened up the door, I hit these quick-action valves—and now you have an air stream that is just tremendous. You throw anything in those troughs, it would just pick it up and sail it. It went straight as an arrow, because the troughs had sides on them, so it was a funnel-type of chute. We had dozens and dozens of things literally flying.

**Fang:** Another nice touch were the cracking doors, ceilings and walls.

**Vercoutere:** I used regular plaster and laid it in with wire mesh. Then I went on top of the ceiling with a rounded lever bar, then, when I pushed down on it, the wire mesh would just stretch. Then the plaster would all crack. We had full control over it when we wanted it to crack or how much. The doors I had made out of balsawood. Then I basically did the same. Only we put in sheets of rubber behind it, so then we could get a tremendous stretch out of it.

**Fang:** There was a scene in the book where Regan walks down the stairs like a crab. Rumor has it that this was filmed.

**Vercoutere:** It was all filmed, yeah. But they never put it in. Maybe Friedkin felt it was too heavy. Because you see the scene like this: she gets out of bed, and gets to the top of the stairs and turns upside-down. And then runs down the stairs on her hands and legs—upside-down! All the way down the stairs. Then runs into an alcove and then bites somebody in the leg.

**Fang:** How did you do that?!

**Vercoutere:** I built a gag that was on the same level as the staircase, coming down. Then I rigged her up with a belt and two fine piano wires, so she could turn over. When she started at the top I could go down at the same level as she was. So actually the only thing she did was move her arms and her legs; I could make her move at any speed I wanted to. As soon as I got her down at the bottom, I released her. She ran around the room and she bit somebody.

**Fang:** Too bad that didn't make it into the film.

**Vercoutere:** Well, like I said, I think it was too much. Friedkin didn't know how far to take it. He didn't want a film people would laugh at. Besides, that scene was kinda bloody, when she bites somebody. Blood was running down all over her face, because she was upside-down at the time. Besides, I think that would have clinched it for the audience that she was possessed. It was planned to be in the film before any of the other really bad stuff is used, so, you see, Friedkin wanted to keep the audience guessing whether she was possessed or not at that point.

**Fang:** Now that you look back on *The Exorcist*, what's your feeling on it?

**Vercoutere:** I loved it. I just thought it was one of those things that went together just beautifully.


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# The Incredible

# Fango Index!

**August, 1979—September, 1983 — Part One**

The Fango Index has been compiled to serve two purposes:

1. To provide easy reference to the wealth of information available in FANGORIA for film students, scholars and fans.
2. To help sell back issues.

Though not every film and personality mentioned in FANGORIA is listed, we have attempted to reference every mention that might prove informative to the typical horror film scholar, as well as some nifty pictures.

There are six types of entries. Those followed by "ftr" are features, most often a major interview with the named personality, or concerning the named film. The letters "c/ftr" indicate such a feature, accompanied by color pictures. Similiarly, "br" indicates a book review, "vr" indicates a Dr. Cyclops video review, and "mi" indicates a "Monster Invasion" entry. If no such letter-code follows an entry, the reference is contained in an article on a broader topic. Page references are indicated in the format *issue #/page #*.

The second half of the index will appear in our next issue.


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*Dead Zone* mi 26/60
*Dead Zone, The* (novel) 3/49
*Dead Zone, The* br 8/63
*Dead of Night* ftr 29/32
*Dead of Night* vr 20/62
*Deadly Blessing* 17/19
*Deadly Blessing* mi 13/57
*Deadly Blessing* vr 29/27
*Deadly Eyes (The Rats)* 22/50
*Deadly Spawn, The* c/ftr 28/56
*Deadly Spawn, The* c/ftr 17/21
*Death Race 2000* 20/32
*Death Race 2000* vr 23/62
*Death Tour* br 4/65
*Deep Red* vr 28/36
*Degenerates, The* 20/37
*Demon* 24/55

**Jamie Lee Curtis**


*Demon Seed* 14/21
*Demon Shock* c/ftr 24/52
*Devil Doll* 24/36
*Devil's Bride, The* 3/21
*Dial M for Murder* 7/56
*Diary of a Madman* 7/37
*Die, Beautiful Maryanne* 27/43
*Die! Die! My Darling!* 3/21
*Doctor Butcher MD* vr 24/62
*Doctor Jekylls Dungeon Death* vr 26/44
Dods, John c/ftr 28/56
*Doll Squad, The* 26/32
*Don't Go In the House* mi 6/63
*Don't Go In the House* 27/50
*Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (1931) 2/14
*Dr. Phibes Rises Again* 7/40
*Dr. Who* (TV) c/ftr 1/8
*Dr. Who* (TV) ftr 2/30
*Dracula* (1979) 2/18
*Dracula Has Risen from the Grave* 28/54
*Dracula vs. Frankenstein* 29/38
*Dracula's Great Love* 1/64
*Dragonslayer* 14/57
*Dragonslayer* c/ftr 13/47
*Dragonslayer* mi 5/39
*Dragonworld* br 3/63
*Duck Dodgers* mi 3/62
*Dune* mi 14/59
Dunne, Griffin ftr 29/22
EFX ftr 16/12
*Earth vs. The Flying Saucers* 16/37
*Eat Your Makeup* 21/39
*Eating Raoul* 20/33
*Eating Raoul* mi 19/58
Ebert, Roger ftr 15/38
Edlund, Richard 24/47
Edlund, Richard 25/17
*Effects* mi 4/64
*Eggshells* 12/39
*Elementals, The* br 19/60
*Elephant Man, The* ftr 9/25
*Elephant Man, The* ftr 16/8
*Elephant Man, The* ftr 3/63
*Elephant Man, The* mi 17/57
*Elvira* c/ftr 22/52
*Elvira* mi 20/59
*Elvira* mi 27/62
*Enemy from Space* 6/19
*Escape From New York* mi 7/61
Everson, William K. ftr 28/32
*Evil Dead* c/ftr 23/20
*Evil Dead* c/ftr 27/19
*Evil, The* mi 1/64
*Excalibur* c/ftr 11/12
*Excalibur* mi 10/63
*Exterminator, The* 14/46
*ExtraTerrestrial, The* 21/9
*ExtraTerrestrial, The* 21/23
*Eyes of a Stranger* mi 11/59
*Fade to Black* c/ftr 8/14
*Fade to Black* mi 6/63
*Faeries* (TV) c/ftr 10/51
*Fall of the House of Usher* 3/20
*Fall of the House of Usher* 6/23
*Fall of the House of Usher* 7/22
*Fall of the House of Usher* 12/29
*Fall of the House of Usher* vr 22/51
*Fall of the House of Usher* (TV) mi 4/64
*Falling Angel* br 21/60
*Fanatic, The* mi 29/62
*Fanatic, The* 14/60
*Fanatic, The* c/ftr 23/13
Fango Library ftr 23/37
*Fear No Evil* c/ftr 11/48
Feartek Productions c/ftr 22/13
Feldman, Edward ftr 24/14
*Female Trouble* 21/39
*Fiend Without a Face* 24/35
*Films of Roger Corman* br 22/60
Finnell, Mike 9/11
Finell, Mike mi 17/59
*Firestarter* br 8/63
*Firestarter* mi 23/59
*Firestarter* mi 29/61
*First Men in the Moon* 16/38
Fisher, Terence ftr 11/34
*Five Bloody Graves* 29/38
*Five Million Years to Earth* 6/19
*Flesh Eaters* mi 14/61
*Flesh and Blood Show, The* 27/43
Florey, Robert c/ftr 2/38
*Fly, The* 7/21
*Fog, The* 8/25
*Fog, The* 15/23
*Fog, The* c/ftr 5/10
*Forbidden World* 24/57
*Forbidden World* 28/8

*Force Five* (TV) 8/53
*Foreign Correspondent* 7/56
Foster, David 20/9
Fowler, Jr., ftr 28/38
*Frankenstein* (1931) 2/38
*Frankenstein Must be Destroyed* 28/54
*Franenstein's Bloody Terror* 29/39
Franklin, Richard c/ftr 28/12
French, Ed c/ftr 26/21
Frid, Jonathan mi 20/59
*Friday the 13th* 6/51
*Friday the 13th* c/ftr 6/14
*Friday the 13th* mi 4/62
*Friday the 13th Part 2* c/ftr 12/12
*Friday the 13th Part 2* c/ftr 13/53
*Friday the 13th Part 3* c/ftr 21/54
*Friday the 13th Part 3* c/ftr 22/46
*Friday the 13th Part 3* mi 9/46
*Fright Night* mi 16/61
*Frightmare* 27/43
Fruett, William c/ftr 28/17
Fulci, Lucio 8/8
Fulci, Lucio c/ftr 29/9
*Full Moon High* 24/56
Fuller, Sam c/ftr 17/13
Fullerton, Carl c/ftr 28/46
Fullerton, Carl d/ftr 13/53
*Funeral Home* mi 18/59
*Funhouse* 12/38
*Funhouse* c/ftr 11/18
*Fury, The* 17/56
*Galaxina* 7/17
*Games* 23/52
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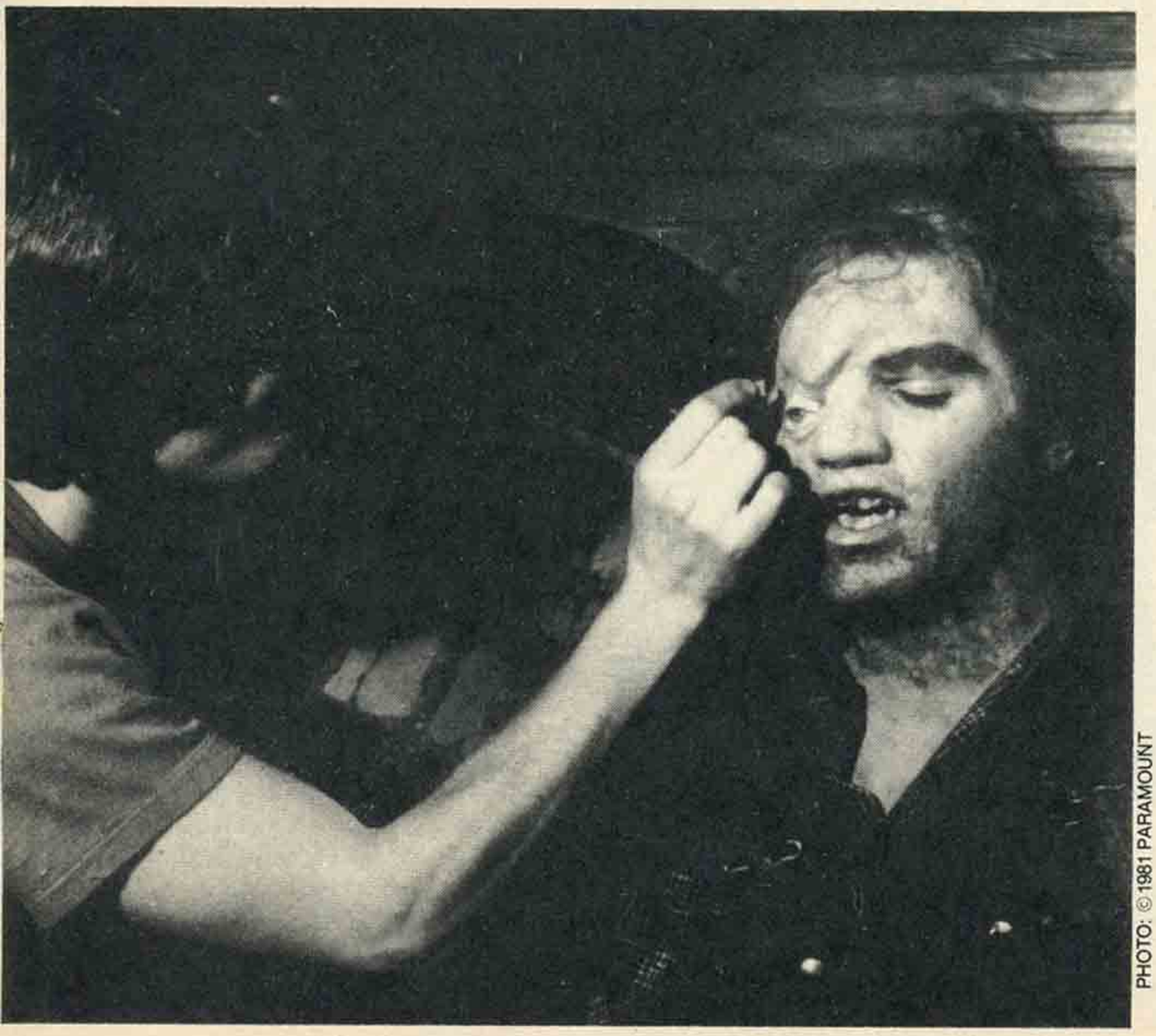
Garris, Mick 17/58
*Gates of Hell, The* 29/9
*Geek Maggot Bingo* ftr 24/17
*Geek Maggot Bingo* mi 25/58
Gerber, Steve 9/51
*Ghastly Ones, The* 20/37
*Ghost Story* 16/21
*Ghost Story* br 12/61
*Ghost Story* c/ftr 17/48
*Ghost Story* ftr 16/42
*Ghost Story* ftr 16/50
*Ghost Story* mi 12/58
*Ghoul, The* (host) c/ftr 24/28
*Ghoul, The* (1975) vr 29/26
Ghoulardi ftr 24/28
*Godzilla* c/ftr 1/30
*Golden Voyage of Sinbad, The* 16/39
Goodman, James & Earl ftr 22/13
Gordon, Alex c/ftr 9/16
Gordon, Alex ftr 1/44
Gordon, Bert I. c/ftr 5/13
Gordon, Don 13/27
Gordon, Richard ftr 12/46
Gordon, Richard ftr 24/34
Gore & Me (Savini) c/ftr 27/8
*Gore-Gore Girls, The* 17/27
*Gore-Gore Girls, The* c/ftr 29/18
*Grande Illusions* br 27/62
Grant, Charles ftr 13/28
*Gremlins* 29/54
*Greystroke* mi 4/62
*Greystroke* mi 18/58
Griffith, Charles B. ftr 11/16
*Grim Reaper, The* mi 15/61
*Gruesome Twosome, The* 17/26
*Gumby* (TV) 26/54
*Guru The Mad Monk* 20/37
*Guyana Cult of the Damned* mi 4/64


**Carl Fullerton's makeup effects for *Friday the 13th Part 2*.**



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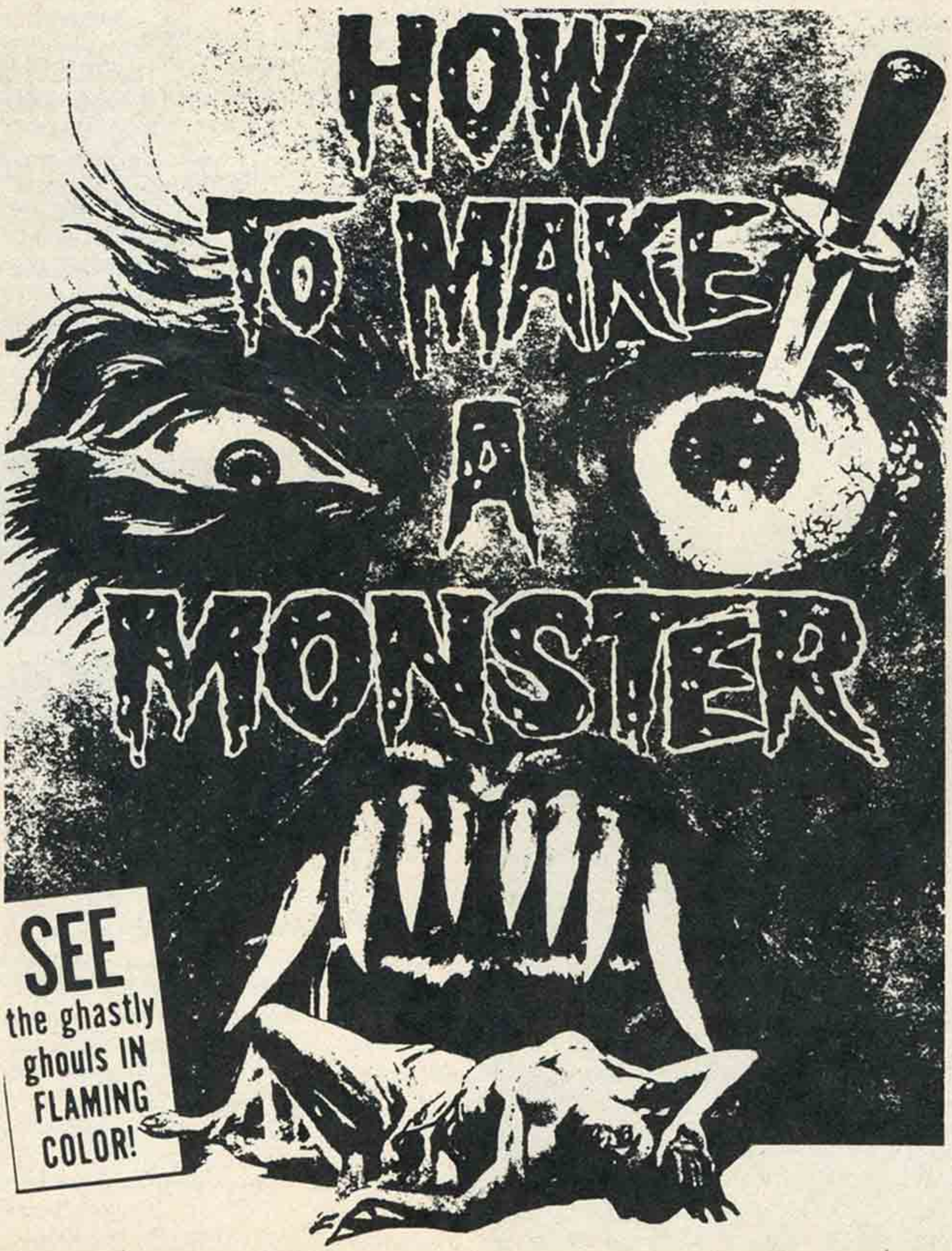
# The Pit & the Pen

## History of AIP Terror: Part 5

# Cohen's *How to Make a Monster* and the Amazing Colossal Bert Gordon!




Whenever I talk to Herman Cohen, we reminisce about the old AIP days. Recently Herman appeared on the TV special *The Horror of It All* and was interviewed about his pictures, and when this special was shown at the University of Southern California in March he was mobbed for autographs by members of the Science-Fiction and Horror Film Society. Now heading Cobra Media, a new distribution company, Herman is bringing several exciting new movies to the theatres including *Crocodile, Watch Me When I Kill* (a Hitchcock-type thriller), *The Steel-Fisted* Dragon (a martial arts film), and *Appassionata* (a highly acclaimed Italian drama toplining Ornella Muti, from *Flash Gordon*, and Valentina Cortesa). But in this article we are concerned with his pictures for AIP, and at the time of *I Was a Teenage Werewolf* Herman had come a long way from ushering in a Detroit movie theatre, later managing and eventually owning the Fox and Cinderella Theatres in his home town. After his AIP days he was to produce *The Black Zoo* with Michael Gough, *Konga, A Study in* Terror in which Sherlock Holmes encounters Jack the Ripper, *Trog* and *Berserk*, the latter two with Joan Crawford.

While at AIP, he was particularly successful with *Horrors of the Black Museum* starring Michael Gough, also the star of my brother Richard Gordon's *Horror Hospital* and a respected stage and screen star in England and America. From a story by Herman and Aben Kandel and directed by Arthur Crabtree, *Horrors of the Black Museum* presents a fear-struck London and a baffled Scotland Yard, both plagued by a series of strange murders. Stories of the atrocities by crime journalist Edmund Bancroft arrive at conclusions missed by the Yard. This is because he is committing the fiendish crimes

to create material for his writing. His execution devices are obtained from an old woman, Aggie, proprietress of an antique ship. The horrors he plans are actually committed by his young assistant, Rick. The two men maintain a private Black Museum, a display of murder and torture devices rivalling the official Black Museum at Scotland Yard. One of Bancroft's many women friends, Joan, taunts him about being a cripple. The next night as she drunkenly falls into bed, the sharp blade of a small guillotine flashes down, beheading her. Aggie deduces that this and the other murders were committed with materials bought from her. She attempts to blackmail Bancroft, and in desperation he seizes a pair of ice tongs and kills her. Returning to his laboratory from the antique shop, he finds his physician waiting for him. The doctor tells him that he also has come to the conclusion that the spate of crimes are attributable to the newspaper man, and urges Bancroft to accompany him for treatment. Suddenly, the doctor is transfixed by a bolt of electricity. His body is dipped into a vat of acid leving just a skeleton.

Rick has secretly been carrying on a romance with Angela (played by Shirley Ann Field, Albert Finney's co-star in *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning,* in an early role). He tells Bancroft of his intent to marry her, and the older man goes into a rage. He hypnotizes the boy, and instructs him to kill Angela. Rick takes her to the Fun Fair, where, in the tunnel of love, he stabs her to death. The young killer is cornered by the crowd and climbs to the top of the Ferris wheel. The police shoot and mortally wound him. Dying, he leaps from the top of the wheel, still clutching the dagger, and plunges the blade into Bancroft. London's terror dies with the two men.

Herman Cohen also wrote, with Kenneth Langtry, the story for *The Headless Ghost*, featuring Richard Lyon and Clive Revill. In this British-made production directed by Peter Graham Scott, three young exchange students are on holiday in Britain. The outstanding item on their itinerary is a tour of the famous ancient Ambrose Castle, reputedly haunted by a headless ghost. The youngsters hide out from the remainder of the touring groups and in the still of the night start an investigation. Their skepticism about ghosts is dispelled when a portrait of the fourth Earl of Ambrose leaps from the wall and confronts them. He asks their help in restoring peace to the spirits of the castle. He says that the headless ghost is Malcolm, who met his weird fate when he lead a rebellion against King Edward. The only way Malcolm's head can be restored is by uttering a special incantation by someone who is now living. The three agree to help and the Earl returns to his portrait. While further searching the castle, the three stumble into a huge banquet hall where a "ghost orgy" is in progress. They are invited to join the festivities but after a short time continue on their trek of the castle. Meanwhile the racket has aroused the caretaker, who calls the police. The police find the three in the great hall just as the young girl is about to recite the incantation before the portrait of the headless ghost. All are awestruck as they see the headless figure, pursued by his head, running for the portrait where they join together. All ends happily as the present Earl of Ambrose assures the young people that they have not disturbed the ghosts in his famous castle because he has thousands of ancestors, many of them yet unheard from.

AIP's monsters from other movies were worked into the story of Herman Cohen's *How to Make a Monster* directed by Herbert L. Strock and toplining Robert H. Harris, Paul Brinegar, Gary Conway, Gary Clarke, Malcolm Atterbury, Morris Ankrum, Walter Reed and Paul Maxwell. In this one, Pete Drummond (Harris), chief makeup artist for 25 years at American International Studios, is pink-slipped by the new management from the East, Jeffrey Clayton and John Nixon, who plan to make musicals and comedies instead of the horror pictures for which Pete has created his remarkable monster makeups and in so doing made the studio famous. In retaliation, Pete vows to use these very monsters the men have rejected to destroy them. By mixing a numbing ingredient into his foundation cream and persuading the young actors that their careers are through unless they place themselves in his power, he hypnotizes both Larry Drake and Tony Mantell, who are playing the Teenage Werewolf and the Teenage Frankenstein in the picture-within-a-picture *Frankenstein Meets Werewolf,* currently shooting on the lot. Through hypnosis, Pete causes Larry, in werewolf makeup, to kill Nixon in the studio projection room and later he wills the unknowing Tony, as Teenage Frankenstein, to wait for Clayton in his garage at night and brutally choke him to death. Studio guard Monahan, a self-styled detective, stops in the Makeup Room one evening and shows Pete and Rivero, Pete's reluctant assistant and accomplice, his little black book in which he has jotted down many facts such as the late time Pete and Rivero checked out the night of the first murder. By this show of initiative he plans to get a promotion. Apprehensive, Pete, made up as a terrifying primitive monster, one of his own creations, kills Monahan in the studio commissary at a later point on his beat. Richards, the older guard, sees and hears nothing until he discovers Monahan's body. Police investigators uncover two clues: A maid, Millie, describes the Frankenstein Monster (Tony, in makeup) who struck her down as he fled from Clayton's murder, and the police laboratory technician discovers a peculiar ingredient in the makeup left on Clayton's fingers from his death struggle with Tony. The formula matches bits found in Pete's old Makeup Room, and the police head for Pete's house, where Pete has taken Rivero, Tony and Larry for a grim farewell party to his home which is a museum of all the monsters that

he has created in his 25 years at the Studio. Pete has secretly stabbed Rivero to death in the kitchen and hidden his body. Finding Tony and Larry trying to escape the locked living room, he attacks them with a knife, but Larry knocks over a candelabra, setting the living room on fire and Pete is burned to death trying to save the lifelike heads of his monster "children" mounted on the wall. The police break through the door before the flames reach the boys. *How to Make a Monster* was written by Herman Cohen and Kenneth Langtry.

Other producers were now knocking on AIP's doors. Bert Gordon was signed to produce and direct *The Amazing Colossal Man.* Bert was an expert cameraman and special effects genius and while he concentrated on the technical aspects I helped him with the casting. Adele Jergens, who was in my productions *The Day the World Ended, Girls in Prison* and *Runaway Daughters,* was married to Glenn Langan, formerly under contract to Fox in such epics as *Dragonwyck* with Walter Huston and Gene Tierney, and Bert agreed to my suggestion that Langan would be ideal as the Colossal Man. Cathy Downs, of *The She-Creature* and *Oklahoma Woman,* became the female lead, with William Hudson, James Seay, Larry Thor, Russ Bender, Lynn Osborn, Diana Darrin and Jean Moorhead in the supporting cast. Mark Hanna and Bert Gordon wrote the story, Joe Biroc was cameraman, and Ronald Sinclair, former boy actor at MGM and Republic, who had edited all my AIP pictures, was the film editor.

Glenn Langan portrayed Colonel Glen Manning, who is burned in an accidental plutonium explosion and mysteriously con-

tinues to live when, by all rules of medical science, he should have died in the blast. The doctors are further mystified when the burned scar tissue of Manning's body grows back into new, healthy skin. When his fiancee, Carol Forrest, is prohibited from visiting Manning by army security restrictions, she sneaks into the isolated sanitarium and learns the reason for the cloak of secrecy...GLEN MANNING IS GROWING UNCONTROLLABLY AT THE RATE OF 10 FEET PER DAY!

The doctors tell Carol that the explosion has upset the balance of Manning's cell growth and that unless they can stop it, he will continue to grow until he dies. She does her best to help Glen keep his sanity, but it appears to be a losing battle. As he grows to 20 feet, then 30...next 40...his mind finds difficulty in facing the reality of the fantastic situation. When it is learned that his heart it not growing at the same rate as his body and will not be able to continue much longer under the strain of further growth, Manning mentally breaks up and runs off into the desert of Nevada. Manning's disappearance is discovered just when the doctors have found a cure. They have successfully applied their treatment to an elephant and a camel and have shrunk them down to the size of a small cat.

Before the Army's searching parties are able to get to the 70 foot giant, he destroys part of Las Vegas, kills one of the Army doctors and carries off his fiancee, Carol.

Cutting him off at Boulder Dam, the Army succeeds in getting the mentally deranged colossal man to free the terrified girl. His bullet ridden body topples over the side of the 725 foot dam, ending the life of The Amazing Colossal Man.

**TO BE CONTINUED**

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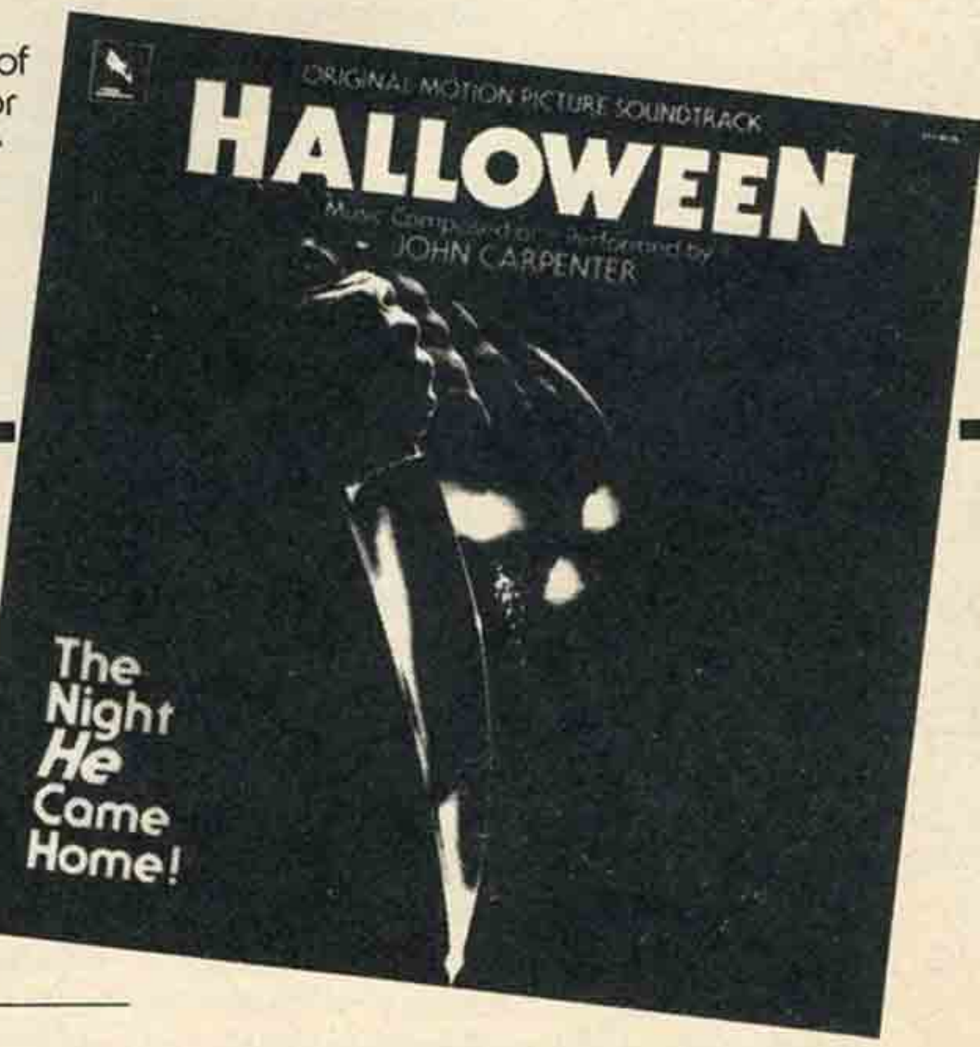


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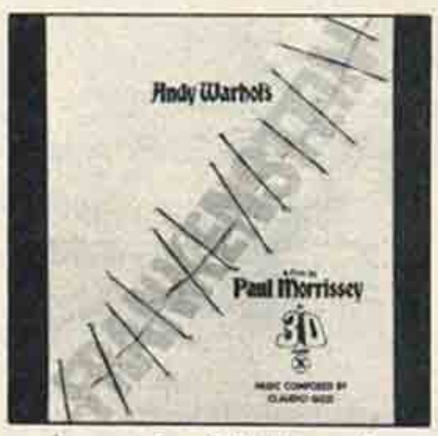

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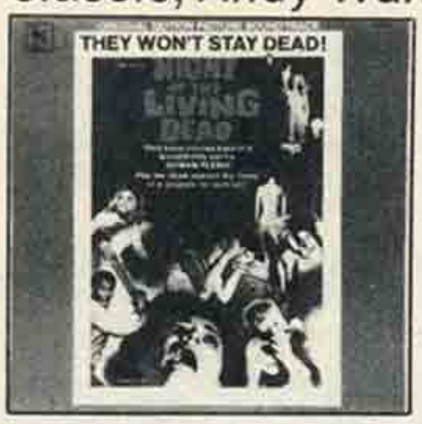

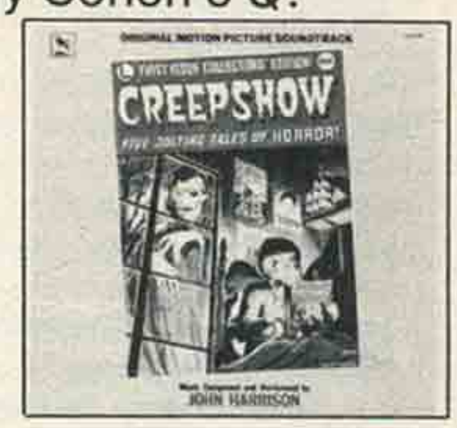


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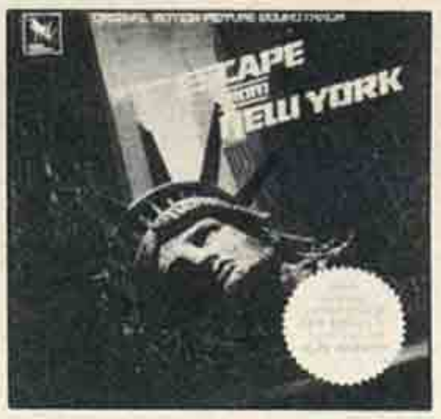

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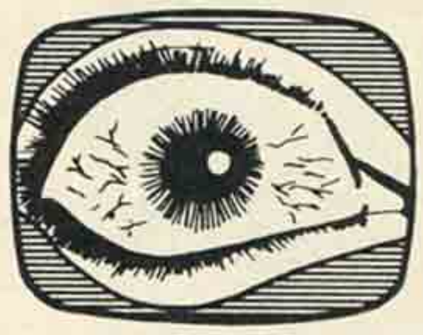

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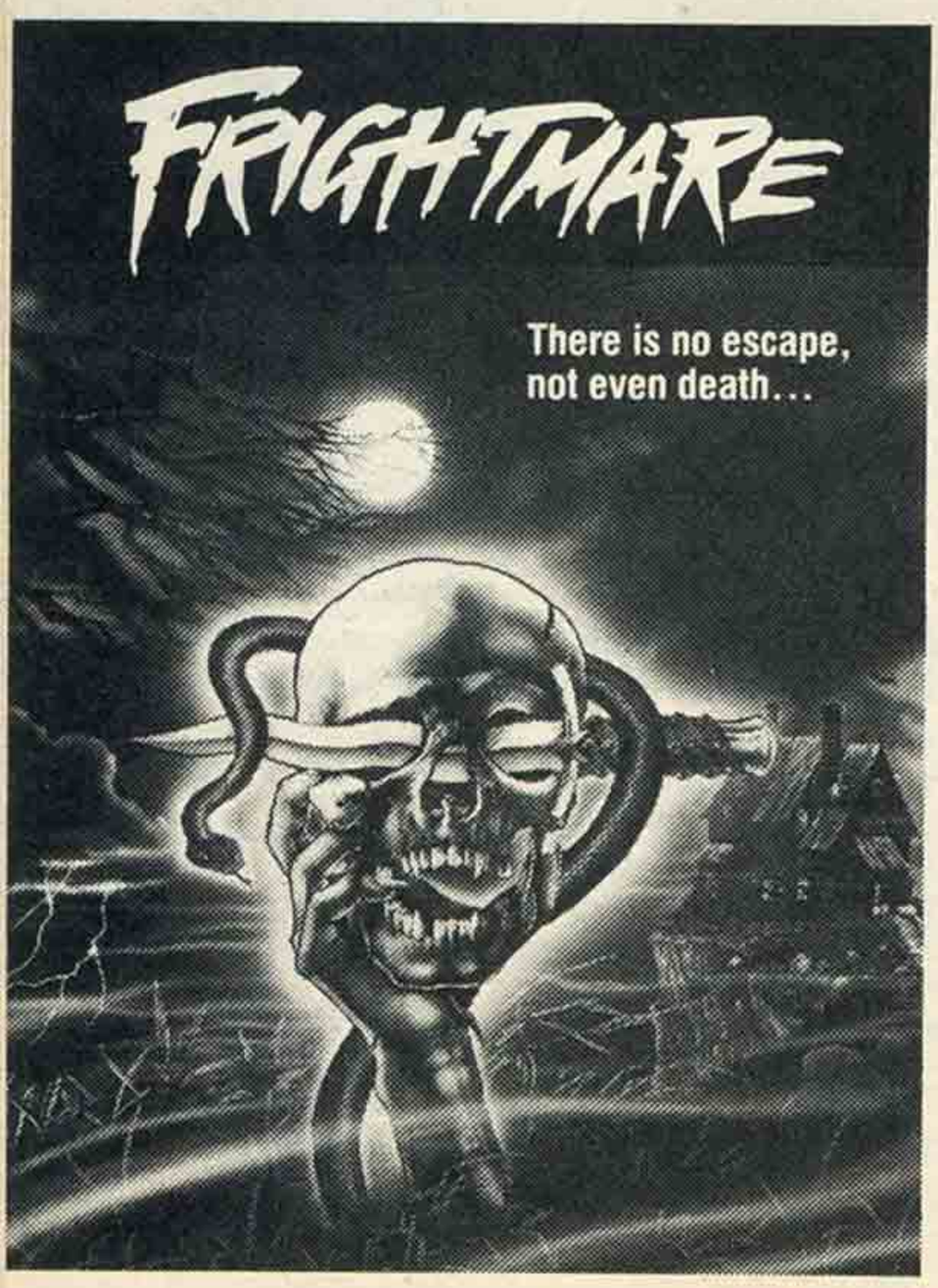
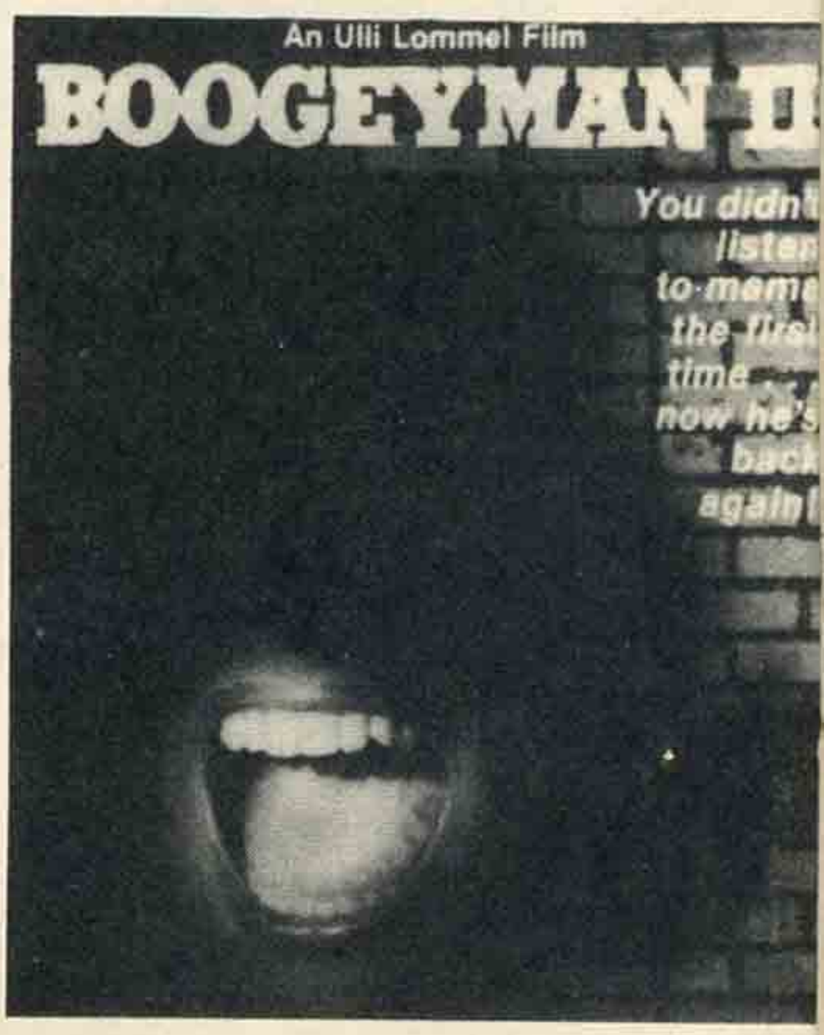
**FRIGHTMARE (VESTRON VIDEO):** This film has the unusual distinction of appearing on videocassette at the same time it is being released theatrically. Whether you choose to see *Frightmare* in a movie house or on a VCR, you will find that you are getting two movies for the price of one. Previously covered in this magazine under its working title of *The Horror Star*, this picture centers around Conrad Ragzoff, an aging leading man of terror, a last reminder of the era of Karloff and Lugosi. In the first half of *Frightmare*, we find that Ragzoff is a rather vindictive prima donna who tends to reward other people's criticism of him with murder, committed in such a way as to make the deaths seem accidental. A more natural form of death soon creeps upon the horror star and he gets an elaborate send-off in a funeral that includes sardonic videotaped messages recorded by Ragzoff himself before his death. The completion of this funeral marks the end of what comes across as the first movie of *Frightmare*, a slyly amusing black comedy that is carried by Ferdinand Mayne in the role of Ragzoff. Mayne is a character actor with a long track record whom horror fans may remember as one of the comical undead in Polanski's *Fearless Vampire Killers*. Mayne has exactly the right sort of commanding, haughty presence to portray the last of the great masters of menace and he handles the tongue-in-cheek humor with a deft touch. Following Ragzoff's funeral, another, very different kind of movie begins. Ragzoff's most fanatical admirers, a group of young people called the Horror Society, steal the horror star's corpse from his gaudy mausoleum for some deviant amusement and, as an act of vengeance, Ragzoff's body comes back to life to kill off the Horror Society one by one. This second half abandons the sense of humor of the first half and becomes a mechanical and unimaginative slaughter picture that probably won't even please die-hard gorehounds. Unless you can make a half-price deal on a videocassette on the condition that you only watch the first 45 minutes, *Frightmare* is not likely to be your best bet for home-video horror entertainment.



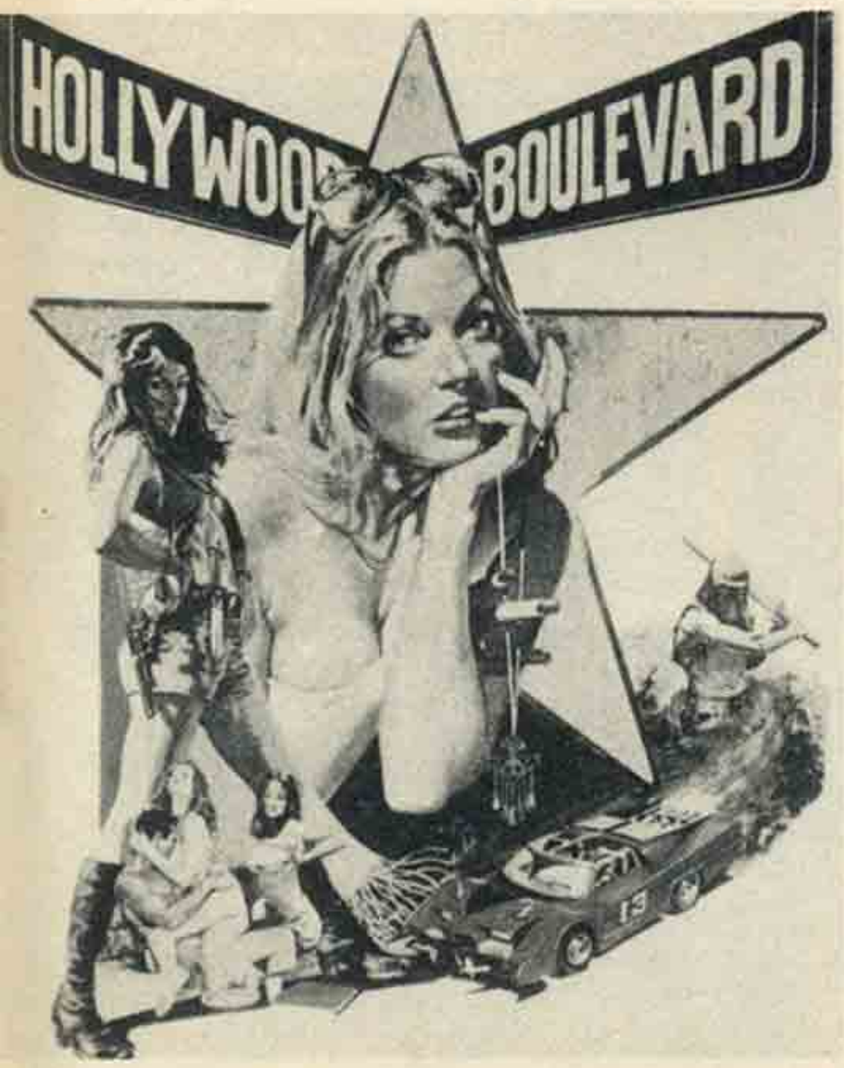

**CREEPING TERROR (VCI):** It's a well known fact amongst junk-movie fanciers that *Plan 9 From Outer Space* is regarded as the worst movie of all time not because it is literally the most incompetent film ever made, but because it is considered the most *amusing* bad movie ever seen. Anyone who has given the subject of terrible movies the sort of scholarly attention that it so obviously deserves can tell you that there is an entire class of films that makes *Plan 9* look like *Lawrence of Arabia*. I speak here, of course, of that group of pictures shot without synchronized sound, or any other production quality for that matter, that has no claim to professionalism other than the fact that they are each over 60 minutes long. A definitive example of this type of picture is the practically unseen Tor Johnson vehicle, *Beast of Yucca Flats* (I am chomping at the bit for a non-bootleg cassette of this movie to come out so that I can recommend it in this column.) Another prime representative of this sub-sub-genre is *Creeping Terror*. To make up for the lack of any sync sound in this picture, huge sections of voice-over narration was inserted to explain what is going on; though some lines of dialogue are dubbed in (unconvincingly, of course), there are still long scenes of people talking in which the narrator relates everything that is supposedly being said, along with character-backgraound information and lengthy exposition. As Executive Production Assistant Eddie Berganza pointed out to me, *Creeping Terror* ought to be billed as a movie for the blind. In addition to these charms, there is a monumental monster that no one can forget (a bunch of guys huddled under a carpet) and a gut-wrenching finale in which a soldier pulls the pin out of grenade and hangs onto it for 27 seconds before tossing it at the creature. The movie does, however, suggest the possiblity that there is a limit to how bad a movie can be and still remain within the realm of unintentional entertainment. There were times while I was watching this movie that even I became a little restless with the fact that nothing, as far as I could tell, was happening. Die-hard trash fans will probably have a blast with *Creeping Terror* but less devoted junk hounds may want to stick to Edward D. Wood.



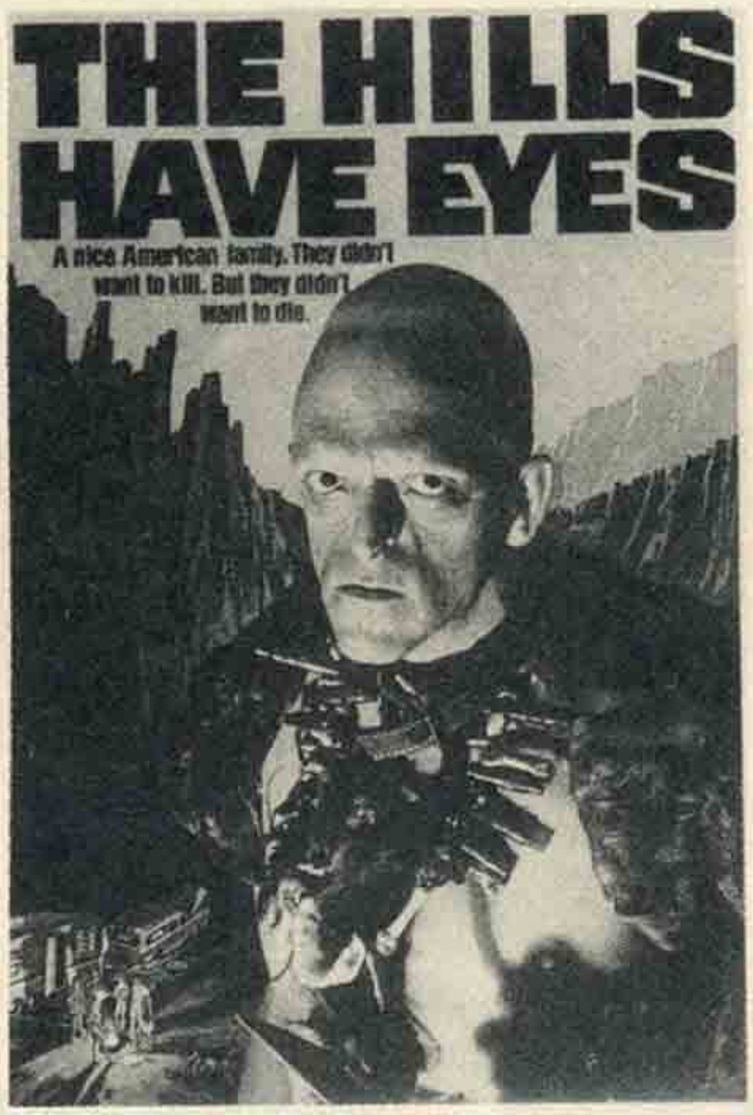

**BOOGEYMAN II (VCII):** Not having seen the original *Boogeyman*, I can't say how the sequel compares to the first film, but I can say that *Boogeyman II* is not your typical, run-of-the-mill splatter movie. It's weird. Very weird. It's probably the oddest movie I've reviewed in this column. I can't remember seeing a movie so stilted; in fact, Edward D. Wood's movies look like effortlessly inspired improvisation compared to this film. Throughout *Boogeyman II* I couldn't decide whether this quality was the result of sheer hare-brained incompetence or artsy pretension—or both. Some sequences are creepy (principally the violent flashbacks from *Boogeyman I*), others are ludicrous (such as any scene when someone talks), and others are neither here nor there. Suzanna Love, the girl who is haunted by a deadly mirror that causes gruesome death in the first film, returns for a second round and lands in the company of some smarmy exploitation filmmakers who want to turn her horrifying experiences into a movie. It's more or less clear in the second half of the picture that producer (and former German art filmmaker) Ulli Lommel is satirizing the sort of people who get involved in exploitation films, but the dialogue is so off-the-beam that the actors seem like they are reciting

words learned phonetically without any knowledge of what they mean. My favorite line is delivered by a show-biz low-life, with obvious ulterior motives and an indefinable foreign accent, to an aspiring starlet. "You could be a God damned Annette of the 80's," he says. "A little sweet, a little bad, a little sad." Some guys just know the right thing to say, don't they? The most conspicuous performance in the film is given by producer-actor Ulli Lommel, who generates enough lip-pursing and vacant stares to please anyone excited by the sight of Europeans looking vague. All in all, I suppose *Boogeyman II* is exactly the sort of slaughter movie you would expect from a producer whose previous credits include *Tenderness of the Wolves*. Those fans interested in finding a new cult attraction, should give this picture a look.

**CAT-WOMEN OF THE MOON (NOSTALGIA MERCHANT):** Yocks galore are to be found in this seminal 1954 schlockfest from Astor Pictures, the same folks who gave you *Robot Monster*, and who, incredibly enough, remade *Cat-Women* as *Missile to the Moon* in 1959. How can you resist a science fiction movie that casts Sonny Tufts as a brainy commander, Victor Jory as a romantic yet rugged loner, and Marie Windsor as a crack navigator? (As soon as the space crew recovers from the initial shock of acceleration, Windsor bounds out of her seat, takes out her compact and touches up her makeup). This distinguished team of astronauts takes off for the moon, housed in a rocket-ship interior decorated in the neo-patio style, and, due to some mysterious lunar influence on Windsor's brain, negotiates a landing in an uncharted region on the dark side of earth's satellite. After some snappy repartee (during which commander Tufts chides his crew for their "infantel romanticism"), the explorers set out onto the moon's surface to encounter spider-puppets. As if this weren't scary enough, they then come across vapid starlets in leotards who for some reason during the course of the picture are dubbed "cat women." The direction, the acting, the dialogue and the special effects are all as ludicrous as you would expect, and the end of the picture features one of the most shameless off-screen "climaxes" in the history of poverty-row production. In short, don't miss it.




**HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD (WARNER HOME VIDEO):** Joe Dante got his start with this movie and all fans of *The Howling* and *Twilight Zone: The Movie* will want to include this picture in their collection. This spoof of exploitation filmmaking began, as it should have, in the trailer department of Roger Corman's New World Pictures where Dante and his pal Allan Arkush were figuring out ways of making Filipino-women-in-cages movies seem like they were going to be entertaining. Making use of New World stock footage, Dante and Arkush were able to make an ultra-low-budget feature about aspiring young starlets who are only able to land jobs in such Miracle Pictures productions as *Machete Maidens*. Exploitation fans will find a lot of laughs in this engaging off-the-cuff parody and will especially enjoy Paul Bartel as Miracle Pictures' pretentious director and the great Dick Miller as a poverty-row agent. So, be sure to get your videocassette copy. Do it for Joe. Do it for Roger. Do it for Dick. You won't regret it.




**THE HILLS HAVE EYES (VESTRON VIDEO):** For all those people who have already seen this great movie, this review will probably be unnecessary. For those who haven't seen it, let me say that *The Hills Have Eyes* is, in a word, great. With what seems to have been next to no money to work with, director Wes Craven, fresh from his first low-budget success *Last House on the Left*, created one of the most savage, suspenseful and gripping thrillers of recent years. The terrifying predicament that launches the harrowing events of this film concerns an Ohio family driving across a southwestern desert in search of an old silver mine they have recently inherited. When their car breaks down, mysterious primitive beings scurry through the hills for a closer look. The hill people are a family of mutants, throwbacks to a savage era who live by a code of brutality. They set their sights on the stranded clean-cut family, for the sport of torture and murder—and for the nourishment of human flesh. *The Hills Have Eyes* steadily builds its unnerving tension and climaxes with an elaborate vengeance against the mutants that is a genuinely satisfying pay-off. No horror video collection would be complete without it.

**DICK TRACY MEETS GRUESOME / SPOOKS RUN WILD (ADMIT ONE):** Admit One Video has introduced a line of videocassettes called Popcorn Double Features that pairs 40's genre pictures in nostalgia-oriented packages. If you grew up, as I did, watching B-movies on TV on rainy afternoons (or sunny ones if the stickball field was taken), then you'll probably get a charge out of Admit One's combination of *Dick Tracy Meets Gruesome*, starring Boris Karloff as the latter, and *Spooks Run Wild*, which teams Bela Lugosi with the East Side Kids. On objective terms, or any other terms for that matter, *Spooks Run Wild* cannot be praised. This haunted-house comedy was produced by "Jungle" Sam Katzman, the same man who gave you such brain-deadening epics as *The Giant Claw*, *Jungle Moon Men* and *Get Yourself a College Girl*. Ever the auteur, the Katzman touch is indelibly stamped on every scene in *Spooks Run Wild* which is liable to please only devout Huntz Hall fans. *Dick Tracy Meets Gruesome*, on the other hand, is an entertaining matinee-style feature that captures the pacing and spirit of the Dick Tracy comic strip. Karloff plays a ruthless ex-con who, for his own larcenous purposes, uses a secret nerve-gas formula that paralyzes people into a frozen, death-like state. He makes a perfectly incorrigible, brutal, Tracy-style heavy, and, as the master-cop himself, Ralph Byrd is exactly what you would hope for: a heads-up, shoot-from-the-hip sort of guy with the best jaw in the business. This unassuming, enjoyable entry in a rarely shown detective series makes this video double-bill worthwhile.

**The Doctor is authorized to say whatever he wants. His opinions are not necessarily those of this magazine, its staff, or its publishers.**

# The LIVING Cunha!

## *Richard Cunha, director of such 50's favorites as* She Demons *and* Frankenstein's Daughter, *returns from his rumored death for a FANGORIA exclusive!*

**By Tom Weaver**

**Editor's Note:** *Giant from the Unknown, She Demons, Missile to the Moon* and *Frankenstein's Daughter*—four horror pictures that any fan of 50's exploitation is sure to remember fondly. Unfortunately, little has been written in horror retrospectives about the director of these movies, Richard E. Cunha. A notable exception to this lack of Cunha exposure was a passage in the recent book on exploitation film entitled *For One Week Only*, which reported that "the late" Richard Cunha was "amazed, shocked and hurt over the bad reviews his horror films garnered. Despondent over the turn of events, he traveled to the Peruvian jungle and has never been seen since." Well, it seems fair to assume that Cunha has been seen by a number of people, such as those people connected with the TV commercials he has been making for the last 20 years since completing his last feature in 1961, as well as those people who now patronize his Video Depot shop in Oceanside, California; all in all, we are happy to report that Cunha has managed to escape the exile and death designated for him by an imaginative "non-fiction" author, and has lived to tell the tale of his film exploits.

The Hawaiian-born Cunha received his film training in the newsreel and motion picture units of the U.S. Air Corps during World War II. He made his first step into the civilian film business by making industrial films and commercials, and then moved on to shoot, write and direct such early TV shows as *The Adventures of Marshal O'Dell* and *Captain Bob Steele and the Border Patrol* for Toby Anguish Productions. Cunha and his friend Arthur Jacobs then plunged into the adventurous arena of shoestring 50's exploitation by forming Screencraft Enterprises. Through this company they struck up an association with the poverty-row Astor Pictures, an alliance that resulted in the low-budget quickie *Giant from the Unknown*. Jacobs, who produced Cunha's first two pictures, joins the director in this recent interview for the discussion of *Giant from the Unknown* and *She Demons*, while Cunha, by himself and apparently still living, tackles *Frankenstein's Daughter* and *Missile to the Moon*.

### *Giant from the Unknown*

**FANGORIA:** Can you give me some background on how you came to form Screencraft Enterprises, which produced *Giant from the Unknown* and *She Demons*?

**Arthur Jacobs:** Toby Anguish was getting ready to retire from the business, and Dick and I decided that we would like to take over his studio. I had had a small editorial service, and we decided to join forces, Richard and I, and take over the complete operation that Toby had, which included the stage, the dubbing facilities, the editing rooms, and everything else, and we formed Screencraft Enterprises, Inc.

**Richard Cunha:** We had a nice stage, it was 2000 square feet—40 by 50—and it was great for all the kinds of things that we did back in there. We took over the studio and we used it as a production service—we rented out the stage, and we also did editing and dubbing for people.

**Jacobs:** Right. And we did the editorial on the last 39 *Lone Rangers*, remember? Just prior to making *Giant from the Unknown*.

**Cunha:** So that's how Screencraft got formed—it was left over from Toby Anguish Productions, and so we inherited a great deal of studio facilities, and . . .

**Jacobs:** *Inherited*, Richard?! We hocked our *souls* for them! [Laughter]

**Cunha:** It was all sitting, and so we got into film production. We made some television commercials; I remember we did some Texaco commercials with Harry Von Zell . . .

**Jacobs:** Cheerios . . . Wheaties . . . we had quite a few, now that I think of it.

**Fang:** What prompted you to make the full-length feature film, *Giant from the Unknown*?

**Cunha:** We had a friend, Ralph Brooke, who was interested in movies and things, and he

**The first Cunha-Jacobs feature collaboration, made in the hope that "maybe we could make a dollar-and-a-quarter out of it."**

The creeping terror
that rose
from the depths
of the unknown!
GIANT
FROM THE
UNKNOWN
STARRING EDWARD KEMMER · SALLY FRASER · BUDDY BAER
MORRIS ANKRUM · BOB STEELE · JOLINE BRAND
Produced by SCREENCRAFT ENTERPRISES, INC. · Distributed by ASTOR PICTURES CORP.

**Irish McCalla, Victor Sen Yung and Tod Griffin eye oncoming Nazi storm troopers while *She Demons* menace them from behind.**

PHOTOS: COURTESY OF TOM WEAVER

**The underpriced monster in *Frankenstein's Daughter* crushes her first victim.**

kept egging us on and saying, "Why are you guys messin' around here, wouldn't it be better just to make a movie, or do *something*?" He finally convinced us that it'd be kind of fun to do, and maybe we could make a dollar-and-a quarter out of it, and so we got involved. And that's when we decided to make *Giant from the Unknown*—what'd we first call it?

**Jacobs:** *The Giant from Devil's Crag*. I think Tom might be interested in knowing how we decided to make *that* particular picture. You remember, we were all sitting in the office one day—let's see, there was you and I, and Ralph, and [screenwriter] Frank Taussig—and we wondered, "What kind of a picture do we want to make?" And then we said, "Well, we should make a monster movie." Then, "What kind of a monster?" At first, we tried to get a script already written—we had about a hundred scripts come in, and not one of them could we use.

**Cunha:** One had a giant lizard, and we couldn't afford the lizard—or *any* of those giant *whatevers*. About that time Bert Gordon was making giant spiders and animals and things. We figured we didn't have the talent for special effects, so we needed some kind of an inexpensive monster. And we thought, just a *giant*—we had seen a fellow, I think he was 7'7", that rolled around Hollywood for a while—and we decided that a monster that'd be inexpensive would be a big, tall guy. We interviewed quite a few people and ended up with Buddy Baer.

**Fang:** Do you remember what your budget was on *Giant*?

**Jacobs:** I think it was budgeted around $55,000. And we had $30,000 cash. If I remember correctly, the final cost was $54,000 on that picture, and so we had about $24,000 that we owed when we finished—but we had deferments at the lab and so forth.

**Fang:** What was your shooting schedule like?

**Cunha:** We had six days of shooting—however, we had prepared the picture for at least a month ahead of time, and we tried to figure the schedule so that it would work out regardless of *what* happened. We shot at Big Bear about one hundred miles or so from Los Angeles proper, up in the mountains there. We shot a great deal in Fawnskin. The snows were a little late that year, and I know the resort areas were all anxiously awaiting the snow so that the skiers would come up. They were glad to have us at that time because it was just dried up, between seasons, so we were able to get a good deal on the motel that we stayed at. *That* helped a great deal.

We sent the word out on our first day of location that we were going to shoot at Paradise Cove, on the beach there. That was *strictly* to confuse the union representatives and the agents and so forth. And everyone was so surprised when we got on the bus and headed in the *opposite* direction from Paradise Cove! And that gave us a two day start on all of the unions before they really did find out where we were hidden,off in the mountains—and, by God, they found us!

**Jacobs:** They *did* find us!

**Cunha:** The finally located us, and we had to hide most of our equipment . . .

**Jacobs:** We had the trucks hidden in the woods, and, fortunately, we had used the five-dollar extras the first day . . .

**Cunha:** Yeah, we got *them* out of the way, because that was all very *illegal* . . .

**Jacobs:** *All* of our pictures looked like union representative conventions! [Laughter]

**Cunha:** They *always* liked to visit our sets . . . Okay, so we shot the film in six days; we averaged about 21 pages a day.

**Jacobs:** Except for that Wednesday when you shot 20 minutes of film!—which I'll never forget as long as I live!

**Cunha:** Well, that *was* a very big day and we had to do that to get out in time.

**Jacobs:** You know, it might be interesting to know that from the time we decided to do the picture until the time we finished the answer print was 60 days—two months altogether.

**Fang:** Mr. Cunha, why did you take on the duties of cinematographer in addition to directing *Giant*?

**Cunha:** I *was* the cinematographer on *Giant* and I *became* the director on *Giant*!

**Jacobs:** It was cheaper!

**Fang:** What was Buddy Baer like to work with?

**Jacobs:** He was actually too sweet to be a monster! He was *such* a nice guy.

**Cunha:** He was a gem. He really pitched in and did everything.

**Jacobs:** What was the fellow's name that we had who made all the fiberglass stuff that we used? He did all the shields and the helmets and everything else.

**Cunha:** Harold Banks. He did all the armor, the hat, the swords that we used, the extra pieces, the skull. It was our first experience with fiberglass—that was brand new at the time, they weren't making props out of fiberglass.

**Jacobs:** We couldn't *afford* the real ones, and he said he could make it out of the fiberglass. And I remember, it stunk up the whole studio! [Laughter] But he sure did a good job on it.

**Cunha:** He did a *fantastic* job. We saved a lot of money there.

**Fang:** Had you ever used makeup artist Jack P. Pierce prior to *Giant*?

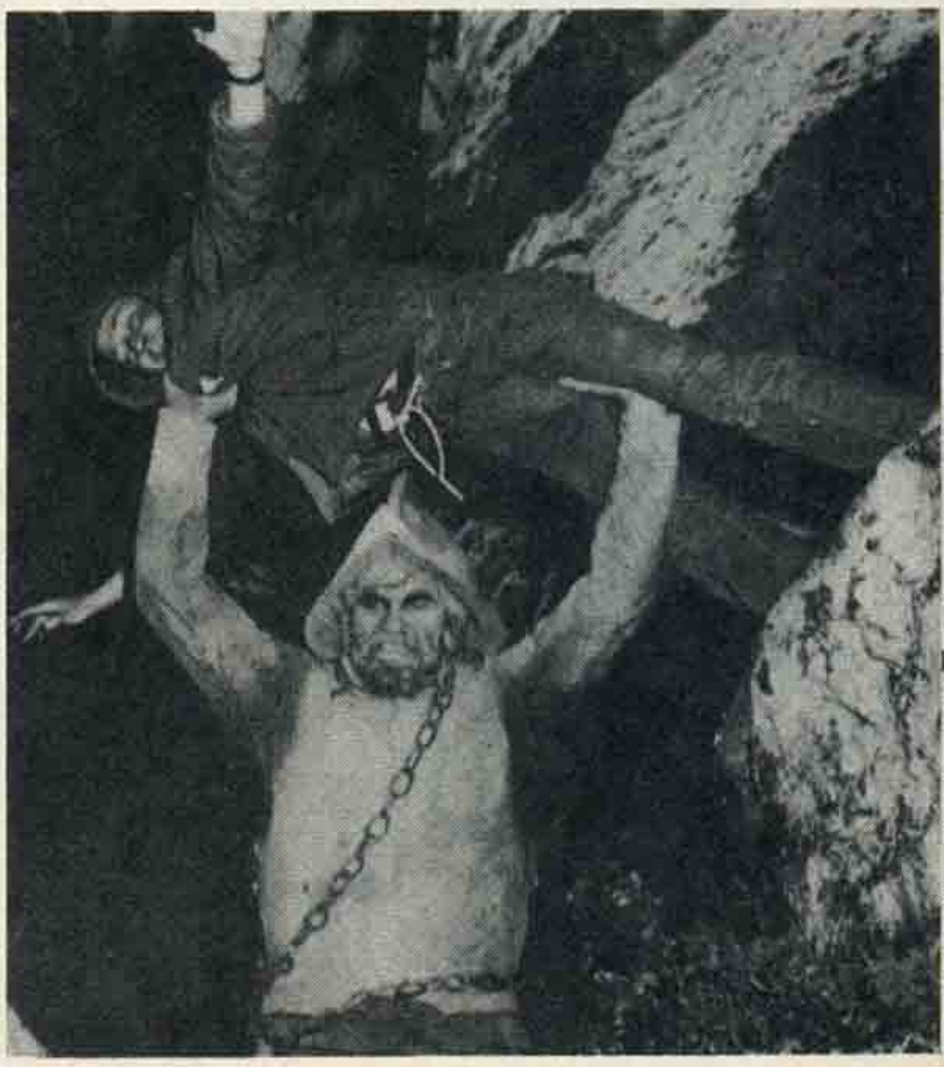
**Cunha:** No, we never used Jack before. He was available, so we got in touch with him and he was very excited about it and was glad to get involved in it.

**Jacobs:** A *marvelous* man.

**Fang:** Was the Giant's makeup a Jack Pierce original, or was his appearance spelled out in the screenplay?

**Cunha:** No, we had no idea what the monster should look like, it was all determined by

**Buddy Baer as the revived Conquistador in *Giant from the Unknown*, made-up by the great Jack Pierce, creator of Karloff's Frankenstein Monster and Chaney's Wolf Man.**



who we cast. And so when Buddy worked out so great, we said to Jack, "Okay, we'll go out and get the locations and set up and do some filming and you bring out a monster." And he did. And it worked out great. I'm not even sure if we did any prior time on that—did we ever do an experiment with him to see what he looked like?

**Jacobs:** No, Jack Pierce took Buddy aside, put him in the chair, and started working on him. I think it took about two, three hours.

**Fang:** Why did you name one of your film's main characters Charlie Brown?

**Cunha:** At that time I didn't know who the hell Charlie Brown was! So Ralph Brooke says, "Let's call one character Charlie Brown!" And on preview night it broke the house up—"Here comes Charlie Brown!"—and I didn't know what the hell they were laughing at! So anyway, I always kid about that, I say, "If I catch that sonofabitch, I'll *kill* him for telling me to name him Charlie Brown!" *He* knew better!"

**Fang:** Much of *Giant* is photographed outdoors, to great effect, but several brief scenes are ruined by the use of obvious painted backdrops. Why were these necessary?

**Cunha:** We had to buy an inexpensive set and we had a few pickup shots that we had to do in there—when the Giant was shot, and some of the chases. To be able to pull it in on this kind of money it was necessary to use a painted backdrop and, again, a very fast schedule to get on there. Art and I ran the film just last night to remind ourselves what it was all about, and we were reminded of the big fight scene inside of the mill, which was a mill built for . . .

**Jacobs:** *Trail of the Lonesome Pine,* 1936.

**Cunha:** It was originally built for that and it was left over there, and we worked til *midnight* shooting the fight sequence and discovered at the end of the night that the shutter in the camera was *closed,* and we had absolutely nothing that night. We had to come back and we had an abbreviated session the next night and the fight was cut down considerably from what it was before.

**Fang:** That was one of the picture's most atmospheric scenes, filmed in what certainly looks like an actual snowstorm.

**Cunha:** When we finally did get the snowstorm, it worked in great with the film; we were fortunate enough that it stayed on and lasted for the sequence. I think we just barely got it all in before the snow left us. I don't recall having to make any phony snow.

**Jacobs:** We had a *couple* scenes that we had shot that didn't have snow in 'em, that we had to add snow optically, otherwise it wouldn't match. Richard, you sound like we were *anticipating* a snowstorm. I think, if you remember, when we woke up that morning and there was snow on the ground, you lost 10 pounds and turned gray! [Laughter] Because we were halfway through the shooting and there was no snow at the beginning! That worked out fine, though.

**Cunha:** The first title for that movie was *The Diablo Giant*. But they changed the name to *The Giant from Diablo Pass*. Finally the distributors determined the name *Giant from the Unknown*—which didn't displease us, that was okay with me.

**The shipwreck survivors in *She Demons* discover a fellow castaway currently down on his luck.**

### She Demons

**Fang:** How did your second feature film, *She Demons* come about?

**Cunha:** We made *Giant from the Unknown* strictly on speculation. We said, "Okay, we're gonna make a picture"—which we were told was *not* the thing to do—and then we were going to put it under our arm, and Art took it back to New York.

**Jacobs:** It took longer to sell it than to make it! [Laughter]

**Cunha:** Yeah, right! But we had a lot of confidence in it, and with the $54,000 budget we thought sure that we'd be able to come out of it okay. When Art got to New York—I think you ran it for various distributors, but Astor Pictures . . .

**Jacobs:** I had worked for Astor once, a long time ago—that's how I was aware of them.

**Cunha:** And so they came up and said, "Yeah, fine and dandy, we'll accept *this* picture only if you'll make some more for us," because they wanted to put 'em out in twosomes. And that's how the second picture, *She Demons,* came about.

**Fang:** What was your budget on this one?

**Jacobs:** They gave us $80,000 for *She Demons,* I think we spent $65,000.

**Cunha:** But that included our salaries for producer, director, and all that. By that time we had figured that I was busy enough directing, and Meredith Nicholson, a very good friend of mine, did the cinematography on *She Demons.*

**Fang:** But you also co-wrote the screenplay.

**Cunha:** I think at that time I did it because it was necessary.

**Jacobs:** Who else was gonna do it? [Laughter] *Somebody* had to do it!

**Cunha:** I did it because we needed a script, and . . . I was there.

**Fang:** *She Demons* contains a good bit more humor than any of the others. Was this part of your contribution?

**Cunha:** I think those *are* my private little jokes. I was trying to get even with the world at the time and just having a good time. These were really tongue-in-cheek films and we enjoyed doing them a great deal and had as much fun as possible in doing them. So they were put in there purposely and I have to take all the credit for that.

**Fang:** What was Irish McCalla like to work with?

**Jacobs:** *Sheena, Queen of the Jungle* . . . . [Laughter]

**Cunha:** I guess of all the people that we used in the first few films, she was . . . well, she wasn't *difficult* . . ."

**Jacobs:** No, she really wasn't, Dick, when I think back on it—compared to some of the kids today. She had already had some

# The Fantastic Films of Richard Cunha

**GIANT FROM THE UNKNOWN** (Astor/Screencraft Enterprises, 1958) Associate Producer: Marc Frederic; Produced by Arthur A. Jacobs; Directed by Richard E. Cunha; Story & Screenplay by Frank Hart Taussig and Ralph Brooke; Cinematography: Dick Cunha; Music: Albert Glasser; Makeup Created by Jack Pierce; Special Effects: Harold Banks.

Cast: Edward Kemmer, Sally Fraser, Bob Steele, Morris Ankrum, Buddy Baer, Oliver Blake, Joline Brand, Billy Dix, Gary Crutcher, Ned Davenport, Ewing Miles.

**SHE DEMONS** (Astor/Screencraft Enterprises, 1958) Associate Producer: Marc Frederic; Produced by Arthur A. Jacobs; Directed by Richard E. Cunha; Story & Screenplay by Richard E. Cunha and H. E. Barrie; Photography: Meredith Nicholson; Music: Nicholas Carras; Makeup: Carlie Taylor; Special Effects: David Koehler.

Cast: Irish McCalla, Tod Griffin, Victor Sen Yung, Rudolph Anders, Gene Roth, Leni Tana, Charles Opunui, Whitney Hughes, Bill Coontz, Billy Dix, Larry Gelbman, Maureen Janzen, Grace Mathews, Michael Stoycoff, George Barrows, The Diana Nellis Dancers.

**FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER** (Astor/Layton Film Productions, 1959) Produced by Marc Frederic; Directed by Richard Cunha; Screenplay by H. E. Barrie; Photography: Meredith Nicholson; Music: Nicholas Carras; Makeup: Harry Thomas & Paul Stanhope; Special Effects: Ira Anderson.

Cast: John Ashley, Sandra Knight, Donald Murphy, Sally Todd, Harold Lloyd, Jr., Felix Locher, Wolfe Barzell, John Zaremba, Robert Dix, Harry Wilson, Voltaire Perkins, Charlotte Portney, Bill Coontz, George Barrows, Page Cavanaugh & His Trio.

**MISSILE TO THE MOON** (Astor/Layton Film Productions, 1959) Produced by Marc Frederic; Directed by Richard Cunha; Screenplay: H. E. Barrie & Vincent Potre; Photography: Meredith Nicholson; Music: Nicholas Carras; Makeup: Harry Thomas; Special Effects: Ira Anderson; Visual Effects: Harold Banks.

Cast: Richard Travis, Cathy Downs, K. T. Stevens, Tommy Cook, Nina Bara, Gary Clarke, Michael Whalen, Laurie Mitchell, Marjorie Hellen, Henry Hunter, Lee Roberts; and featuring International Beauty Contest winners: Sandra Wirth (Miss Florida), Pat Mowry (Miss New Hampshire), Tania Velia (Miss Yugloslavia), Sanita Pelkey (Miss New York State), Lisa Simone (Miss France), Marianne Gaba (Miss Illinois), Renate Hoy (Miss Germany), Mary Ford (Miss Minnesota).

notoriety, so, really, it wasn't *too* bad. You have to remember that actors and actresses are strange people anyhow, aren't they, Richard? They're all difficult, at best.

**Cunha:** She had always been a great pinup girl, and she had great boobs and stuff, but then she had this child and she lost everything up top. And we had the worst time trying to get this silly sequence of her nude back. We just had a *terrible* time! It was like she was doing a porno or something! Everybody had to hide, we had to get the guys off the set—we had pasties on her and everything else. It was just the fact that she had lost her bustline and she wanted everybody to remember her like she looked when she was a pinup girl.

**Fang:** What were some of your locations for this film?

**Cunha:** Paradise Cove was our primary beach location. The jungle sequences we did in Griffith Park, in Ferndale; the regular public trails there. One thing we had to do that they reprimanded us for was putting the dry ice into the stream there. They had already told us not to monkey with the water but of course as soon as we were alone we'd throw that stuff in—but they caught us.

**Fang:** Probably two of the best remembered scenes from *She Demons* are the ones in which the Nazi doctor is showered in lava, and when Leni Tana tears off the bandages across her eyes.

**Jacobs:** *Who* was Leni Tana?

**Cunha:** [Laughing] She was the lady that wore the bandages through the whole movie.

**Jacobs:** Oh . . . [long pause] I always thought that was your wife! [Laughter]

**Cunha:** Leni Tana didn't want to wear all that terrible makeup, and so my wife *was* the face under the bandages for the "reveal" scene! However, Leni Tana walked around with the bandages the rest of the film.

**Fang:** And the lava?

**Cunha:** That was just sawdust—sawdust mixed with a mudpack thing, as I recall. We built a great big tank above and just filled it, and then I think they pumped steam through it to get the smoke and stuff out of it. We had a good time with that.

**Fang:** Did the Diana Nellis Dancers, who did the dance routine in the picture, also play the disfigured She Demons?

**Cunha:** Yes, they did. That was all part of the same group; we had our little company, if you please, and . . .

**Jacobs:** And one bongo player! That was our whole rhythm section, one bongo player.

**Cunha:** We had mentioned, we had been doing a good deal of post-production for Jack Wrather, and *The Lone Ranger* company. And so, after we had finished these two pictures, Art had the opportunity to go with Mr. Wrather.

**Jacobs:** I spent nine-and-a-half years with the Wrather Corporation, ended up as Vice President in Charge of Production and Distribution. I set up domestic and foreign distribution of their television company, and


Robert H. Howard's

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**Cunha's last fantasy feature, a combination of rock creatures, big spiders and beauty queens.**

I was involved in the production of *Lassie* for many years. After I left them, I went to work for Danny Thomas . . . Sheldon Leonard . . . and Aaron Spelling, at Paramount. I was *there* for several years. And at that time I decided that I'd really like to see what happens to a picture when it's finished. I got into independent theatrical distribution in the U.S. In 1975 my wife and I moved to London where I was an independent producer's representative. Right now I'm back in the States, I'm selling independent productions, and for 15 years I've been trying to get Dick Cunha to make another picture with me! [Laughter]

**Cunha:** That brings us into the metamorphosis into Layton Film Productions. At that time, when Art had the opportunity to get on with Jack Wrather, we dissolved Screencraft, and Mark Frederic then formed Layton Film Productions.

**Jacobs:** Which was the name of the street he lived on, if I remember correctly.

**Cunha:** Yes, that's right—Layton Drive. We formed Layton Productions, and I made the other three pictures *[Frankenstein's Daughter, Missile to the Moon* and the detective picture *The Girl in Room 13]* for him.

### *Frankenstein's Daughter*

***Fang:*** What were your budgets and shooting schedules on *Frankenstein's Daughter* and *Missile to the Moon?*

**Cunha:** All of our budgets were under $80,000, and we tried very hard to bring them in for approximately $65,000 or less—I think we were successful in most cases. $20,000 was our profit margin. When we turned the negative over after the picture was accepted, we were paid $80,000. Our shooting schedules were always six days. I believe in *Missile to the Moon* they gave us an extra day of pre-production where we did some of the monster scenes out at Red Rock Canyon, about 80 miles from Los Angeles.

**Fang:** What were some of your locations for *Frankenstein's Daughter*?

**Cunha:** The exterior scenes were done at Marc Frederic's home. The interiors were a set. Our art director, Don Ament, was a super guy; I worked with him subsequently at E.U.E. Columbia for many, many years. Don was just a fabulous guy—he would go around and see what sets were available for cheap, and then re-design 'em so they'd work out for us. He was great at that.

**Fang:** Can you tell me a little about your cast?

**Cunha:** They were all keen. John Ashley . . . Sandra Knight . . . Donald Murphy was absolutely great . . . Sally Todd . . . Harold Lloyd, Jr. I don't recall what happened to *any* of these people, and it always seems whenever I make a picture, that's the person's *last* picture! [Laughter] It must be something I do.

**Fang:** Where did you get the props for your laboratory scenes?

**Cunha:** We got a character that was furnishing these to the studios, and we took what the studios wouldn't take—for a price, you know. We'd say, "We can't afford your real prices, so give us the junk from your backyard." He'd say, "Okay, if you guys clean 'em up, make 'em look pretty good, you can have 'em." So we'd do it, and returned them to him in twice better shape than he gave them to us.

**Fang:** Probably one of the best remembered scenes from this picture is the sequence of Donald Murphy getting the acid thrown in his face. Was that really Murphy under the makeup?

**Cunha:** Yes, it was. And as I recall—*vividly*—the makeup man on that, who by the way was Paul Stanhope, created that remarkable effect with torn Kleenex tissue. I was quite pleased with that, that worked out very well. We *did* want Jack Pierce to do the makeup on that but he was not available for the picture.

**Fang:** You mentioned that a Paul Stanhope was your makeup man, but Harry Thomas is listed in the picture's credits.

**Cunha:** Stanhope was just not ready for us, he was used to *old* motion picture time. So when somebody fired a gun and I'd get 21 pages a day, he just fainted on us. That's when Harry Thomas came in.

**Fang:** Was it Stanhope who did the makeup for Sandra Knight's she-monster?

**Cunha:** No, that was the fellow who got credit on it, Harry Thomas.

**Fang:** Harry Wilson, who played your Monster, had been Wallace Beery's stand-in for 25 years and had dubbed himself "The Ugliest Man in Pictures." Can you tell me a little about him?

**Cunha:** He was a very patient man and he suffered a great deal with that makeup and the suit that was required for him. And with the speed that we had to shoot at, it wasn't like he could rest between takes. He was always right on call and, as I recall, he was right there all the time. George Barrows [who had played the title character in *Robot Monster*] played the Monster in the scene where he was on fire. Barrows also did a lot of the fight scenes in *She Demons.*

**Fang:** Was it Paul Stanhope or Harry Thomas who designed the makeup for your . . . very *unusual* title monster?

**Cunha:** Stanhope. That *wasn't* an unusual situation at all, it was a situation where we just got trapped, *again,* without any money. We had no preparation time and the Monster was designed on the set on the first day of shooting. And suddenly someone came up to me and said, "Look—here's your Monster!" And I nearly *died.* We said, "No, that's not *quite* what we need, but by God we can't do anything about it!" And we pushed the guy on the set and started shooting—the show must go on. So the Monster wasn't designed like that, it just . . . ended up like that, and once we achieved that, we . . . [laughter] . . . we had to *keep* it!

### *Missile to the Moon*

**Fang:** Whose idea was it to remake the earlier Astor release, *Cat Women of the Moon,* as *Missile to the Moon?*

**Cunha:** It was Astor's idea. They thought, well, shucks, it'd be a good idea to redo the movie, they could get a little bit of sex in and have some pretty girls wandering through the scenes. And it *was* patterned after *their* movie.

**Fang:** Was the giant spider that you used also left over from *Cat Women?*

**Cunha:** No, the giant spider was left over from a Universal picture—we just rented it, and put it back together. It wasn't even written into the picture until we found it in pieces at Universal.

**Fang:** Who designed the Rock Creatures, and

*(Continued on page 64)*

# On The Set of

# DEAD ZONE

# Part 3

**By Bob Martin**

## *Final notes from Uncle Bob, and a talk with Debra Hill.*

*"(director) Zedd's approach reaches rock-bottom with the screen appearance of the editor of FANGORIA Magazine."*

**—Variety, May 25, 1983**

Apparently, neither Debra Hill nor David Cronenberg placed too much stock in press notices—the averse critical reaction to my performance in *Geek Maggot Bingo* either hadn't reached them, or else they were willing to give me a second chance at fame, playing the part of a foot soldier in the "Invasion of Poland" sequence of *Dead Zone*. But it was raining, and the clay dust that surrounded the abandoned brickworks, now redressed as a Warsaw getto, mixed with the rain to produce a particularly clinging and heavy variety of mud; and the extras were slated to put in a full eight-hour day under these conditions, in order to complete the sequence within schedule.

Perhaps I just didn't have it as an actor. I was digesting this thought when Carole McBride, David Cronenberg's assistant, approached to say that the director was in his trailer, and that the time to continue our in-

ALL PHOTOS: © 1983 PARAMOUNT PICTURES

**Christopher Walken as Johnny Smith, a man on a psychic mission of justice.**

terview, if at all during my visit, was now.

I refused the offer. As I explained to Carole, I had just seen *Videodrome* the night before, and the matters I wished to discuss with the director when we next spoke weren't really appropriate to a casual chat, just prior to the filming of a scene as complex as the one scheduled for this evening. What I didn't mention to McBride was that I had arrived at certain conclusions regarding the effect that *Videodrome* had on me. I had come to the conclusion that there were a few basic similiarities in the manner in which Max Renn makes his living, and my own function as editor of FANGORIA. Of course there were certain parallels between Renn and Cronenberg as well, but Cronenberg's chief defense against his own creation lay in the words, "I am an artist"—just as Dr. Frankenstein differed from his monster by virtue of his possession of a human soul. My claim on artistry is a tenuous one at best, and I was feeling, at the time, that Renn had been harshly treated by his maker; I was ready to come to grips with Cronenberg in a no-holds-barred ontological confrontation. This was certainly not the time for it.

So, performing as neither actor nor interviewer, I settled for the role of an observer, though there would be little to observe, other than the movement of troops and vehicles, until time arrived for shooting.

This at least provided me an opportunity to watch Debra Hill at work, a diminuitive figure moving all about the set, advising, guiding, apprising various crew-members of requirements and schedules for today, preparations for tomorrow; even pitching in at the cook-shack to help serve a couple of hundred cups of coffee to the army of extras.

*Dead Zone* will be released by Paramount on October 28, the Friday before a certain dark holiday closely associated with Hill's past endeavors. Since Hill has for several years spoken of her desire to break out of the horror genre, I wasn't at all surprised when she mentioned to me that *Halloween III* marks the end of that particular saga. "The chief reason for that is the lack of good material," says Hill, "and the fact that we've done it, and everyone involved wants to go on and do different things. Making a movie takes such a long time; from conception to the release, over a year. There really is no sense in getting involved in a project unless it is something that you're willing to invest all that time and energy in.

Hill's involvement in *Dead Zone* stretches back nearly two years, which was when the De Laurentiis organization first acquired rights to the Stephen King novel from Lorimar's financially ailing film division. One of the first orders of business was the selection of the right director. "Dino asked me, 'What do you think,' and I said, 'Walter Hill or David Cronenberg.' Dino knew and liked Hill, so he checked with him first; he was already committed to *48 Hours,* so Dino said, let's go with Cronenberg. The next day, I was sitting in John Landis's office when David walked in to say hello to John; we already knew each other from our days at Avco, so I just said, 'David, if I said to you *The Dead Zone,* what would you think?' He was interested, met with Dino the next day, and a deal was made."

Dino De Laurentiis has been the subject of some controversy, and some scorn, in fan circles, particularly since the days of the *King Kong* remake. But what we read in fan mags (including this one) seldom offers the whole truth. I spoke to Stephen King about De Laurentiis shortly after Hill and the Italian producer had rejected his *Dead Zone* screenplay; though King had some basic disagreements with De Laurentiis on how the novel should be translated to film, he was steadfast in his regard for the man's abilities and integrity. *Dead Zone* represents Hill's third project with the De Laurentiis organization, a relationship she hopes will continue. "It's a great organization—the people there are really nice—and Dino is a wonderful person to work with. He listens, and if you feel very strongly about a point, even when he disagrees, he's likely to suggest that you try it your way.

"Dino is a very passionate man; he'll often react with 'I love it' or 'I hate it', with very little gray area in between the two. But still, he will listen; I think that people who feel

# CRONENBERG REVISITED

In Early September, as part of the prestigious Toronto International Film Festival, *Dead Zone*'s director was honored with a full retrospective of his films, including two of his early "experimental" films from the late 60's, *Stereo* and *Crimes of the Future*. You missed it.

But even those of us who were unable to attend can find some enlightenment, and perhaps amusement, in the selection of titles included in a special science fiction retrospective, programmed for the festival by Cronenberg. Along with such hardy standbys as *Forbidden Planet* and *This Island Earth*, Cronenberg threw the sci-fi purists a curve by including such fare as Todd Browning's 1925 Lon Chaney picture, *The Unholy Three*, Ken Russell's *The Devils*, and Martin Scorsese's *Taxi Driver*.

"I'm a troublemaker," Cronenberg concedes, half-facetiously, "but, while the selection of films might be provocative, it's not capricious. The concept of what constitutes science has changed radically over the years, so it seems appropriate that what we think of as science fiction should also change. In the course of selecting the program, I came to realize that there are certain films that I had come to view as sci-fi that are not normally categorized as sci-fi. I think *Taxi Driver*, for instance, is a better version of *Blade Runner* than *Blade Runner* is. Scorsese created a New York that doesn't really exist; a city that's in Hell, like a visit to another planet. While, in a more technical sense, just as criminal psychopathology is a science, *Taxi Driver* is a speculative study in that branch of science and, therefore, a sci-fi film."

Meanwhile, on the *Dead Zone* front, Cronenberg was preparing to work on the final sound mix when we spoke. "It was definitely one of the most pleasant shoots I have ever worked on," Cronenberg tells us, "partly because of the crew, and partly because, even though I was working with more 'name' actors than ever before, every one of them was completely delightful to work with."

One of the marvels of *Dead Zone* is that three very strong creative personalities—Cronenberg, the independent artist; Hill, who often seems to get things done by the strength of her will; and De Laurentiis, painted in the fantasy press as the human equivalent of a bull—could work together at all. "We seem to mesh in a very interesting way," says Cronenberg. "Yes, Debra is strong, but all three of us are strong; and Dino *is* a bull. But he listens, and can be talked out of things, and talked into things. He's not an egomaniac; when you're discussing something about the movie, he doesn't get his ego mixed in with it, as with some other people, where the rejection of an idea becomes a personal rejection, and they try doubly hard to defend that idea."

One example of such a creative disagreement was the matter of Johnny Smith entering his own visions. "Dino thought it would be ridiculous, and that it would never work," Cronenberg says. "I thought it was marvelous, and that it would always work. Dino never said, 'Don't do it,' he only asked that I make sure that we had a way out in the editing, if it didn't work. Interestingly enough, we each turned out to be half right; and Johnny appears in about half the visions."

As might be expected from the director of *Videodrome,* Cronenberg feels quite differently from Hill on the topic of uplifting films versus the films of dread that have gained him his reputation. "I have several ideas I'm working on now, none of which could be called 'uplifting' in the usual sense. But you hear it again and again—'It's the Depression, everyone wants singing and dancing.' Then some really nasty horror film comes along and makes millions of dollars. It might be difficult to sell a studio on a horror film right now, though I try to ignore that part of it. For me, it's the project that comes first, and whether or not it's attached to a studio I have, as yet, had no problem getting a film made. But if one hit horror film arrives, that studio situation will turn around in a week."

— the Midnight Writer

they've had a bad experience with Dino just haven't known how to communicate with him. and he is a very, very busy man—right now, he has six pictures going. Some might take his briskness as rudeness; it's not, but he must make decisions fast. When you have a problem, though, he's accesible."

The next step was to reshape the novel into a screenplay that Hill, Cronenberg and De Laurentiis wanted to film. "There were already a few screenplays in existence," says Hill, "and Dino commissioned two more, including the one by King. When David was hired, we read all of the different versions, and decided that Jeffrey Boam seemed to have the best grasp of the book's cinematic possibilities, and we both liked his writing style very much. But, rather than hiring him for rewrites, we decided to begin again, with an entirely new draft. It was a collaborative effort, with David, myself and Jeffrey, and then the written pages would go to Dino for his suggestions."

It's clear that King's own screenplay differed from Boam's in the respect that the novelist's approach, stressing the personalities and evil deeds of the Castle Rock killer and of Greg Stillson, would have placed the film more securely in the horror genre. The approach taken by Hill and company uses the paranormal to get things going, but the resulting film might be more accurately described as a suspense thriller than as horror.

Hill acknowledges that *Dead Zone* has been, quite deliberately, planned as a "mainstream" film. "We're doing it this way because both David and I welcome the chance to do this type of a film. I don't believe the finished film will displease the fans of David's previous films or of my own, and it will hopefully embrace a new audience as well. And, for both my career and David's, this approach could demonstrate that we are capable of handling material that is not tailored specifically for the limited genre."

Hill feels that this mainstream approach was a major factor in recruiting their remarkable cast, including Colleen Dewhurst, Tom Skerritt and Herbert Lom, as well as the three top-billed stars. Established actors are often reluctant about taking roles in genre films; Martin Sheen was very hesitant about taking on his role, even though much of Greg Stillson's most despicable behavior in the book did not make it into the screenplay. "Martin's strongest reaction was to a scene in which he shields himself from a sniper by holding up a child in front of him," says Hill. "I think that some of his reluctance came from something Martin told us about *Apocalypse Now*; in the part of the film where he was approaching Brando's encampment and he kills a number of people, there was one scene where he encounters an adult holding a child in front of him. In the scene, Martin throws a spear that went through the child and the adult. When they had a preview screening in San Francisco, that scene was met by groans and boos from

**Things get hot for Johnny as he receives a vision of a household conflagration.**

**Above, Cronenberg directs Frank Dodds' corpse; below, Smith meets politician Greg Stillson (Martin Sheen) and envisions nuclear Armagedden.**

the audience; they decided to cut that scene from the movie. But we talked with him about the scene in *Dead Zone*, and pointed out that Stillson holds up the baby because he knows that the assassin *wouldn't* shoot at a child."

Was working with Cronenberg a very different experience for Hill? "Well, it's different from working with Carpenter, who is always very quick in making decisions about sets, actors, that sort of thing. David likes to take everything into consideration and ponder things a bit, which sometimes frustrates me. But when the time comes, I say, 'Today's the day you have to make a decision,' and he makes it."

It's said of Carpenter that he walks onto a set with day's footage already cut in his imagination. "Yes, and even the music," adds Hill, "whereas David likes to have his options open.

"It was different for David as well; he told me that he never, on any of his pictures, had a producer that would be on the set throughout, guiding and helping to form the decisions; and, on this picture, we both had an obligation to Dino, who has very strong conceptions of what he likes and what he doesn't like. So there was a lot of communication going on that David has not previously had, and I think that he enjoyed that. We both enjoyed doing this picture, and I personally am prouder of this picture than any that I've done before.

Despite the approach that stresses human drama above the story's supernatural aspects, the most challenging sequences for Hill and crew were those depicting Johnny Smith's visions. "They all required elaborate preparation," Hill says, "and a lot of collaborative effort by our stunt coordinator Dick Warlock, effects coordinator John Belyeu, production designer Carol Spier, and myself. For instance, how do you capsize a speeding tanker truck filled with milk on a highway? There were a number of problems of that sort, and we've come up with some results that look just spectacular on screen. And another factor that should contribute to the effectiveness of the visions are the sound effects, being done by Dave Udall. At the suggestion of Bill Varney, our post-production sound mixer, the soundtrack for the visions will be done in stereo—the rest of the film will be in mono—and the music and sound effects will be electronically enhanced for spatial effects, moving from speaker to speaker."

**Stillson and Smith meet again, under very different circumstances.**

When last we spoke to Hill, she spoke of her ambitions to direct; we wondered whether, as her production credits grew, she found that goal to be more distant. "Actually, it's turned out to be my own choice not to direct. I've had the opportunity on a few occasions; John even suggested that I do *Halloween II*. I feel, though, that I've become a really good producer; I have fun with it and it's something that I do very well. So I expect that I'll stick with it."

"Also, as a director, I would have to concentrate on one picture, whereas, right now for instance, I have six projects in development. *Clue* [a film to be based on the Parker Brothers board game] is now in development, for John Landis to direct; I'm developing a stage musical called *Suds*; I'm writing a project with Timmy Teck, who wrote *Little Darlings*; I'm developing a Halloween special for television called *The Magic Pen*, and I'm trying to get [children's artist/author] Maurice Sendak involved in another children's special. And I'm enjoying all of it—whereas, if I were to be involved as a director, I just wouldn't have the time."

As is evident from this list of developing projects, Hill intends on staying out of the horror genre. "At least for a while," she says. "For one thing, I don't think it's what people want to see. Last summer, for instance, there were two films about extraterrestrials. One was extraordinarily positive—*E.T.*—and the other was a monster movie, and a very good one—*The Thing*. I think that what happened with those films shows that audiences want to see something that's uplifting. With all the problems in the world—war, poverty, unemployment—most people want to see something positive at the movies; comedy, or fantasy, for instance. I love the fans; I read the mail and it's always very supportive. But the horror audience is mostly in the age range from 18 to 26, and I would like to reach a wider audience."

# Backyard Halloween Horrors

## *The Horrible Cortland Hull presents Connecticut's premier, cottage-industry house of horrors.*

**By John Dods**

Like Dr. Frankenstein, Cortland Hull has created a monster—13 monsters in fact. They're housed right next to his Bristol, Connecticut home in a place he calls The Witch's Dungeon. Each year at Halloween he opens his collection to the public, offering respectful nostalgia and high class chills to four guests per tour with a sight-and-sound tribute to horror filmdom. It's a hobby that began when Cortland was 10.

"I've always been interested in horror films and I always felt the makeup used in them was art," says Cortland. "I've tried to recreate scenes as they appear in films with as much detail as possible, using soundtracks taped from the original films, putting people in with the props and characters so that they, hopefully, get the feeling that they are in the scenes themselves."

The Witch's Dungeon is no "spook house" or hastily contrived temporary display with hanging sheets, newspaper-stuffed bodies, and dime-store masks often seen around Halloween. This is the real thing—a bonafide chamber of horrors, an artful display of hand craftsmanship and smart showmanship. Visitors view monsters in stylish settings while listening to the dialogues from their films: "Frankenstein made me out of dead bodies," "The world believes it has destroyed Karis . . . *KARIS STILL LIVES,*" "We . . . belong . . . Dead . . ."

Although the 30-year-old free-lance artist refers to his assemblage of classic fiends as a "museum," it's much more. It's a *show*, for a 10-minute tour of The Witch's Dungeon comes complete with music, lighting effects and surprises in the dark.

The outside of The Witch's Dungeon—which Cortland and his father built—looks like something out of Hansel and Gretel, a cross between a Swiss chalet and a gingerbread house. When it's open to visitors (never before dark) five-feet tall torches line either side of the path leading to the entranceway. A sign in front reads: "Prepare yourself, poor victim, with a cross, silver bullets, a wooden stake, and a clove of garlic for protection—you'll need it!"

As you enter the Witch's Dungeon it is totally dark. The door is closed behind you. The first thing you see is a faint glow that brightens to reveal The Slave in the Magic Mirror—a three dimensional recreation from Disney's *Snow White and the Seven Dwarves.* It speaks. Then, the light fades out and you wait in the dark until another soft glow leads you down a narrow corridor to a life-sized replica of the Frankenstein Monster, modeled after Boris Karloff's ap-

PHOTOS: COURTESY OF JOHN DODS

**Top Left: Cortland Hull and his family of classic monsters featured in his hometown horror house, the Witch's Dungeon (Bottom Left). Above: Hull at work on a head to be fashioned after Frederic March's Mr. Hyde.**

**Hull's monster exhibition is an ever-changing show in which new, highly detailed creatures are always in the works. Here is a sampling of the horrific faces to be found in the Witch's Dungeon.**

pearance in *Son of Frankenstein*. He is inches from your face and looks very real in the soft pale light. Next to the monster, an electrical device—a "Jacobs Ladder"—zaps and buzzes with 14,000 volts of real electricity (housed in a glass dome to prevent fatalities).

Nearby, Zenobia the Sorceress is stirring and stirring a black cauldron of presumably evil brew. Further along, visitors meet a lushly costumed visage of Bela Lugosi's Count Dracula, complete with crested coffin. From somewhere, Lugosi's thickly accented voice speaks the famous words: "Listen to them, the children of the night! What music they make! . . . The blood is the life . . ." and the lights go out again.

In the darkness, there are a few surprises in the claustrophobic channel linking the exhibits. Visitors' screams often pierce the night air (they're happy screams). Then: The Phantom of the Opera, The Abominable Dr Phibes—with his voice reviitalizer gizmo, The Creature from the Black Lagoon—in an Amazonian setting, The Mole Man, The Mummy, The Voodoo Doctor, The Fly, The Wolf Man, and, lastly, The Final Spectre—a skull that seems to speak with Karloff's voice, it's jaws moving in sync to the words: "May all your nightmares have happy endings in the final reel. Good night and sleep well."

The precise coordination of The Witch's Dungeon's audio, lighting, and mechanical effects is not run by a computer master control or by a crew of technicians but by Cortland Hull, single-handed. It's slick entertainment.

Hull, a graduate of the University of Hartford School of Fine Arts, became a horror movie fan during childhood: "I was very sick as a kid," Cortland explains, "having congenital dysgammaglobulinemia, similar to kids that must live in a plastic bubble environment. I feel in a way this was an asset to me rather than a handicap as it introduced me into an area I may not have explored otherwise, that of art and film.

"It's so dangerous for kids to go out on Halloween. This is one of the few places parents can take their kids where they won't be harmed, although they *might* get scared!" But as Cortland points out, "After they've been here once, many people come again."

Cortland designs and assembles the life-sized figures at a cost of $500-600 each. Once he decides on a character, Cortland begins scouring antique and thrift shops searching out the proper clothing with which to dress the figure. Some costumes are so unique that they must be recreated from scratch, in which case Cortland collaborates with his mother to fabricate the needed garment.

Some faces, like Zenobia and Doctor Phibes, Cortland sculpts from scratch using his own recipe for "Papier Mâché Goop" while others are quality masks substantially modified with liquid latex, acrylic paint, human hair, and glass eyes. These eyes are the most expensive item in the whole process, costing between $50-100 a pair. They give the impassive faces an exciting realism when viewed at close range.

The falls of human hair aren't cheap either. Though the plastic variety is less costly :"it's wiry and doesn't lie right. Human hair is far easier to control," Cortland explains. Cortland's mother constructs the wigs, tying each hair onto a net base, a technique she learned from a Hollywood makeup artist.

The Witch's Dungeon is never finished. It evolves and changes over the years as Cortland improves, embellishes, and replaces the exhibits. The limited space in the Dungeon limits the number of monsters that reside there to 13 ("13 has always been a lucky number for me," comments Cortland). The Frederic March version of Mr. Hyde will soon replace the Voodoo Doctor. Other additions Cortland is considering are Vincent Price, as he appeared in *House of Wax,* and the Metaluna Mutant from *This Island Earth.*

Until recent years, admission to the Dungeon was free. Economic realities have made it necessary to institute a 50-cent charge per visitor to help pay for electric bills, yearly lawn reseeding, and general upkeep of the museum. "It isn't exactly a gold mine financially," says Cortland. "We still don't break even." Occasional Halloween pranksters haven't made it any easier either; Cortland remembers the year someone tried to set fire to the Wolfman's hair and another time a set of antique apothecary jaws disappeared from the Frankenstein set to be discovered later smashed on a nearby road.

"It's worth it to put up with the very few kids that cause the damage," maintains Cortland. He explains simply his motivation for continuing a sometimes-troublesome hobby: "I enjoy it."

An inquiry to Cortland accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelope will bring you directions to the Witch's Dungeon and this year's showtimes. Write to Cortland Hull, Battle Street, R.F.D. #3, Bristol, Connecticut 06010.

"The world believes it has destroyed Karis . . . *KARIS STILL LIVES!* . . ." He's staying with twelve of his friends in Cortland Hull's Witch's Dungeon in Bristol.

# THE FANGORIA CHALLENGE—PART TWO!

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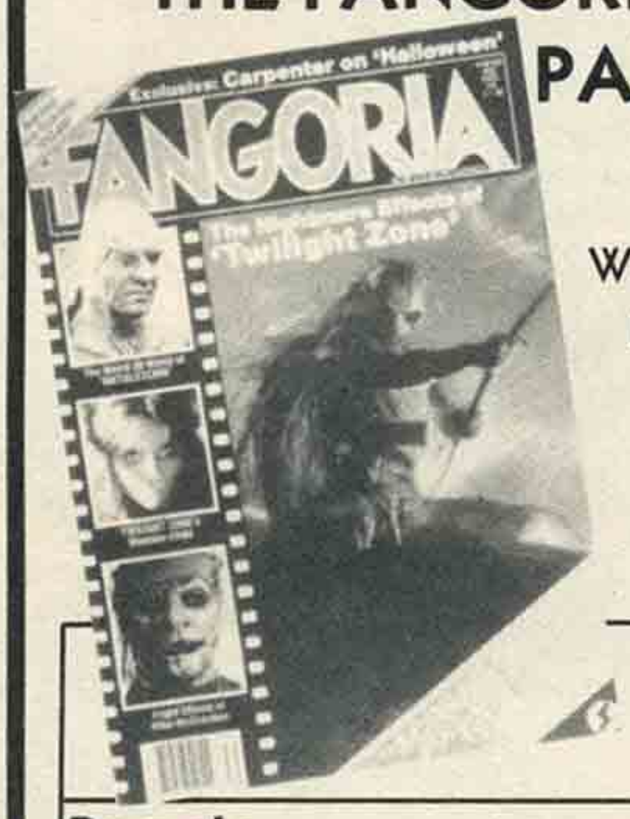

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Purchase any of these fabulous FANGORIA back issues, read it, and compare it with the seedy gossip rag of your choice! Then ask yourself, "Which magazine tastes best?"

**1** - Savini on *Dawn of the Dead*; Chris Lee; Godzilla's screen history; Craig Reardon's *Galactica* aliens; Lots More!

**2** - Coscarelli's *Phantasm*; Herzog's *Nosferatu*; Richard Matheson, Pt. 1; Robert Bloch; Mamoulian on *Jekyll ? Hyde*; Much More!

**3**- Cronenberg's *The Brood*; Jack Arnold; King on *The Shining*; Matheson Part 2; *Kolchak the Night Stalker*; Plenty More!

**4** - On Set: *'Salem's Lot*; Gore whiz H.G. Lewis; Film Femme Caroline Munro; Don Siegel on *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*; Even More!

**5** - Carpenter's *The Fog; Village of the Damned*; Why *Saturn 3* flopped; Bert I. Gordon; Stacks More!

**6** - *Friday the 13th!*; Shock FX of Bottin and Savini; King-Romero team-up!; Vincent Price; Tons more!

**7** - Caroline Munro + Tom Savini = *Maniac!; The Shining* previewed; Chris Walas; *Captain Kronos, Vampire Hunter*; Incredibly More!

**8** - The Carpenter Interview; *Horror of Dracula* FX; *Fade To Black*; Jim Danforth & Dave Allen; Italian shocker *Zombie*; Still more!

**11** - Bottin and *The Howling; My Bloody Valentine;* Hooper's *Funhouse;* Boorman on *Excalibur;* Terence Fisher; A Great Deal More!

**12** - The Tobe Hooper Interview; *Friday the 13th Part 2; The Hand;* Romero's *Knightriders;* William Csatle; Mother of Mercy, More!

**13** - Landis on *American Werewolf;* The Romero Interview; sexy P.J. Soles; On Set: *The Beast Within*; Fullerton's *F13-2* FX; *Wolfen*; Oy! More!

**14** - Rick Baker and *An American Werewolf;* Carpenter on *Halloween II;* FX Special with Savini, Burman, Winston, Walas and Harryhausen—surprise!—More!

**15** - The Jamie Lee Curtis Interview; Debra Hill and *Halloween II;* Burman continued; O'Brien on *Shock Treatment; Swamp Thing;* Buckets! More!

**16** - Henenlotter's *Basket Case;* Dick Smith pt. 1; Chris Tucker's *Elephant Man* makeup; Peter Straub and *Ghost Story;* Basker's EFX Sutios; Gaaah! More!

**17** - The Wes Craven Interview; Dick Smith and *Ghost Story;* Beautiful Fiona Lewis; Gorey H.G. Lewis; Sam Fuller's *White Dog;* screenwriter Alan Ormsby; Nyong-nyong-nyong—more!

**18** - Burman on *Cat People* and *The Beast Within;* On Set: Carpeter's *The Thing*, Romero's *Creepshow;* Allison Hayes; Gollygoshwow, More!

**19** - Byron Kennedy on *The Road Warrior;* Cronenberg, Carpenter, Landis panel discussion; The Dick Miller Interview; *Poltergeist;* Holy Moly! More!

**20** - The Joe Dante Interview; Carpenter on *The Thing;* Landis, Carpenter, Cronenberg 2; Horror + Wrestling = WOW!; Milligan's (Staten) Island; Crom! More!

**21** - Craig Reardon and *Poltergeist;* Bottin and *The Thing;* Miner on *Friday the 13th Pt 2; Sword and the Sorceror;* Zacherle!; Yipes—More!

**22** - Romero on *Creepshow; Halloween III;* Ingrid Pitt; Doug White on *F13-3* FX; Legendary Tor Johnson; Corscarelli's *Besatmsater*; (Gasp!) More!

**23** - Hooper on *Poltergeist* and *Texas Chainsaw Massacre;* Sa, Raimi's *Evil dead; Halloween III* FX; Curtis *(Queen of Blood)* Harrington; and (I can't take it!) More!

**24** - ILM's *Poltergeist* FX; Larry Cohen's *Q*; Ackermonster's FM Sayonara; *The Sender; XTRO;* Bloodfarming with Ed Kelleher; and (you'll take it and like it) More!

**25** - Cronenberg on *Videodrome;* Savini after *Creepshow;* McGavin on *Kolchak; Alone in the Dark;* Streiber on *The Hunger*; Caramba! More!

**26** - Smith's *Hunger* FX; Gorgeous Tanya Roberts; FX of Caglione, Munns, Beswick; Michael *(Mark of the Devil)* Armstrong; Ted *(Corpse Grinders)* Mikels; And (by Popular Demand!) More!

**27** - "Gore and Me" by Savini!; Tony Perkins interviewed; Forry on Chaney; *Evil dead* FX; Pete *(Flesh and Blood Show)* Walker; Ray Bradbury; And a plethora of More!

**28** - *Psycho II* director Franklin; FX of Smith, Fullerton and Buechler; Uncle Bob flips out on the *Dead Zone* set; The Incredibly Strange Ray Dennis Steckler; And (what a concept) More!

**29** - George *(Road Warrior)* Miller and Dick Miller on *Twilight Zone;* Cronenberg on *Dead Zone;* Joe Alves on *Jaws 3-D;* H.G. Lewis book exerpt; Bloody Ghastly Horror of Sam Sherman; Lucio Fulci interviewed; More (a real glut)!

**30** Debra Hill and *Dead Zone;* Laurel's TV Halloween Treat; Chainsaw mayhem in *Pieces;* Matheson on *TZ* and *Jaws 3-D;* Don *(Psychomania)* Sharp; Richard E. Cunha; The Fango Index; Bountifully More!

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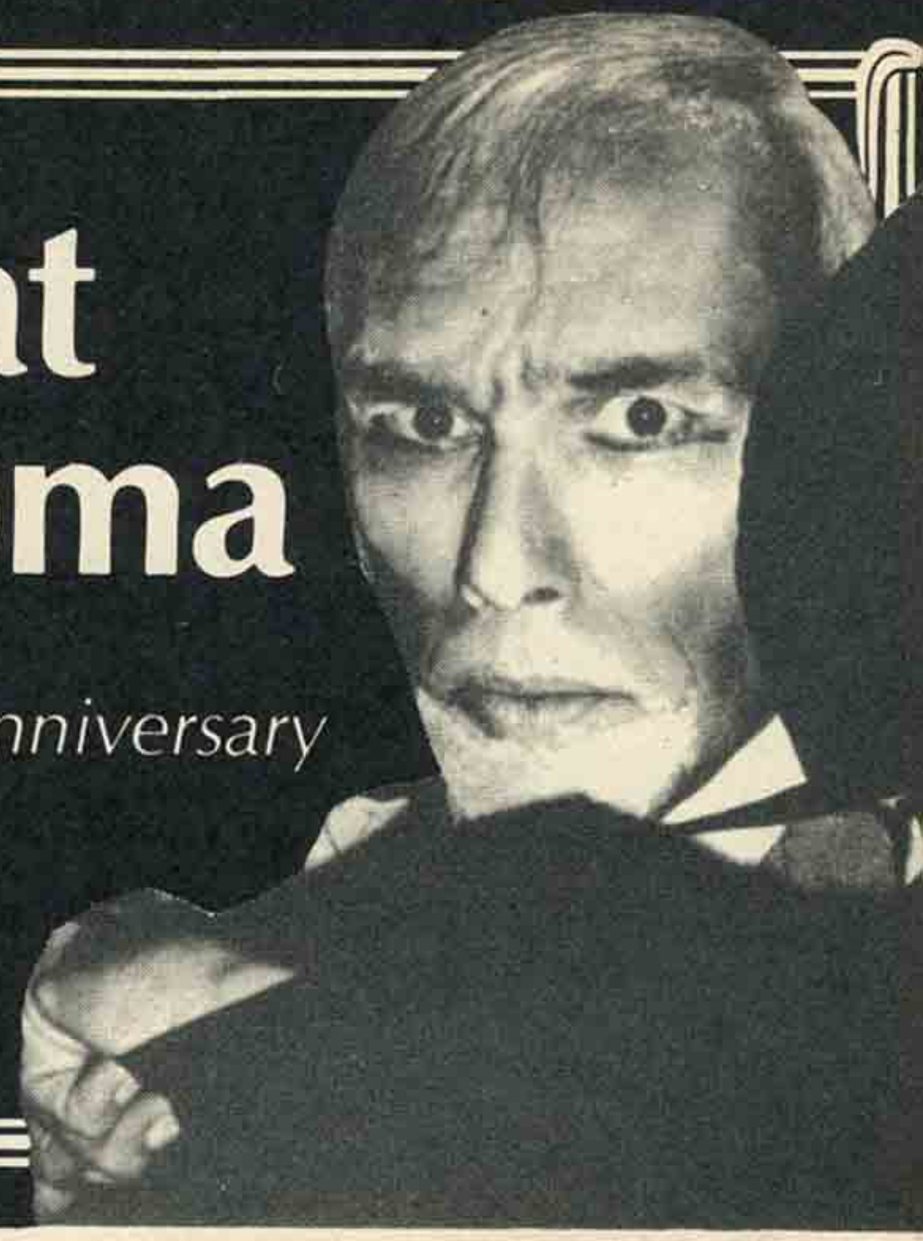
# The Host That Stalked Oklahoma

*The Infamous Count Gregore on his 25th Anniversary as Horror Host of the Prairie*



By John Wooley

Some say it all started back in 1956, when a revival of *King Kong* appeared on television and surprised almost everyone with its popularity, drawing something like 80 percent of the audience in New York. The success of *Kong* apparently convinced the folks at Screen Gems, Inc., to go ahead and buy the package of old Universal horror films they had been considering, and to summarily ship them out to television stations nationwide as a package called *Shock Theatre*, spawning the first wave of horror hosts in America.

John Ferguson, in his alter-ego of Count Gregore, was there almost from the beginning. This in itself is not so unusual. In the late 1950's, caped and fanged horror hosts were everywhere. San Francisco had "Terrance" and Fort Worth had "Gorgon"; "Dr. Lucifer" menaced the airwaves in Balitmore, and mild mannered bachelor John Zacherle made "Roland" in Philadelphia the nation's first big horror-host star.

But Count Gregore is different. While the above-named hosts and legions of others like them have all but faded from the scene, as nostalgic midnight figures dimly remembered from another time, the Count has gone on.

This year, John Ferguson will celebrate his 25th year as Oklahoma City's Master of Scaremonies. The same evilly-smiling, caped and bearded figure that sent pleasant chills down kids' spines with *Shock Theatre*, *Thriller* and *Nightmare* in the 50's and 60's, was around in the 70's to scare those now-grown-up kids and *their* kids with *Sleepwalker's Matinee*. He continues to spin his own particular web of magic to this day with *Count Gregore Presents*, currently airing late-night Saturdays on KOKH, Channel 25.

Twenty-five years. A long time for anything, especially for a character to survive in the maddeningly capricious world of television, where eight years is considered a phenomenally successful run for any series.

All of this longevity bemuses John Ferguson, a soft-spoken, intelligent man. "This last November," he says, "We ran *Frankenstein*, *The Mummy*, *The Invisible Man*—that whole package I started out with." He is sitting in the spacious living room of his country home outside of Edmond, an Oklahoma City suburb. "What a cycle, right? Here it was 1982, 24 years since I had originally introduced those films on TV. Can you imagine what was going through my mind? All that space in between, and I'm doing the same thing with the same movies. Out of that 24 years, I'd been 17 or 18 years on the air. If you took, say, 17 years and multiplied it by 52 weeks, that's over 800 shows. Then, if you figure the number of times we've appeared in openings, closings, and wraparounds for commericals—about six times per show—that calculates to over 5000 appearances. Five thousand times you were on television, trying to entertain, trying to do something a little different."

Count Gregore has been doing that "something different," by himself and with a parade of sidekicks that have included characters Dr. Digby, Miss Spook, and the leather-jacketed Mr. Ape, since 1958, when *Shock Theatre* first hit the airwaves in Oklahoma City, live and in black and white.

Graduating from Indiana State Teachers College in 1951, Ferguson got his first paying show business gig shortly afterward, when he replaced a man who was touring the country with an act called "Officer Presley's Dog Show."

Ferguson says: "Officer Presley had a safety club, which at one time had over a million members. We'd hit these little schools and give plays about traffic safety, using the dogs as actors. I got 35 dollars a week, plus expenses, for setting up and helping stage the shows. It was there that I was indoctrinated into the jargon of show business—I learned what 'cleaning up the act' really meant."

Ferguson went to Hollywood to try to make it as an actor, but found the new phenomenon of television made the failing movie business nearly impossible to break into. He returned to Oklahoma and, after a stint of work in a clothing store, was able to join the new entertainment craze that he had been unable to beat in California. A friend helped him get into radio and television announcing in Muskogee (of "Okie From . . ." fame). It was a short hop to WKY television in Oklahoma City, and, as the Victorian writers would put it, John Ferguson's date with destiny.

Soon after landing the announcer's job at WKY, Ferguson found himself playing a villain on a popular local kid's show, *3-D Danny*. Ferguson's character, "The Duke of Mukeden," was patterned after Ming the Merciless, Flash Gordon's nemesis. It was good practice for what came next: an offer to create a new character to go with the *Shock Theatre* package WKY had just bought from Screen Gems.

"We knew John Zacherle was having success in Philadelphia," Ferguson says, "and I think Screen Gems suggested that we emulate that character's approach a little."

Count Gregore and *Shock Theatre*—live—took to the air in May of 1958. Ferguson remembers well the first letter it elicited.

"I can still see it today," he says. "The writer was a flim buff, and he talked about the 'interruptions' and the 'idiocy of the character.' The gist of it was, 'take him off and show the movies—who needs all this?'

As it turned out, Ferguson didn't need to be worried about the character's popularity. When the ratings book came out shortly thereafter, Shock Theatre was a healthy winner. An indication of that success occurred on Halloween that year. The Count was supposed to appear at the nearby Frontier City to hand out 1000 masks of himself to costumed fans and bring back the person wearing the best costume to appear on his show later that

night. As he drove to the event in the unseasonable 30-degree weather he was sure no one was going to bother to come and brave the cold. It turned out that 3000 people turned out to see the horror host that night.

Count Gregore's shows can best be described as playfully macabre. Ferguson loves puns, both verbal and visual, and the program at its best is a kind of *Hellzapoppin'* with monsters. "Essentially, we do comedy blackouts," says Ferguson, "but we have one premise for each show that the blackouts center around."

He has become adept at using existing sets and props. Many times, he has come to the studio, seen something that wasn't there before, and built a show around it.

Ferguson says: "One time the station's art director had some castle flats left over from some big production or other. I saw them and decided we'd use them as Count Gregore's mansion, make them a part of the show. They were going to change the set soon, so a couple of guys who help me on the show came in, and the whole premise was that they were interior decorators, helping me remodel the castle. Only they decided they'd use dynamite. All through the show, we did bits with them supposedly planting dynamite all around the castle, and for the close, they detonated the dynamite, and began counting down: Ten. . . nine . . . eight. . . and all the time they were heading for the door.

"I said, 'Oh, by the way, that door doesn't work.' And they stopped, frozen, still counting. Then we faked an explosion and edited there. We went out, got debris, dust, wood, and blacked our faces. Meanwhile, the crew came in and moved the flats. When we picked up the edit, it looked as if everything was blown to bits, and sawdust was being dropped on our heads, a doorframe was around my neck, the flats were gone and all this rubble around, and the guys were still counting—three. . . two. . . one. . . We made a whole show out of a set change."

Another time, Ferguson came to the studio and saw a tableful of 50 or 60 telephones, left over from election coverage the night before.

"I thought, what an opportunity," he says. "When will I ever have all these phones again, and what can we do with them? So we had Mr. Ape go into business for himself with an answering service. Mr. Ape, unfortunately, can't talk, so I ended up answering all the phones, and we did a whole show with those phones, the Count frantically taking calls, and all sorts of weird people phoning in."

Over the years the Oklahoma Count has had more comebacks than Lazarus. *Shock Theatre* was bumped after a couple of years due to programming changes, but Ferguson bounced back quickly to substitute for Boris Karloff as host for the *Thriller* series to bolster that show's local ratings. When *Thriller* went off the air, the Count popped up on the horror-movie show *Nightmare* for WKY's rival KOCO-TV. He left this show for a well-paying sales job, only to return to the tube on WKY to launch *Sleepwalker's Matinee* (a combination of both comedy and horror films), and since then, for the last few years, has been hosting *Count Gregore Presents* on UHF station KOKH-TV.

An especially rewarding juncture in his horrific television career was the public response to his farewell performance on *Nightmare*. Dispensing with gags, he stood before the camera and removed his Gregore makeup bit by bit while John Ferguson, the man underneath, delivered a heartfelt goodbye to his viewers. When he started his new job, Ferguson then received letters and cards from his fans, still loyal, some of whom said they had cried at his leaving. His triumphant return, on *Sleepwalker's Matinee*, followed within a matter of months.

"It was so gratifying," says Ferguson now, "to be out somewhere and have people walk up and hug you, to have people say they were glad you were back. People of all ages.

"I guess Count Gregore just became a part of growing up. I think people in this part of the country have more of a tendency to stay around. Roots are deep here, and the people who first watched the show have raised their kids on it."

Twenty-five years with the same character has given John Ferguson a wealth of memories. He recalls the time, back during the days of his live show, when he was driving back from the studio in full Count Gregore makeup and costume. It was very early morning, and the only other car on the street carried one obviously inebriated driver. The two cars pulled up to a stoplight next to each other, and the man looked over just in time to see Ferguson fix him in his best vampiric stare.

"He, shall we say, laid rubber," laughs Ferguson.

Another time, a rival station scheduled a horror movie opposite the Count to try and lure monster fans away. Ferguson found out that the movie was going to be *The Blob*.

"We came on the air that night, and I said, 'We have a little information we'd like to pass on tonight before we get into our movie.' At the same time, the director had typed on the crawl 'Public Information Message.' What the public information message was, what I was telling them was: 'Our movie tonight is such-and-such. Now there's another movie playing tonight starting at the same time called *The Blob*, and before you turn the dial let me tell you this: Steve McQueen and Aneta Corseaut are trapped in this diner at the end, and the Blob comes in, and they freeze it. . . .' We told them the whole ending of the movie, so why turn over, you know?

The story is interrupted several times by laughter. "What we found out later was that they didn't even *run* the movie. It was in the paper but they pulled it." In Ferguson's nostalgic laughter there is a bit of Count Gregore's maniacal chuckle, just a hint of his alter-ego, who still shines brightly, an enduring star in the horror-host constellation of macabre entertainers.

**In the old live days of *Shock Theatre*, Count Gregore (right) puts some finishing touches on an associate's crew-cut.**

# NIGHTMARE LIBRARY

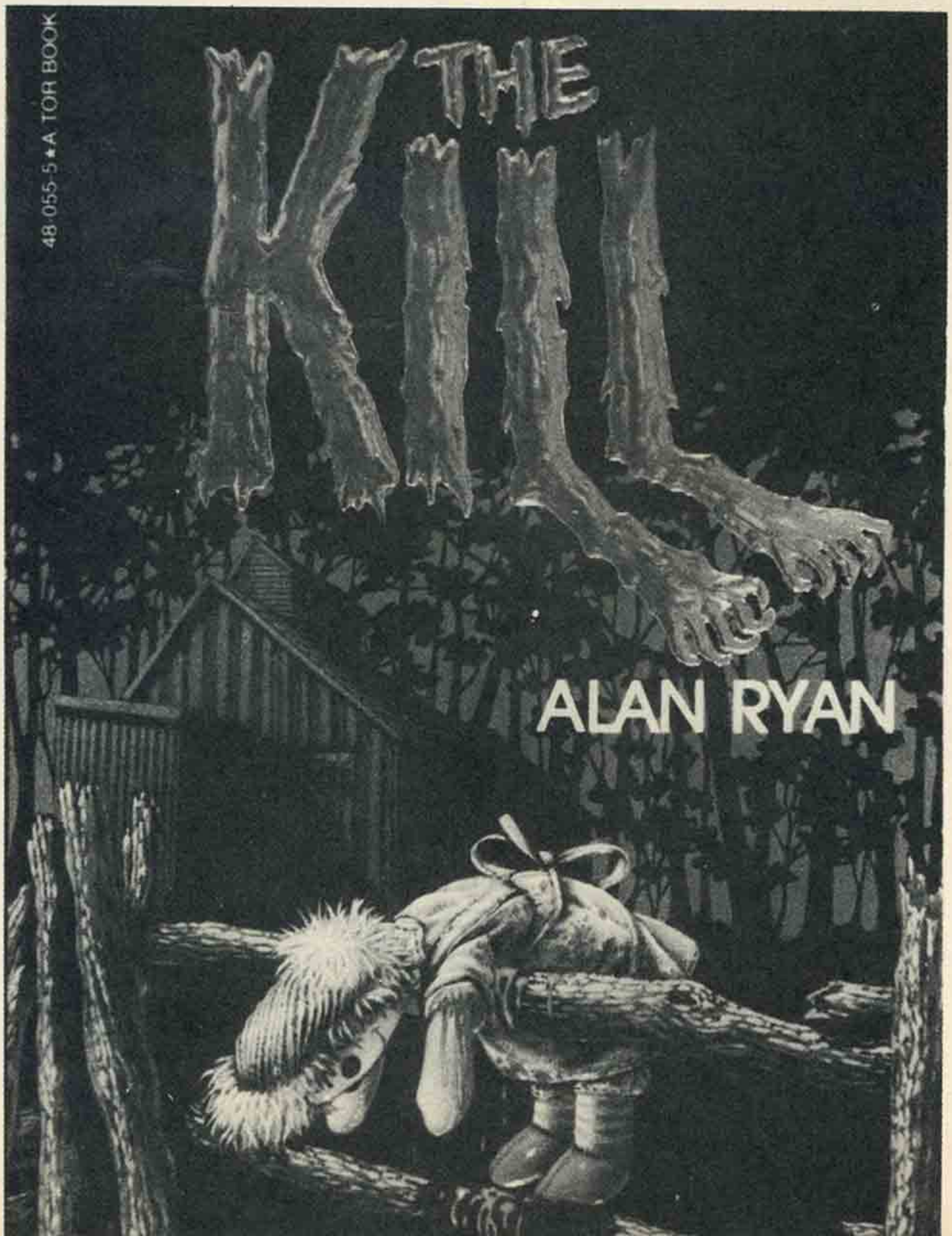
By David Sherman

***The Kill***
**Tor Books, 312 pages, $2.95**

You're in a bus station somewhere in Indiana. Your $13.50 ticket entitles you to a kidney-punishing eight-hour ride to Baltimore. The bus isn't due for another 45 minutes. It's 10:30 on a Thursday night, and it's raining.

There are five other people in the waiting room. One is a plump grandmother in a sleeveless cotton dress. There's a five-year-old asleep in her lap, and two overstuffed shopping bags flanking her legs. The grandmother's eyes are fixed in a thousand-yard stare, like a combat GI who's listened to one too many 18-inch shells whistling over his foxhole. The kid is sleeping with his mouth open, revealing two missing baby teeth and a golfball-sized wad of Hubba Bubba.

Over by the wall is a sailor, slumped against his duffel bag. His most distinguishing features are his Adam's apple, a peach-fuzz mustache, and a complexion which in flourescent light resembles the multicolored gravel you put at the bottom of your aquarium. He keeps scratching at a spot under his left sleeve, where the skin of his arm has been vigorously protesting the addition of a 20-dollar tattoo. The sailor chain-smokes Marlboros and gazes wistfully at the entrance, as if expecting someone to show up and rescue him. Preferably last month's Penthouse Pet. He's coming to the conclusion that passing Earth Science and cleaning the garage on Saturdays weren't as intolerable as he had thought.




Also present are two indigenous rummies. These two aren't headed anywhere, except out on to the sidewalk at six am, when they find themselves at the business end of a push broom, in the company of flattened butts and crumpled cellophane. One tramp is sound asleep, with a half-consumed bottle of cooking sherry cradled under his arm. His colleague is engrossed in the logistics of trying to scratch his ankle, periodically supplying the finest incoherent commentary that 30,000 hickory-cured brain cells can produce.

It's going to be a long night.

You already know that the ride ahead stacks up as an endurance run. The best you can hope for is that you won't be forced to sit next to someone who a) has recently been released from any type of public institution, b) is a product of a foreign culture where bathing is considered heresy, c) carries a disease that the Surgeon General cannot yet find a name for, or d) all of the above.

Sleeping on the bus will probably be out of the question. Someone will lift your wallet. Or worse. You've got to find something to help you pass the time. Something to read. . . Yeah, that's it. Something to read.

Over in the far corner of the waiting room is a concession stand. And is it--? Yes. You're in luck. It's still open.

The stand looks like it hasn't changed since the second Roosevelt administration. So does the guy behind the counter, who looks at you with as much interest as he would expend on a paint chip flaking off the wall. He's got two tin signs mounted on the wooden frame of his stand. One shows a smiling gent in a fedora, an unfiltered cigarette poised between his fingers. Old Golds. Hell, do they even *make* those anymore? The other sign features the familiar 7-Up logo, and the slogan, "You Like It! It Likes You!" Maybe so, but it hasn't mentioned it since 1963.

There's a selection of candy that must have been delivered through the time tunnel as well. Mike-n-Ike's. Mexican Hats. Lik-m-Aid. Fifth Avenue bars. And Adams' Blackjack gum. But

there's plenty of time to stock up on provisions later. First things first. Gotta make the *important* selection.

What'll it be? Paperback or magazine? Or one of each? Let's see what they have. Do the magazines first; they're cheaper.

Hm-m-m. Whole mess o' dirty books. The guy is giving you the evil eye. Better not try to scope any of the pictures inside. No point buying one of these anyhow. Bus rides are uncomfortable enough without getting all hot and bothered over pictures of naked folks. Best to peruse some of the more mainstream publications. Skip the news stuff. "Special Feature: Economic Outlook for Equatorial Africa." Right. Maybe some other time. Nothing personal, fellas.

Also disregard housewife magazines, dumb hobby magazines, fashion magazines, outdated sport season previews, and lunatic fringe issues ("Lesbian Aerobic Surfing Quarterly"). They gotta have *something* decent.

"Hey, buddy. You carry FANGORIA?"

"Over there. Next to *Cracked*."

"Where? I don't see any."

"You see *Cracked?*"

"Yeah."

"Right next to it."

"It's empty. There's an empty space."

"All sold out."

"Figures."

No point asking for *Soldier of Fortune*. If *Fango* is gone . . . Nuts.

You look over the scandal sheets. Here's the headlines from this week's *National Informer:*

TALKING TO YOUR PET CAN CURE CANCER

PRINCESS DI'S CASSEROLE SECRETS

PSYCHIC REVEALS: ELVIS PHONED ME FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE

Man, you *gotta* be living in a trailer to read *that* crap. Enough already.

You better buy a book.

The guy has one of those paperback carousels that squeaks when you turn it. Another fine selection awaits.

You skim over the former best-sellers that have gone yellow around the edges. *Love Story?* You're getting desperate.

Shlocky romance? No.

Self-help manuals? No.

Diet books? No.

Merv Griffin autobiographies? Be serious.

Preppy handbooks, Valley Girl handbooks, "Real Men Don't Eat Quiche"? Good lord, no. You'd be better off buying two hundred pieces of gum and reading the Bazooka Joe comics.

You want a book that really grabs you. A guaranteed page-turner. A novel that you won't be able to put down all the way to Baltimore. Preferably scary, with lots of good violence. Like the kind of stuff that guy reviews in Fango. A book that hops out of the rack, kicks you in the shin, and shouts: read me! It's got to have a short, punchy title and a nice gory cover.

A book that looks like this one here . . . *The Kill*, by Alan Ryan. Far out. Dynamite cover. Got a Raggedy Ann doll draped over a rail fence, dripping blood all over the place. Now *this* looks like a genuine bus station book. If only you could check out the Nightmare Library rundown before you invested your hard-earned bucks . . .

*The Kill.* How can a book with such a boffo title go wrong?

Easy. It can be talky and boring and overloaded with unnecessary expository descriptions of scenery, and only have a couple of murders and hardly any gore. And, unfortunately, it is. Or does. Or doesn't.

First off, by "Kill," the author is slipping you a little double meaning. Yes, he means kill as in make dead, but he also means kill as in "creek," or little river. As in Deacon's Kill, a seemingly peaceful hamlet in rural upstate New York. But there are strange goings-on in Deacon's Kill. Not enough to juice 312 pages out of, but that doesn't stop Alan Ryan from giving it the old college try.

Up in the hills near the town, there's this invisible murderer lurking around. Invisible murderers can be rather unnerving, but not if nobody notices them. Or their handiwork. Sorry to say, hardly anybody in Deacon's Kill seems to notice. The murderer keeps a low profile (which is infinitely easier when you don't *have* a profile), occasionally doing in a stray farm animal or runaway kid. But the townies take it in stride; they don't even know he (it?) is out there.

Enter Jack and Megan Todd, two highly motivated self-starters from New York City. They both work in publishing; he's an editor, she's a graphic artist. One of their upscale SoHo friends has bought an old farmhouse near the Kill, and decides to pile an entire loft party into a tour bus and truck it upstate. All well and good, until one of the guests wanders into the woods and is summarily dispatched by the Invisible Whatever. Inexplicable homicides can throw a wet blanket over even the perkiest party, so the remaining revelers decide to high-tail it back to the friendly confines of Lower Manhattan. Except for Jack and Megan. Jack and Megan have had it with the hustle and bustle of the urban rat race. They've decided (with apologies to John Denver) that life on a farm is pretty laid back, and ain't nothin' much a country boy he can't hack. Apparently including murders in the backyard. Jack and Megan are staying on in the old house up in Deacon's Kill.

So here you have a classic set-up for some suspenseful horror. Modern-day homesteaders terrorized by supernatural frontier demon. All kinds of opportunities present themselves for the author to build tension and fear with a succession of baffling and grisly attacks. Ryan, however, opts not to. Instead, he proceeds to wax poetic for a hundred pages or so about the joys of the simple life. Swiss Family Todd goes shopping for hiking boots and fills their lungs with pine-scented air. Very scary.

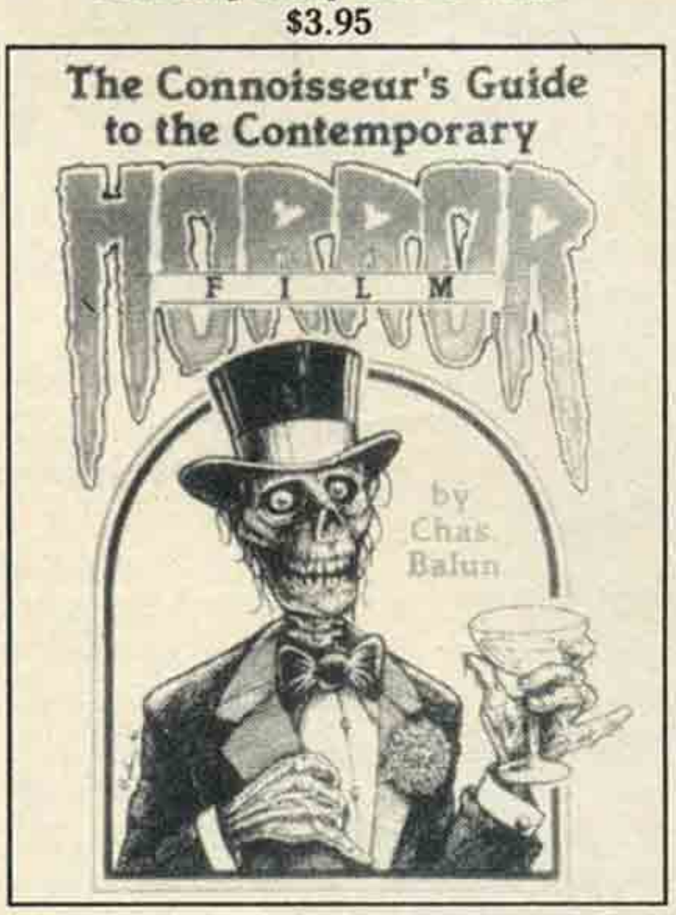
In all fairness, the Invisible Whatever isn't *completely* forgotten. The local sheriff—whom Jack and Megan have become fast friends with—has his suspicions about them thar woods, and is conducting the most excruciatingly slow homicide investigation in the annals of law enforcement. The killer stomps around the woods unmolested, munching tree bark and breathing asthmatically. If you're hoping for spine-tingling action, you'd stand a better chance watching a "Davey and Goliath" re-run.

Yes, the good burghers of Deacon's Kill *do* eventually find out what the unseen monster is, where it came from, and what it wants. But the explanation is so incredibly dopey that you'll want to poke the author in the eye.

After wading through gallons of bucolic Wheateena, it would be hard to imagine a climax exciting enough to salvage *The Kill.* Ryan takes a weak swing and taps it back to the mound. The ending is no less lame than the rest of the novel. Oh, well. Better luck next time, Al. Sorry to say, *The Kill* is aptly named; it's a stiff.

Moral of the story: There are no bad bus stations. Only bad bus station books.

***The Connoisseur's Guide to the Contemporary Horror Film***
$3.95




Honorable mention this month goes to a sort-of book entitled *The Connoisseur's Guide to the Contemporary Horror Film.* I say "sort of" book, because it's only 28 pages long. Twenty-eight by my count, anyhow; the pages aren't numbered. There's also no publisher. There is, however, an author, one Chas. Balun. One would presume that his full name is Charles, but it appears throughout simply as "Chas." So Chas. it is. Chas. apparently had this modest tome printed himself, in addition to writing and illustrating it.

The *Guide* is a friendly little compilation of capsule reviews of the better-known slasher, zombie and occult movies of the past 15 years. Balun rates them on a scale of one to three, represented by little axes, instead of stars. Cute. You may not agree with his judgement (*Terror Train* gets a higher rating than *Alien*???), but that's what makes politics, horse races, and singles bars. The critiques are brief, entertaining, and sometimes amusing. Frequent spelling and typographical errors add a nice homey touch to the book, like a do-it-yourself soapbox racer that's slightly lopsided. And if you've just recently come down from a monastery in Tibet, and want to catch up on horror flicks, the *Guide* may provide you with a useful summary of recent achievements. It's a coffee table book—assuming you have a *very* small coffee table. Still, the idea of paying $3.95 for a booklet thin enough to be slipped under the bathroom door may diminish your potential support of Chas. Balun's literary cottage industry. Nor am I quite certain where you might purchase a copy; I got mine from Fango Editor David Everitt. Where *he* got it I didn't ask; if you value your health, you don't question a guy like Dave Everitt too closely.

My copy was personally autographed by the author. Maybe yours will be too.

One final note: The back cover of the *Horror Film Guide* has a photograph of the redoubtable Mr. Balun, about to do something very unsettling involving a sharp carving knife and a tiny kitten. Nightmare Library is going to assume it's all in sick fun, and that the kitten is alive and well and wrestling with a piece of yarn on your living room carpet, Chas. Otherwise, next month's Fango will feature a photograph of something very unsettling about to happen involving your skull, a heavy-duty industrial punch-press, and an Editor-at-Large who shall remain nameless.

# PIECES

## *From Spain with gore and guffaws.*

**By David Everitt**

An independent film distributor has got to keep a sharp eye on foreign film production in order to sift through all the inept exploitation fare for that occasional picture that combines professionalism with commercial value. But sometimes, he might not be looking for something good enough—he just might decide to take on something bad enough.

Edward Montoro of Film Ventures says that the first time he saw the shot-in-Spain feature *Pieces,* he "sat there in stunned shock." In fact, he thought the movie was bad enough to turn down. Not only was he not impressed by the quality of the production, to say the least, he was not fond of the subject matter (psycho-slasher on the prowl—a genre Montoro likes to stay away from). Why, then, did he decide to acquire *Pieces* for distribution in the U.S.?

Montoro says, "I didn't want to take the film until the producer Steve Minasian said, 'Go screen it for an audence.' Well, I screened it for a paying audience in San Diego, and they screamed at the gore parts, but basically they laughed all the way through the film. They absolutely loved the picture. That's what made me change my mind about this particular film; I normally wouldn't want this type of slasher picture, but the audience started laughing right away. You know, you put 200 people in a theater and they start to laugh and it's infectious. There's a lot of gore, but for the most part it's really very unintentional camp.

"At one point in the screening, the film broke for eight minutes. I figured, now everyone's gonna leave, right? They're going to walk out. But they came out and smoked cigarettes and talked about who could be the killer and how much fun they were having. So I thought I might end up with a cult classic."

*Pieces* opens, as you might expect, with a macabre prologue from the past. The scene this time is Boston, 1942. Something evil is festering in Beantown, you bet, and it all starts in a little boy's bedroom. The kid is hard at work *piecing* together a jigsaw puzzle of a naked lady (not a good sign—you know that whenever there's sex, grisly death is sure to follow). Mom barges into the room, sees the dirty puzzle on the floor, and flips out. What a filthy, disgusting mind her boy has got, just like dad. She tears the puzzle apart, bunches it up, gathers up everything else in the room she deems naughty, and tells the kid to get a garbage bag. The kid is a little confused. He picks up an axe instead of a garbage bag (anyone can make a mistake) and whacks his old lady in the skull—just for starters.

Cut to the present, to an unnamed Boston college campus somewhere in Spain. It's a normal day, just like any other. Teachers prepare their lessons, students file in and out of classrooms, and girls talk about having violent sex on water beds. One shapely co-ed is stretched out on her front lawn, studying for a test, while someone next door is revving up a chainsaw. Enter mysterious psycho He crosses over to the girl's yard and, in no uncertain terms, chainsaws her head off.

**Our young hero gets even with mom for busting up his puzzle.**

The police are in a quandary, as is so often the case when a girl is decapitated on a front lawn on a well-populated residential street in broad daylight. Leading the quandary is Christopher George, hard-nosed, cigar-chomping police inspector. He is even more at a loss when a second co-ed is chopped up. It seems that, while studying for her finals in the campus library, this girl couldn't fight the impulse to have sex in the college swimming pool. While she waited for her boyfriend by the darkened pool, a man in a long black coat approached, with chainsaw flashing.

While examining the sawed-off remains, George begins to see a psychotic pattern emerging. In both murders, one section of anatomy is missing. What sick impulse could this bizarre modus operandi serve?

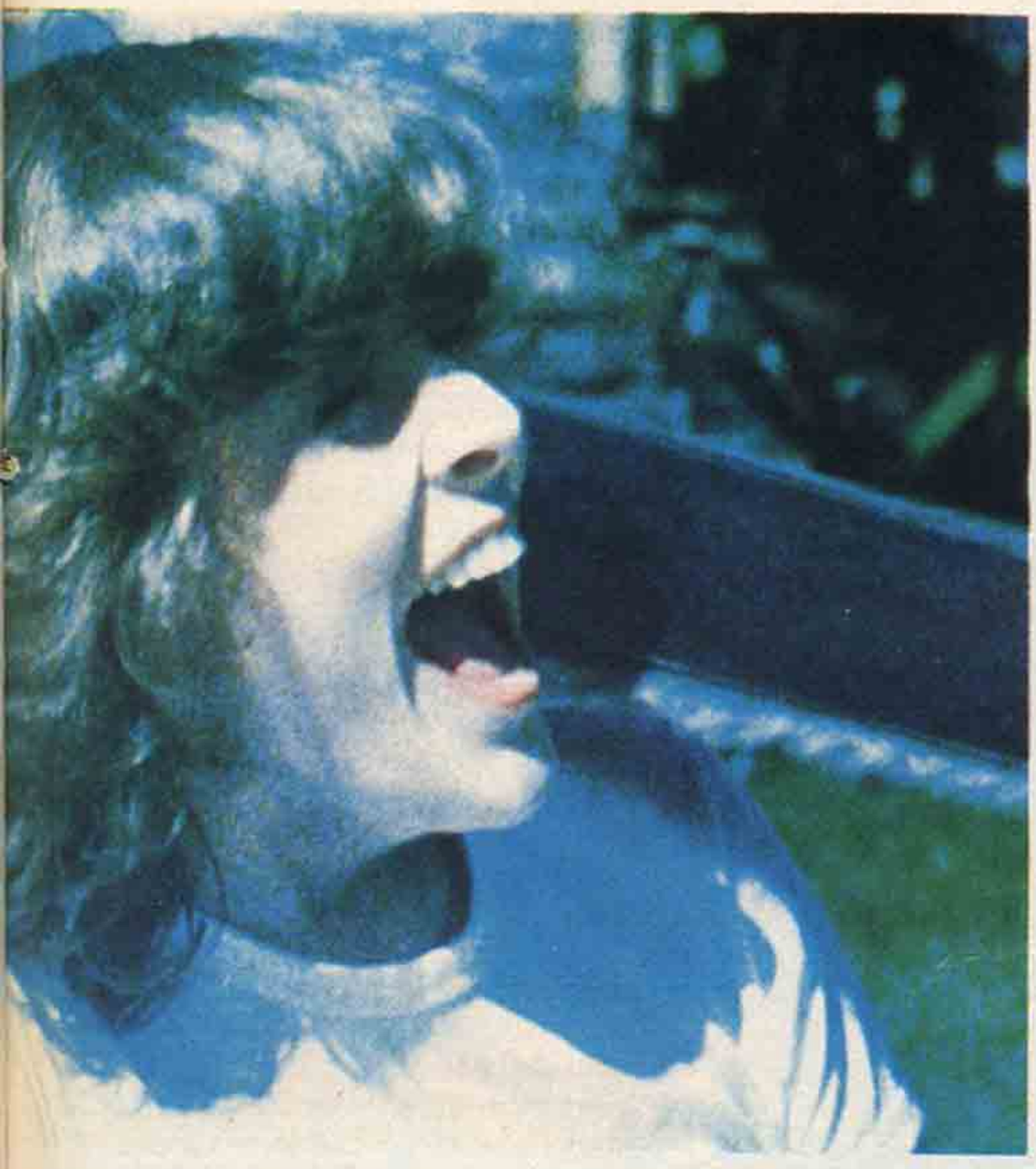
A collection of suspects comes to the police's attention. There is the burly, shifty-eyed gardener—who makes his living with a chainsaw. He comes under suspicion because he tends to look at people manically and because he's played by Paul Smith, the man whose brutal screen record includes the role of the sadistic prison guard in *Midnight Express* and Bluto in *Popeye*. Then there is the latent homosexual anatomy professor—after all, he knows where all the parts are. And then there is the college dean who wishes to keep the murders a secret. A perplexing array of possible chainsaw-murderers. What would you do to crack such an incredibly violent and mysterious case? Well, if you were Christopher George, you would want a beautiful female tennis pro, who happens to be a member of the police force, to set herself up as a decoy on campus. Luckily for George, a beautiful female tennis pro *does* work on the Boston police force, in the person of Lynda Day George. Fortunately, she's not very busy (what tennis pro employed by the police is?) and there's nothing she would like better than to serve herself up as the ferocious killer's next victim.

The killings keep on coming, if not by chainsaw then by trusty old kitchen knife. But the murderer is not indiscriminate. He only stalks those girls who damn themselves by committing sluttish sexual acts, like taking their clothes off in the locker room after a tennis match.

By cleverly enlisting the aid of an insipid male student on campus, Christopher and Lynda Day George gradually close in on the

PHOTOS: © 1983 FILM VENTURES

**Opposite Top Right and Left: A comely co-ed is given her just desserts for studying on her lawn in a short skirt. Bottom: Paul "Bluto" Smith tries to look inconspicuous.**



**More gore highlights from Film Ventures' bid for camp cultdom. Do you think maybe this chainsaw guy doesn't like girls?**

homicidal maniac. The identity of the killer will remain a secret in these pages, just as his motivation remains a secret in the film. Just let me say that the finale to *Pieces* was the best stupid ending I saw all week.

Montoro has no compunctions about discussing how absurd his current release is. "The part I really loved," he says, " and the part that really broke up the audience, is the scene where the girl is waiting for the elevator and the killer comes up and she doesn't suspect anything. He enters the elevator and she doesn't notice the chainsaw that he's holding behind his back. And I also thought the tennis match was particularly good. It sounded like a Super-Bowl crowd cheering, and then they cut up to the crowd and there's 15 people turning their heads from side to side." He appreciates the dubbing of the film as well ("especially when the words are coming and the lips ain't moving").

The advertising that Film Ventures has concocted emphasizes this campy quality. On the posters, directly underneath the title *Pieces* is the line "It's exactly what you think it is." Has Montoro acquired any other horror pictures before on the basis that they are so bad that they're funny? "Not really," Montoro says, "this is really an original. All in all, there aren't too many pictures made like this," he adds with a laugh. "This is an experiment for us in a way."

Montoro believes that it is an experiment that will succeed. He believes that people will pay money to see an unintentionally funny horror show. He says, "If the audience enjoys itself, for whatever reason, they're going to talk about the picture and that's going to create business. And I think that *Pieces* is a genuinely, if unintentionally, entertaining picture.

"I'll tell you how sharp the audience is with this movie. As you know, it starts back in the 40's, and the mother's got the line, 'Get me a plastic garbage bag.' The audience roars at that. They picked up immediately on the fact that there were no plastic garbage bags back then. I was really amazed because you don't normally think of audiences for this type of picture to be listening that closely. You're not looking for rapt attention ordinarily and I thought stuff like that would go right by them. But they picked it up right away and we had one of our first big laughs in the picture."

As for the explicit violence, *Pieces* is a kind of breakthrough movie for Film Ventures in that it is the first unrated picture they have released. Gorehounds will no doubt find something to look at in *Pieces,* but Montoro seems to have selected this picture despite that quality. "Right after *Dawn of the Dead,*" Montoro says, "the Italians had a whole run of cannibal/gore movies, but I never distributed any of those pictures. They distinctly lacked any sense of humor, either intentional or unintentional. To me, they weren't entertaining. *Pieces*, most likely unintentionally, certainly has a sense of humor about it. And at the same time, the picture incites enough of a scream from the audience to make it pay off for the gore aspect. Personally, when I see things that are very explicit, I usually turn my eyes away. I like being scared, but I don't like gore. With *Pieces,* though, I didn't take my eyes off the screen because it never affected me, maybe because the fun parts took the edge away. It was too ludicrous."

# DR. CYCLOPS Extra

**BASKET CASE (MEDIA HOME ENTERTAINMENT):** The last time I devoted a full page to a video release, it was *Blood Feast*, the first H.G. Lewis film to enter the home market. It's therefore appropriate that we should similiarly honor the first feature of Frank Henenlotter, which is itself dedicated to the godfather of gore.

Twisted comedy? Splatter movie? Henenlotter's answer to the Hilton Sisters? Scathing satirical comment on man's inhumanity to misshapen lump of flesh? *Basket Case* has been called all of that, and more. The plot itself indicates that the writer-director's head is not threaded in quite the same way that yours and mine are. Duane and Belial are Siamese twins: one healthy in appearance, while the other resembles a well-used kneaded eraser. Their mother was fortunate enough to die in childbirth, but Dad can't stand the sight of the little twisted Beliah and arranges for the twins' separation by the knife. Beliah, who was "attached" to his sibling in more ways than one, doesn't take kindly to such treatment, and sets off on a vengeance trail.

A case could be made for this film as a Freudian metaphor, with Beliah as the raging id, acting out every murderous desire (even engaging in patricide!), and Duane as the suffering superego, striving for control—or vice versa. But such an exercise would be better suited to a higher-toned film journal—if all of them hadn't chosen to ignore this gem (but then it took them several years to see anything in Romero).

For those of us who just like to sit back and enjoy a nice, twisted, and very *wet* splatter movie—one that also has a story, I might add—*Basket* Case reminds me of what they used to say about Lucky Strikes: it satisfies!

# MONSTER INVASION

***Up-to-the-minute warnings of what's coming your way!***

PHOTO: © 1983 DON DOHLER

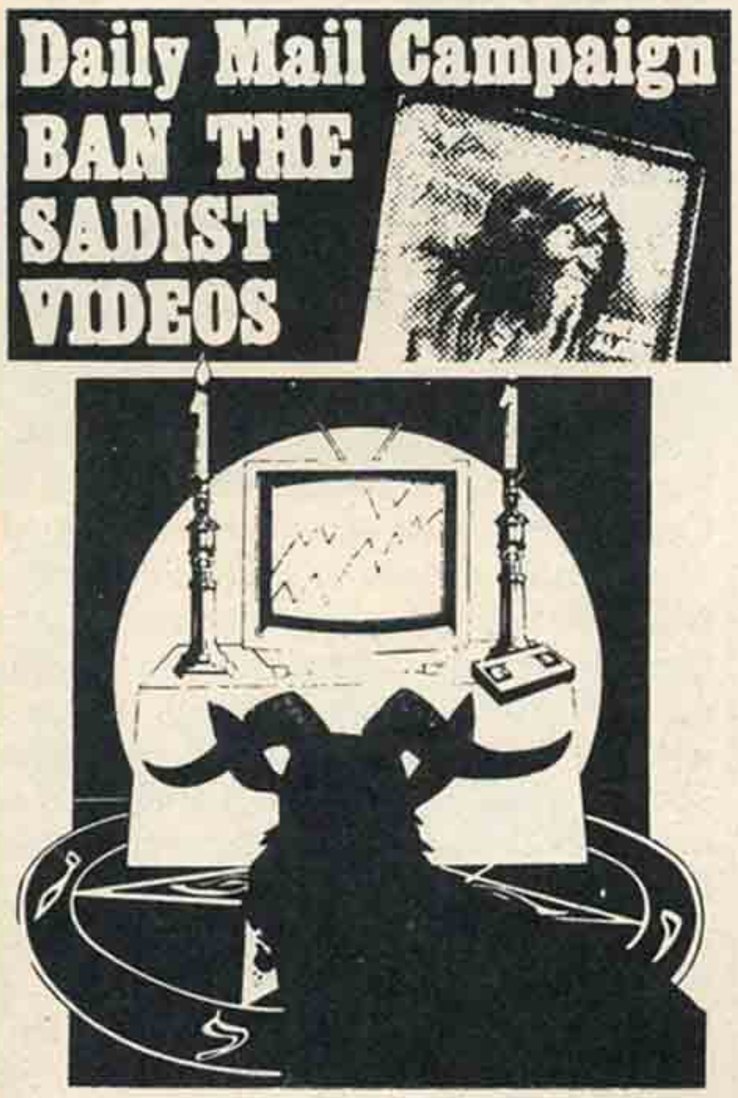
PHOTO: © 1983 GRAVITY FILMS

**Feisty independents make their bid for horrific fame. Left: The irrepressible Don Dohler, founder of *Cinemagic* Magazine and Maryland movie producer, has completed his third horror feature, *Nightbeast*. Here we see actor George Stover in the clutches of the title creature, sculpted by John Dods. Above: Just a guy named Ygor with another pesky crossbow wound in the skull. From the almost-completed *Bloodshed*.**

**NIGHTBEAST:** Baltimore is not only the hometown of professional sleaze John Waters, it is also the headquarters for independent exploitation filmmaker Don Dohler who has completed his third feature in the horror genre, a sci-fi thriller entitled *Nightbeast*. His first feature *Alien Factor*, released on television but not in theaters, takes place in a town called Perry Hill (a fictionalized version of Dohler's real hometown of Perry Hall) and now producer/director Dohler returns to this setting, complete with many of the same characters, for a story about an alien who crash-lands on earth and starts wiping out citizens of the nearby small town with his laser gun. When the local sheriff destroys the laser, the hideous Nightbeast runs amock without the benefit of space-age technology and mangles all who cross his path with murderous claws. Aggravating the situation is a motorbike psycho who wages his own human reign of terror in between alien assaults. The effects work involved in filming this story, according to a *Nightbeast* press release, is quite extensive for a low-budget production. Larry Schlechter, James Chai and Amodio Giordano supplied the makeup gore effects which included the charred remains of a victim fried by electricity, an obligatory decapitated head, and a bloody chestpiece to be torn off an actress. The Nightbeast was sculpted by *Deadly Spawn* effects man and Fango contributor John Dods (for an interview with Dods, see FANGORIA #28). In addition to these physical effects ordinarily seen in low-budget horror pictures, *Nightbeast* will also feature miniature effects (in the opening space flight sequence), and opticals (to create laser bursts, laser beams, body melt-downs and the destruction of the beast).

*Nightbeast* has already been set for foreign theatrical release and a deal has been made for domestic video release through Paragon Video Productions. As of this writing, no U.S. theatrical release has been finalized.

**BLOODSHED:** Horror movies don't have to be made in the flashy environs of Los Angeles, or in the cerebral milieu of New York, or even in Pittsburgh. They can, conceivably, be made in Putnam County, N.Y. As a matter of fact, producer Jocelyn Beard of Gravity Films has done just that—almost. She concedes that baked beans and blackberry pie may not compare with sushi and Sabretts, but Putnam County is nonetheless the birthplace for her horror-movie-in-the-making *Bloodshed*, which she says, "has everything the people want. We buzzsaw a topless wench in half, skewer a good guy with a pitchfork, slash a little kid's throat, shoot a manaical killer in the head with a crossbow, machete a young ingenue, snap a young man's neck, etc! Oh, I forgot, we also tear the heart out of an unsuspecting hitchhiker." Who says they don't understand commercial values in Putnam County? The one problem is that Gravity Films still has to raise the money for post-production. Even so, *Bloodshed* seems like the kind of picture that Fangorians will want to know about. The story concerns an evil religious cult masterminded by a man named Paul Byron. The cult leader drives a wedge between a couple living on his commune by claiming that their newborn baby is actually his child. A drug raid on the cult breaks things up, the baby is left in the woods, and we jump ahead 16 years later to pick up the story. The abandoned baby has been raised in the forest by a Vietnam Vet/hermit named Hawk. Paul Byron is released from prison and conspires with his trusty assistants Bernard and Ygor to track down the boy whom he believes is his. This process naturally entails a great deal of gruesome violence and requires even more horrific mayhem to set things right. Assuming some more money shows up, you may be hearing more about the adventures of Bernard and Ygor in the future.




**THANK GOD YOU LIVE IN AMERICA DEPARTMENT:** There's no First Amendment in the U.K.; apparently to prove the point, London's newspaper *The Daily Mail* has launched a circulation-grabbing "Ban the Sadists" campaign against the sale of pre-recorded video cassettes with a graphic horror content, on the grounds that purchasers may show such films to youngsters, thus ruining them for life. Strangely, (or perhaps, considering the newspaper's ad revenues, logically enough) the article headlined "Making Millions From Bloodlust" does not mention any major filmmakers or distributors. Primarily, the attack is directed at New York-based independents, a notably impoverished group. Among those on the Mail's hit-list are Brendan Faulkner and Tom Duran (see *Bloody Pulp*, issue #17), who haven't had a single film in release, and Arnold Gargiulo, a fan-makeup artist just turned pro whose only work to see in release is in the relatively mild film *The Deadly Spawn*. Also singled out is non-New Yorker Herschel Gordon Lewis, who hasn't made a film in over a decade—and receives no income from the sale of Lewis films on video. Charles Kaufman, whose *Mother's Day* actually did make money, is also a target—but if he's so rich, why does he still dress like a cab driver?

The *Mail*, happy to start a censorship campaign, but paying no attention to the issue of exactly what will be censored and by whom, seems confident that Parliament will soon be enacting tough new laws to totally ban the sale of certain tapes. Should they be correct, don't think for a minute that *I Spit On Your Grave* is where they'll be drawing the line.

**THE HILLS HAVE EYES 2** is filming as you read, on location in the deserts of the Joshua Tree National Monument and in the hills of Hollywood. We contacted writer-director Wes Craven shortly prior to the scheduled start date; he obligingly filled us in on some of the production's details.

"Bobby and Ruby (played by Robert Houston and Janus Blythe, respectively, in this and in the previous film), are married, and run a Yamaha motorcycle dealership," Craven relates. "Some friends of Bobby's and his wife are off to enter a motocross competition, but they're running late for registration, so they decide to take a short-cut through the desert—over the protests of Ruby and another girl, Cass, who is blind. They take the short-cut, and run into the remnants of Jupiter's gang; Jupiter and Pluto (James Whitworth and Michael Berryman)."

Also returning to the hills are the original's makeup effects man Ken Horn, and production designer Bob Burns, noted for the "cannibal chic" of *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* and *The Howling*.

"We've all remained friends since the first one was made," says Craven of the *Hills* returnees. "And they've hounded us about doing the sequel for years, so we figured, let's have some fun and do it. We wrote a script, it turned out real hot, so we're going to go out and have a rip in the desert. I know there's a certain amount of snobbery about a director doing a sequel to his own film. But screw that!"

*Nightmare on Elm Street* still seems the most likely project for Craven after *Hills 2*—Bob Shaye's New Line Cinema has announced it as such—but several new Craven projects could put that one on the back burner. One of the most interesting of these is Craven's recently-completed script *The Innocents*, concerning a girl's choir that shipwrecks on a Pacific Island and reverts to savagery, which would require the director to endure months on location in the Fiji islands with an all-girl cast. We're angling for a set-visit.

**Ruby from *Hills Have Eyes*, now a Yamaha dealer.**

**SUPER-8 MONSTERS:** The Fifth Annual CINEMAGIC/SVA Short Film Search will screen the winning entries in New York City November 7. This festival encourages young fantasy, horror and SF filmmakers to do their best and bloodiest in both Super-8 and 16mm. There is no charge for admission, but seating is limited. You must have a ticket to get in. For tickets and information, send a S.A.S.E. to CINEMAGIC/SVA Tickets, 475 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10016.

**NEW STEPHEN KING MOVIE:** Five horror movies based on Stephen King's work have been produced, but only one of these, *Creepshow*, was shot from a King script. According to *The Hollywood Reporter*, a second feature will now enter this category. New World Pictures has entered into a co-production deal with Hal Roach Studios to produce *Children of the Corn*, scripted by King from his own short story. A ghost town in Nebraska is the setting for this story, a village that hides a weird secret. A young couple comes upon this town and finds that, contrary to first impressions, inhabitants still lurk in the vicinity, in the cornfields to be exact, where a cult of children reside for some demonic reason. The movie is presently budgeted at $3 million and will be produced by Terry Kirby and directed by Fritz Kiersch. If all goes well, *Children of the Corn* should be before the cameras as you read this and will be released sometime in 1984.

**CORNPONE HORROR:** We have covered quite a few TV horror-show hosts in the pages of FANGORIA, but it has come to our attention that we have never done a story on a host who is broadcasted nationally. The reason for that is simple: there hasn't been a national horror host—at least, not until now. The Nashville Network (TNN) is a national cable service geared, as you might expect, to fans of country & western music. Among their non-country-music shows is a horror-movie program seen on Sundays that is called, appropriately enough, *The Phantom of the Opry*. The master of ceremonies for this program is one Sir Cecil Creep who addresses his audiences from a little known crypt beneath Nashville's Grand Old Opry House. Costumed and made-up in the grand comic-ghastly tradition of American horror-hosting, Sir Cecil Creep (played by Russ McCown) cuts up during intermissions by offering ghoulish lectures on arcane subjects and by sneaking indecent notes to Miss Minnie Pearl's dressing room. The movies shown on *The Phantom of the Opry* are generally pictures in the public domain; if they're not strictly speaking horror films, they're usually mystery or suspense films. Not all of them can exactly be classified as gems (case in point: *Killer Bats, Doomed to Die* and *Mr. Moto's Last Warning*) but the Creep manages to latch onto an interesting item here and there, such as *The Most Dangerous Game*, *Svengali*, Hitchcock's *39 Steps* and Francis Ford Coppola's *Dementia 13*.

**Sir Cecil Creep as the Phantom of the Opry.**

**GODFATHER OF GORE UPDATE:** In issue #28 we announced that Herschell Gordon Lewis was going to direct a film called *Gore Feast* in cooperation with producer Johnny Legend, and in issue #27 Jimmy Lee Maslon and Eric Caidin announced in the Postal Zone that they were collaborating on a *Blood Feast 2* feature with Lewis. To follow up on these reports, we decided to get the word directly from the Goremaster himself. Lewis says that Johnny Legend visited him not too long ago and they talked extensively; he characterizes the talk as a "what-if" conversation. As far as he knows the *Gore Feast* project "is strictly an embryo, and I have no deals with anybody at the moment." As for *Blood Feast 2*, Lewis says that Maslon and Caidin have a screenplay, that they have the rights to the title *Blood Feast*, and that they have talked to him about directing the picture. It is Lewis' understanding that they are still trying to complete their financing. "Again, let me clarify," Lewis says, "that at the moment there is no deal there. All we've agreed to do is talk about it when their deal is complete." Aside from these two proposed features, it seems that there is a third possible H.G. Lewis horror movie on the burner. "A bunch of businessmen down here who are not in the film business," Lewis reports, "have talked to me about putting together a group to make a film. It came about in a peculiar way," he says with a laugh. "I have become an absolute believer in serendipity, which is finding what you're not looking for. There was an article in the local newspaper about this type of film. I guess I'm the local celebrity; as a sidebar in the story the fellow who wrote the article came out here one day and we chatted over lunch at the club and he put something in the paper about me. These businessmen read it and came to some sort of analytical conclusion, called me through my lawyers—lawyers are meant to *kill* deals, not make them—that was the most surprising thing of all, because *he* wants in. So the way I've left it with them—and they seem to be deadly serious and these are hard-boiled businessmen—they are going to put together some financing, from the financing there will be some allocation for a script, which I guess I'm expected to write. After everybody has a look at the script, then a go/no-go decision will be made. If the go-decision is made, the film would, I guess, be shot during the first half of '84. *If* it is a go-decision.

"I learned long ago in the film business," adds Lewis, "that everybody announces a deal, and maybe one out of a 100 of those people actually come through with the project. So I don't want to be one of the other 99." As a closing thought, we're sure that many Fangorians will be pleased to hear that Lewis is "convinced that we're coming into a new golden age of gore films."

**RAZORBACK:** Just when you thought it was safe to go back to the outback, there arrives a $7 million Australian production about a giant, man-eating, wild boar. Appearing with the porcine star (a mechanical creature built by a 30-man Australian effects team) will be TV-actor Gregory Harrison of *Trapper John* fame. Director Russell Mulcahy has completed principal photography on the Aussie answer to *Jaws*, and post-production will be completed in October. The film will be released in Australia in February of '84; Warner Brothers, which has acquired U.S. distribution rights, has not yet announced a release date. Producer Hal McElroy has announced plans for a sequel.

# Matheson

(Continued from page 22)

**Matheson:** Yes, it's very strange. The Writers Guild aim is to reduce the number of writers, and if they juggle things around and give a credit for story they achieve that aim. But in order to give me ample recompense for the fact that the outline is basically mine, they gave me first credit on the screenplay.

**Fang:** Often a director will do minor script changes and then try to get a script credit.

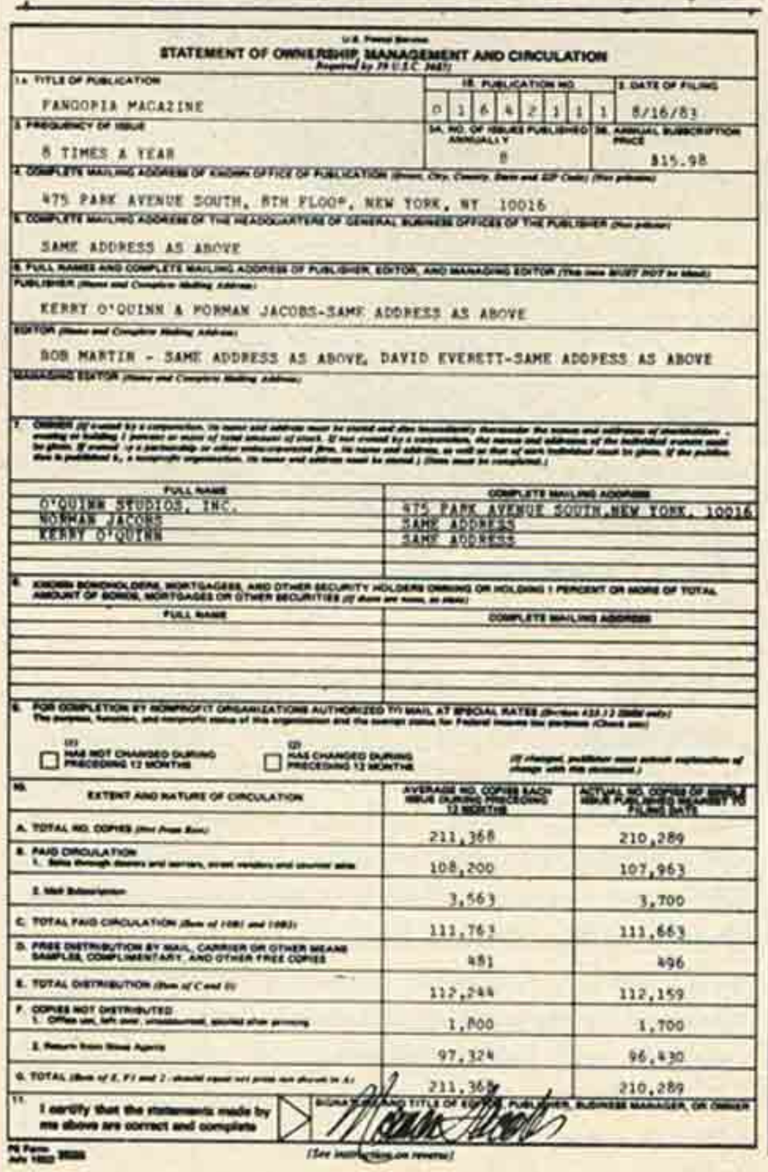
**Matheson:** Sure. That's why the Writer's Guild has this rule that the director has to do 50% of the final script. That's why George Miller doesn't have a credit on the screenplay of *The Twilight Zone*, because he didn't do more than 50% in script changes.

**Fang:** Did you do a lot of research on sharks?

**Matheson:** I went out and picked up a lot of books on sharks, and Alan Landsburg sent me some books, and I went through them. It usually doesn't amount to much. They usually don't use what you put in from research anyway. I tried among other things, to give sharks a good rap for a change, which was eliminated as far as I can see. I tried to make the point that, which I don't think any of the previous films did, that sharks are perfectly fine creatures. They're timid and don't want to have anything to do with anybody. There happens to be this one shark, which is an anomaly, which is true in nature, but that's it.

**Fang:** Well some of that comes through. Bess Armstrong's character, the marine biologist, says some of those things.

**Matheson:** Yes, and I had a scene where you're going through the shark viewing tank, down there in Orlando, and I had the narration pointing out in very clear terms that sharks aren't that aggressive. But I don't think they like that. I think they want people to be scared of sharks—period. Just so you'll think: anything you see with a fin on it, hit it with a club!



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# Cunha

(Continued from page 46)

what were they made of?

**Cunha:** They were made of sponge rubber that was cast. Harold Banks made those for us. He was the very creative man who made the fiberglass outfits for *Giant from the Unknown*.

**Fang:** Wasn't it tough on the actors who played those monsters—working in Red Rock Canyon in mid-summer?

**Cunha:** The worst—*absolutely* the worst. And if you'll remember we had one scene where we had to bury them into the rock and then plaster 'em in there for them to break out. And, you know [laughing], it took a while for the plaster to dry with them in there! They'd be yelling, "Get us out of here, get us out of here!" So, yes, that was very, very difficult for them to do that sort of thing, but they were all good guys. We laughed over a beer about it later.

**Fang:** What was it like working with so many beauty queens in one picture?

**Cunha:** A real pain. None of them were actresses as such, they were all beauty queens who couldn't hit marks and couldn't say lines . . . it was quite frustrating.

**Fang:** Was any inspiration derived from a then-current Allied Artist release *Queen of Outer Space*, which had the same premise as well as several of the same players?

**Cunha:** No . . . I don't remember the picture, and I *certainly* didn't go see it.

**Fang:** Of your four horror films, which one is your favorite?

**Cunha:** My favorite was and always will be *Giant from the Unknown* because that was the most fun to make. We did it in a spirit of fun, we had the most cooperation—that was a ball.

**Fang:** Were you disappointed with any of the pictures you made?

**Cunha:** Well, I think the biggest disappointment to me was *Frankenstein's Daughter*, only because of our monster creator—and I can't blame anyone for that; we just didn't have enough money to create a monster that would represent Sally Todd. So that was my biggest disappointment. And, as far as *Missile to the Moon* is concerned, again, the money was so meager on that that it was just impossible to create the proper atmosphere for a spaceship—although I think, on the money we did have, the interior of the spaceship worked well. It included many pieces of grip equipment, as I recall, and we used a big dimmer bank for some of the controls on the missile. And we just scraped together whatever we could to make do, and that's all there was. There was X number of dollars, and you *don't* run over on these—you shoot the opening scenes and you shoot the end scenes, and then fill in the picture in between. And so if you run out of days, *somehow* they'll dissolve between what you missed and the next scene in there. Fortunately we didn't miss anything; or if we did, it wouldn't have *been* missed. *Believe* me.

# GOTCHA!

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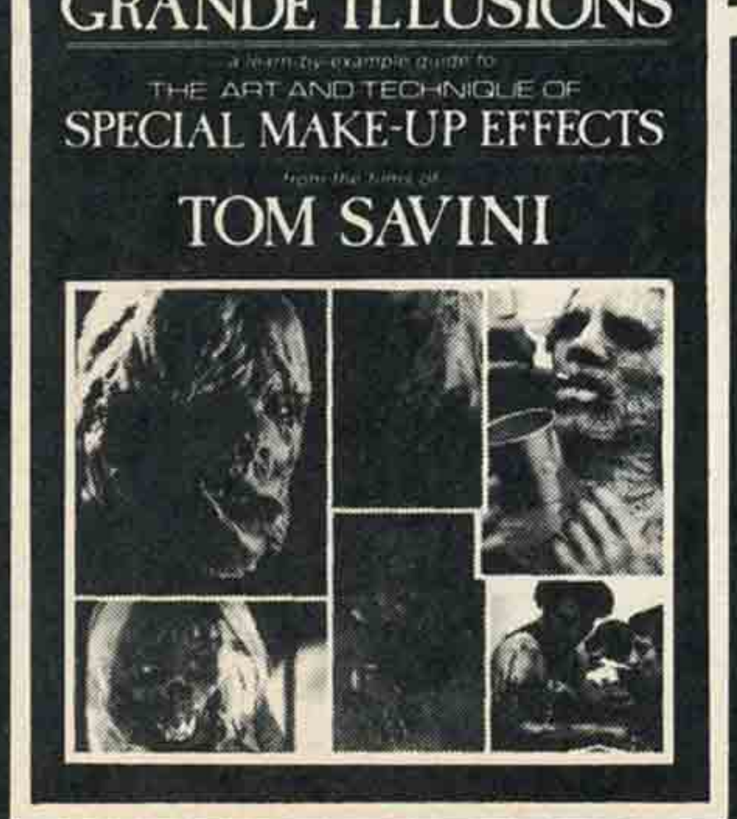


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*Alien, The Howling* and *AWL* are the greatest!
—R.B.

Kiss—Greatest Band in the World.
—Alan M.

I think FANGORIA should have a win a date with Tom Savini contest. What a Hunk.
—Tonya Jarrett, CA.

Loved Griffin Dunne in *An American Werewolf in London!* And in memory of a very talented actress, Dominique Dunne, I miss and love you!
—Carl Bond, Newton, KS

What happened to "The Evil Dead?"

Take away guns, and we'll have to kill each other with messy things.

Let's go! Ozzie Osbourne, Rock & Roll Madman, for President in 1984!

Hi Russ! This is a fun place! —Paris

Mushroom Men #1.
*Psycho 2*—a Great movie.
Mike's a geek.

I hope Kurt Breisacher bleeds uncontrollably until he drops dead. —Terence "Philo" Koch

ACE — consider yourself shot down in flames — ZAP. Long live the brotherhood of the Jedi Knights!!! Shawn Taylor's a geek — the Confederation lives.

Savini, Carpenter, Baker are the greatest!! *The Thing* and FANGORIA are the best! —Rob

Long live the Community Theater, Tor, Chairs, Zappa, Beefheart! "Many Cats are the Sure Death of a Mouse" —Kasper Hauser

D.A. is a spud!
Steve has waves!

Coming Soon: SPLATTER, CHAMBER OF HORRORS and GENOCIDE. —Michael Callaghan

Happy Birthday Evie! I owe you 1 movie.
—Love you, Greg

To my Mom who will hopefully send off this subscription. —Jason H.

BEST horror movie: *Videodrome.* Best Rock album: Violent Femmes. Best Jazz album: Casino Lights. Cheech & Chong's Still Smoking sux dog.

David Cronenberg and Scanners are #1.

Steve: Have a Tina Turner Tuna Fish Happy Birthday. —Larry

Hello to everyone in Colorado from B.J.

THANK YOU, MISS INGRID PITT, AND I SEND YOU MY WISHES AND THANKS GALORE!
— the Little Hero

To Chris, Gary, Joe and Jeff: Rock 'n' Roll is immortal.

Hi, Margot Travis! FANGORIA is the #1 horror magazine in Canada, eh! Sabbath lives! Good day, eh! — Mike Kennelly

Happy Birthday, Marcus McMain!

Having Dirty Harry's .44 and Fangoria is what matters.

Head Bangers in SC!

To the back-bones of the movie industry—Tom Burman and Rob Bottin. — Jim. B.

To Tom Savini: I live on Cypress, about ten minutes from you on Taylor. Would really like to talk. I'm in the book. — Mike Mildner

Hey Slats! I finally got it! — Big Daddy

Splat Boot
Bologna Art

Dearest Debe: Thank you for everything.
Love, Tude

The whole world is crazy but me, myself and I. But sometimes I wonder about me and myself. Chris Welch, 1519 Artman Ave., Akron, OH 44313.

Why is it Hitchcock's *Psycho*, when Robert Bloch wrote it??? Give Bloch credit!!!

Hello to Ann Marie and my family, who think I'm pretty sick to be reading Fango. Tom Savini and Carpenter are the greatest! — Kevin P., Rockaway

Look out, Ed Bodon and John Dwyer, Leatherface is coming to carve you up!

Long live Tom Savini, Rick Baker and Rob Bottin.

Jamie Lee Curtis is the best and prettiest actress!
— Ryan Gillis

BASKET CASE IS GREAT! John Ugarte and Tom Zagara ARE BIRDS! *DAWN OF THE DEAD* is #1!

Tracie Savage is #1. — John Burns
PS — so is *Friday the 13th 3.*

Live Long & Prosper, Sharon S. & Sherrie W., from Brian G.

I am a new Fangorian. I am sorry I had to write the subscription form in crayon; they won't let us have any sharp objects.

Thanks for a great magazine; I eagerly await my next issue. — Cheryl

Fans of Frank Zappa and Dr. Demento unite! Write Johnny Legend, suggesting articles on these.
— Mike Harbold

## GOTTA HAVE IT

PLEASE, anyone out there with *Road Warrior* pics or posters, anything, send price list. I have a lot to trade: posters, books, autographs, comics. Any *Phantasm, Halloween* or *Scanners* items, too. *Road Warrior/Phantasm,* Silver Spheres and V-8 Interceptors make life fun. Robert Lonergan, 6702 Wimbledom Estate Dr., Spring, TX 77373.

**WANTED:** Anything to do with gore! Dave Stashko, 10600 Pine Hill Drive, Holly, MI 48442. I o Mary.

Will pay for *Making of The Thing* or *Videodrome* on videotape. John Carpenter fans—write me!!! M. Steensland, 1705 Adonis Way, Sacto, CA 95825.

**WANTED:** Ex. condition books, posters stills of *Texas Chainsaw, Dawn of the Dead,* H.G. Lewis. Write 709 Kris Ct., Los Alamos, NM 82544.

**WANTED:** Movie poster, pictures from *Friday the 13th 1, 2* and *3.* Write Andrew Gilmour, PO Box 43128, Wainuiomata, Wellington, New Zealand.

**WANTED:** Any 45's, posters and magazines of the Police. Also Fangs #1-6, any horror books, mags or pictures. Glen Hamilton, 604 West Park, Anaconda, Montana 59711.

**WANTED:** A Serbian Nosum for my female Zombie. Send to The Udo Kier School of Overzealous Acting, 110 Dorsetshire, Steger, IL 60475.

**WANTED:** Any *Castle Fangor* newsletters. Send to Tim Kober, 6361 Jackson Drive, East Pete, PA 17520.

I want to buy horror stuff. Write to Cole Person, Rt 2, Box 269A, Gonzales, TX 78629. Pink Floyd, Tricia and Vans are #1!

**WANTED:** *Dawn of the Dead* on VHS videotape and pen pals, male or female, interested in horror films, makeup, filming, etc. Write to Stan Skalski, Jr., 207 Greendale Rd., Philadelphia, PA 19154.

**WANTED:** Horror and sci-fi movies on 8mm film; old or new. C.W., 671 Vernon Hts Blvd, Marion, Ohio 43302.

**WANTED:** Photos and posters of Ingrid Pitt. Send any information on her to R. Flender, Harvard Lampoon, 44 Bow Street, Cambridge, MA 02138.

## CREATURE CORRESPONDENCE

SERIOUS HORROR WRITERS: Want to look at your stuff—write! Wm Breiding, 222 Brighton, San Francisco, CA.

MD. filmmaker would like to correspond with persons interested in all aspects of film production, esp. effects, male or female. Send pix. P. Lewnes, 1112 Mitchell Street, Annapolis, MD 21403.

**ICON FILMS** seeks well-crafted horror screenplays. 3175 S. Hoover, Suite 236, Los Angeles, CA 90007.

Original Heavy Metal Horror Show Band needs sinister keyboardist. Contact Sadie Paine, 713-668-9399, Bellaire, TX. PS - Hi Forry! Hi Chaim! Hi Rob Bottin!

**WANTED:** Someone who is interested in gore makeup effects and who will correspond, trade ideas & pictures. Daniel Saurborn, 36G Woodward Rd., Englishtown, NJ 07726.

Greetings, fellow Fangorians, from one of the all-too-rare GIRLS that likes Fangoria. Long live gore, B-movies and bad taste! —Veronica, RPO 3332, New Brunswick, NJ.

**WANTED:** Penpal-artist who likes to draw gore. Kevin Cochran, 831 S. Main St., Mansfield, OH 44907.

I am an English-born artist/scuba diver/poet/ventriloquist/Calligrapher/Horror Fan/Actor/Hanglider/PSYCHIC/U.S. Sailor, handsome, single. ALL Females write me. SR Roy Burmeister, USN 158664645, Division S-9, USS Dwight D Eisenhower, cvn 69, FPO New York, NY 09532.

Communication wanted with male-female FX artists located in Greater Baltimore area. Reid Studios, 4052 Hunt Ave., Ellicott City, MD 21043.

**WANTED:** Anyone who knows how to make latex masks. Please write Mark, 2473 Mount Vernon Road, NW Huntsville, Alabama 35810.

**WANTED:** To correspond with other movie poster & Rock album art collectors. L. Torres, 401 W. Wilson, Gallup, NM 87301

**ATTENTION:** If you have any questions about gorey movies, write "The Goremaster" at 3001 E. Owens, Las Vegas, Nevada 89101.

**Interested:** Exchanging thoughts on the work of the master, S. King! D.M., 630 10th Pl., Everett, WA 98204.

**MONSTERS POLL!** Vote for your favorite horror pix. Please send a S.A.S.E. to: Horror Movies Poll, 1820 Walter Drive, Wilmington, DE 19810.

**WANTED:** penpals interested in special effects. Becky Brock, Box 471, Mt. Gay, West Virginia 25637.

Pen Pals who love hard rock, horror, SF and Stephen King. The American Werewolf lives!! Females 18 + please send pic. Mark, 4191 Glendale, Salem, OR 97305. John Carpenter is king of the horror movie.

Manslaughter is Mans-laughter. Horror-gore-Road Warrior fans write: Johnny, 1536 Pine Street, Phila., PA 19102.

**WANTED:** Pen pals into horror comics. Write M. Snider, 10507 Northvale Rd., LA, CA 90064.

**WANTED:** Pen pals who like horror and other movies. Write RD#2, Box 511, Cuba, NY 14727.

Hey, *CE3K* and *Blade Runner* fans, write to Conrad Felber, 1319 Rose Marie Ave., Sudbury, Ontario, Canada P3A 4E4. Long Live Fangoria!

Chicago: Be prepared for Rick Dykis' (director of 'Rats on a Budget,' 'Snot,' illegible) new film, 'Moochin' n' Beggin''

Crystal Mahirny is the best actress in horror films; just ask George Romero or any zombie.

Coochie-coo I love Fangoria, how about you?

HAPPY BIRTHDAY ROBERT!

Long Live John Carpenter, Tom Savini and everyone who made Fangoria #1!

FANGORIA - Magnificent! What a magazine!

I've found the Perfect Man. He likes blood, guts, special effects & all gross stuff. I know he'll love this Fangoria subscription as much as I love him. Love Ya, Tony - from Carole.

I, being of sound mind and body, do hereby dedicate this issue of Fangoria to my best friend, Shawn Phillips.

I think, therefore I amble;
But is that true of a zombie?
You all can call me amble, or not, (WAM)

Mrs. Voorhees (Jason's Mom); Stan Winston Vigilantes

Listen to them...Children of the night...What music they make. — MAX (Tony) et. al., front row, STAR-LITE drive-in, Spokane, WA.

Carpenter, Cronenberg, Savini, Baker, Bottin, Smith are the Greatest! Keep up the good work.
— Vaso Babil

Alan Ormsby: *Children Shouldn't Play With Dead Things.*

Fangoria is the best magazine in the world!!!

I Love You, Mary Warren!!! 84' Rules! Days Creek's football team is awesome and #1. I love you, Mary, very, very, very much!!! — John Stever

Anyone who doesn't like Fangoria is very strange! Anyone who doesn't read Fangoria isn't human!

Happy 13th birthday to Paul Kepple from Grandma and Grandpa Deharter.

Fangoria, Creepshow & Krokus are the best!

To three of the best friends you could ask for: Scott, Richie & Michelle—thanks for being a special part of my life.
— Todd

Thank you, Bob Clark, for scaring me with *Black Christmas.*

Marta Kristen, Lori Saunders, Francine York, Leslie Charleston—Best Actresses!

THE TRIXIE & YOKO SHOW: 2 midgets (a German enema nurse & a Japanese bus painter) who both drive Toyotas & hate each other, always fighting over Elvis Lennon, the New American Folk Hero.

# THINGS
## To Come

**Special Next Issue Poll!**
It's YOUR TURN to be Editor of FANGORIA! From the following choices, select those items that you'd MOST LIKE TO SEE in the next issue or two of Fango, the magazine where YOUR WISH IS OUR COMMAND!

☐ Behind the scenes of John Carpenter's *Christine*
☐ Interview with Wyatt Ordung, writer of *Robot Monster*

MOON MONSTERS LAUNCH ATTACK AGAINST EARTH!
IN THE TRADITION OF "PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE". THE RUNNER UP OF "WORLD'S WORST FILM"
TENSE! TAUT! TERRIFIC!
ROBOT MONSTER

☐ An In-Depth Report on Horror-Exploitation Today
☐ Horror-Wrestling Revisited
☐ On Set: *The Night Killer!*
☐ Inside *Geek Maggot Bingo*
☐ Uncle Bob: The Early Years
☐ Fango Index Part Two
☐ *CHUD*'s Cannibal Terror
☐ A Talk with Stephen King
☐ Semiotic Film Theory
☐ Other . . . . . .

**John Carpenter: *Christine***

Send your poll ballot (QUICK! We've got deadlines!) to:

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O'Quinn Studios, Inc.
475 Park Ave. South
New York, N.Y. 10016.

**ON SALE NOV. 22**

# COMING IN STARLOG

The science-fiction films of 1983 are in the hot seat as STARLOG presents its annual **96-page** review issue and lets the SF pros have their say on the cinema. **Norman Spinrad** examines **Return of the Jedi. Robert Bloch** squares off for a round of **WarGames. Ron Goulart** visits **Twilight Zone the Movie. David Gerrold** studies the heroics of **Superman III. Alan Dean Foster** watches as **Something Wicked This Way Comes. Lawrence Watt-Evans** journeys into the world of **Krull.** And **David Hutchison** signs on board with **Spacehunter**. You'll be amazed by just what movies they loved and fascinated by just what movies they *hated*—and why.

And there's behind-the-scenes coverage of the making of **Krull**, the special effects of **Something Wicked** and an unusual undraping of fantasy films' favorite warrior woman, **Sybil Danning**.

Plus: Why STARLOG readers adored or despised **Jedi** in their own words . . . and the first installment of **A Cartoonists' Guide to the Jedi**, a fractured view of the film courtesy **Howard Cruse, Tim Fuller, Leah Rosenthal, George Kochell, Leonard Bruce** and other artistic funsters.

Finally, nostalgia, as **Paul Mandell** continues his series of very personal remembrances of a Man of Sorrow, Man of Steel, **George Reeves,** and the **Superman** TV adventures which made him a star and ultimately, a suicide . . . and the last talk, conducted shortly before his death, with a science-fiction legend, the man who was **Tarzan** and **Buck Rogers,** and most of all, **Flash Gordon,** the great **Buster Crabbe.**

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